MORE CHRONICLES OF A PIONEER SCHOOL

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LITCHFIELD, CONN.

VANDERPOEL

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MORE CHRONICLES OF A PIONEER SCHOOL

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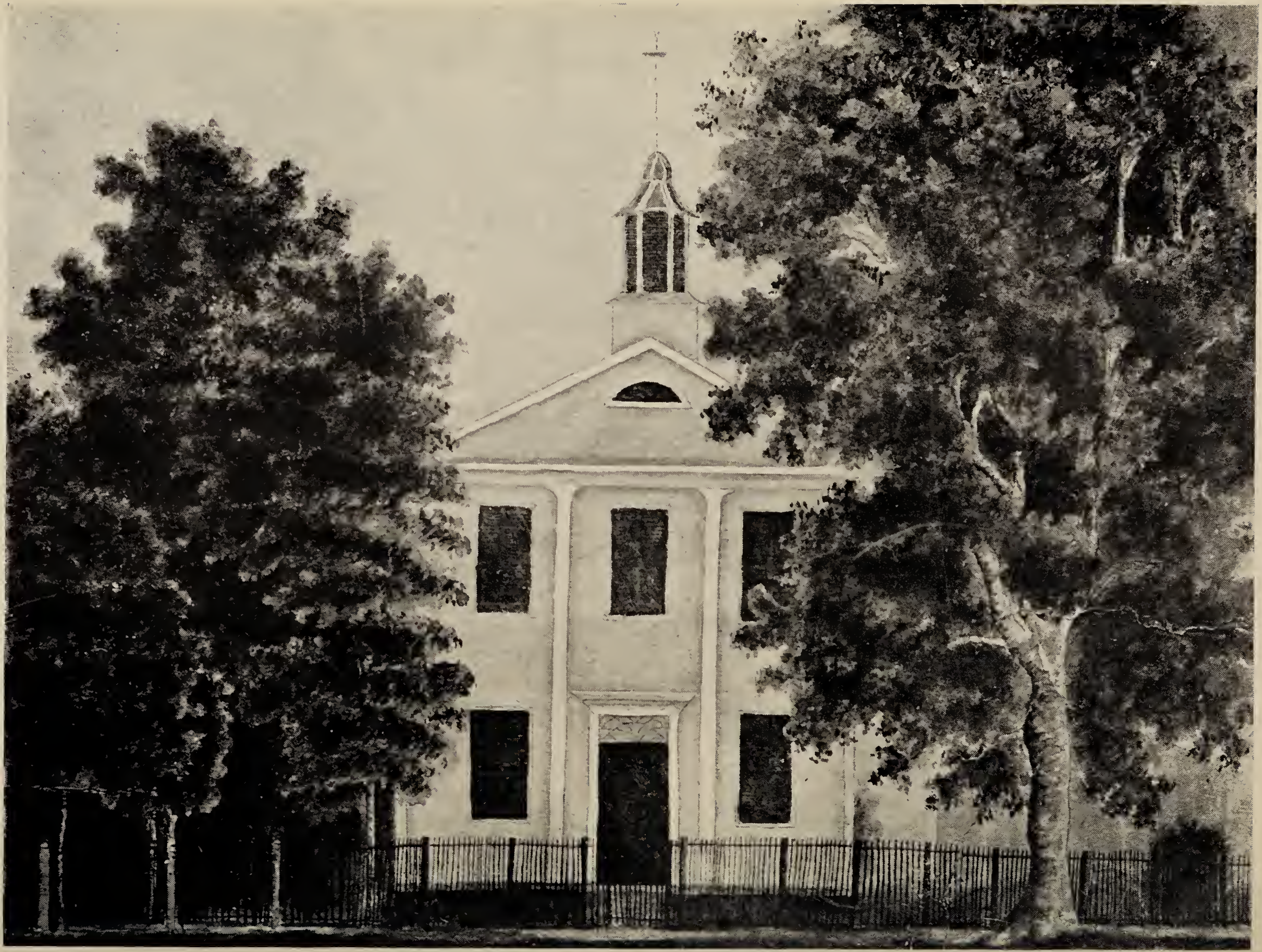

The Litchfield Female Academy

Built by subscription for Miss Sarah Pierce, in 1827, to replace the first one built for her in the same way and on her land in 1798

From a sketch in water color, probably by Mr. Gimbrede who was afterward an engraver in New York

MORE
CHRONICLES OF A PIONEER SCHOOL

FROM 1792 TO 1833

BEING

ADDED HISTORY ON
THE LITCHFIELD FEMALE ACADEMY KEPT BY
MISS SARAH PIERCE AND HER NEPHEW,
JOHN PIERCE BRACE

COMPILED BY

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AND "AMERICAN LACE AND LACE MAKERS"

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By Emily Noyes Vanderpoel

TO MY GRANDSON

FLOYD LEWIS VANDERPOEL

WHOSE INTEREST HELPED TO
MAKE THESE CHRONICLES
POSSIBLE

FOREWORD

THE "Chronicles of a Pioneer School" were compiled some years ago from all the material available at that time. Lately, some dozen manuscript volumes came to light containing additional names of pupils and valuable data as to their studies and characteristics, largely from the pen of Mr. John P. Brace, one of the principals of the school.

As it has been said by competent authority that the "Chronicles" furnish a valuable addition to the history of New England from 1792 to 1833, which was the period of the life of the school under its founder, Miss Sarah Pierce, it seems as if this new matter should be added to what has already been published for the benefit of that history and of that of the descendants of the girls who attended the school; especially as to the names of those girls. It was found impossible to collect a full list of the three thousand young women who came under Miss Pierce's influence, in spite of the most careful and lengthy research. Hence it seems wise to print these "More Chronicles of a Pioneer School" as an appendix, by way of adding to, and rounding out, the history contained in the former volume, now out of print. To make this work clear to readers who have not seen the "Chronicles" it is necessary to repeat some of the leading statements made by authorities regarding its origin and the position it held in the country.

The names of those persons who attended Miss Sarah Pierce's School and which are mentioned in the first volume, "Chronicles", as well as those in this the second volume, are grouped together in alphabetical order in an Index of Pupils. This index precedes the general index.

While it has been known that pictures painted in water colors and embroidered on silk or satin have come down to us as part of early American Art, it is but lately that we learn of an exhibition of pictures, maps and charts forming a part of the closing exercises of Miss Pierce's School. Mr. Brace writes that after the guests had fully examined the exhibition, the prizes, mottoes and diplomas were given out. Therefore, halftone reproductions from a few examples that may have been included in some of these exhibitions are added and speak well for Miss Pierce's and others' ability as teachers of art.

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[1] Still hanging in her home.

MORE CHRONICLES OF A PIONEER SCHOOL

MORE CHRONICLES OF A PIONEER SCHOOL

1792–1793

CONTEMPORARY NOTICES OF MISS PIERCE AND HER SCHOOL

We know very little about the early stages of the school, and therefore the following extracts from contemporary writers give us all that can be learned about its origin and the reasons for its establishment. Tradition says it was begun with one pupil in Miss Pierce's dining-room in 1792.

[*From the History of the Town of Litchfield, by the Hon. George C. Woodruff.*]

"Miss Sarah Pierce opened a School in this town for the instruction of Females, in the year 1792, which has very justly merited and acquired a distinguished reputation."[1] The school continued under her superintendence for nearly forty years, and its reputation has since been well sustained by her successors. It was incorporated in the year 1827, by the name of "The Litchfield Female Academy."

[*From Hollister's History of Connecticut.*]

To this pleasant little village among the hills came the very flower and nobility of American genius. Here might be seen Calhoun, Clayton, Mason, Loring, Woodbury, Hall, Ashley, Phelps, and a host of others, who were preparing themselves for the high places of the cabinet, the senate and the bench.

The influence of these sages upon the laws of the country was almost rivalled by the efforts of Miss Sarah Pierce, in another department of learning. This lady opened a school for the instruction of females in the year 1792, while the law school was in successful operation, and continued it under her own superintendence for nearly forty years. During this time she educated between fifteen hundred and two thousand young ladies.[1] This school was for a long period the most celebrated in the United States, and brought together a large number of the most gifted and beautiful women of the continent. They were certain to be methodically taught and tenderly cared for, and under her mild rule they could hardly fail to learn whatever was most necessary to fit them for the quiet but elevated spheres which so many of them have since adorned. Miss Pierce lived to the advanced age of 83. She was small in person, of a cheerful, lively temperament, a bright eye, and a face expressive of the most active benevolence. She was in the habit of practicing herself all the theories that she taught to her pupils, and, until physical infirmities confined her to her room, would take her accustomed walk in the face of the roughest March wind that ever blew across our hills. The intelligence of her death cast a shade of sadness over many a domestic circle, and caused many a silent tear to fall.

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[1] Morris's Statistical Account.

While these two schools were in full and active life, Litchfield was famed for an intellectual and social position which is believed to have been at that time unrivalled in any other village or town of equal size in the United States.

[*From an Address by the Hon. Samuel Church, Chief Justice of Connecticut, at the Centennial Celebration of Litchfield, Aug.* 13, 1851.]

A new tone to female education was given by the establishment of a Female Seminary, for the instruction of females in this village, by Miss Sarah Pierce, in 1792. This was an untried experiment. Hitherto the education of young ladies, with few exceptions, had been neglected. The district school had limited their course of studies. Miss Pierce saw and regretted this, and devoted herself and all of her active life to the mental and moral culture of her sex. The experiment succeeded entirely. This Academy soon became the resort of young ladies from all portions of the country — from the cities and the towns. Then the country was preferred, as most suitable for female improvement, away from the frivolities and dissipation of fashionable life. Now, a different, not a better practice, prevails. Many of the grandmothers and mothers of the present generation were educated as well for genteel as for useful life, in this school, and its influence upon female character and accomplishments was great and extensive. It continued for more than forty years, and its venerable Principal and her sister assistant now live among us, the honored and honorable of their sex.

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[1] Mr. John P. Brace in his address, page 307, Vol. I, states the actual number to have been about three thousand.

John Pierpont in his Centennial Poem (1851), says:

Still, for her shrewdness, must the "Nutmeg State"
As Number One, among her sisters rate;
And which, of all her counties, will compare,
For size or strength, for water, soil or air,
With our good mother county? — which has sown
Her children, broad-cast, o'er a wider zone,
Around the Globe? And has she not, by far,
Out-done the rest, in giving, to the bar,
And to the bench, — for half of all her years —
The brightest names of half the hemispheres?
Nor have "Creation's lords" engrossed her care;
Creation's ladies have received their share: —
For, when to Reeve and Gould the former came,
To Pierce the latter: — Pierce, an honored name!
Yea, thrice and four times honored, when it stands
Beside his name, who comes, with bloody hands,
From fields of battle; though the applauding shout
From myriad mouths — and muskets — call it out;
Though by him, armies were to victory led,
And groves of laurel grow upon his head!
Bloodless the honors that to Pierce are paid:
Bloodless the garlands on her temples laid.
To them, reproachful, no poor widow turns;
No sister's heart bleeds, and no mother mourns
To see them flourish. Ne'er shall they be torn
From off her honored brows. Long be they worn,
To show the world how a good Teacher's name
Out-weighs, in real worth, the proudest warrior's fame! —

[*Litchfield Eagle, June 23, 1823.*]

The Law School in this place has not for a number of years been as full and as flourishing as at this time. The names of the Students will be published as heretofore, at the end of the term, and we believe the same remarks as to its healthy and flourishing state may be also applied to the Female Academy.

The reputation of each of these schools stands extremely high. — The number of either we do not know, but it is believed they have not for many years been better filled. It will be recollected that each of these schools have always depended solely on individual effort and talent, for their success. They have, with the aid of these alone continued to flourish while others of similar object have dwindled, remained stationary, or ceased to exist with all the Legislative aid, or College endowments they could obtain.

1798

SUBSCRIPTION LIST FOR BUILDING FIRST ACADEMY[1]

By 1798 the school had become of enough importance to interest the prominent men of the town who got up the following subscription for the purpose of erecting a suitable building for its use. It was then dignified by the name of the Female Academy.

We the subscribers do agree to pay the Several Sums annexed to our names for the purpose of Building an House for a Female Academy to be placed upon the land of Miss Sally Pierce said Sums to be paid by the first Day August Next to such person as shall be appointed agent for the Purpose by the Majority of the Subscribers March 10th 1798

	Dolls
Tapping Reeve	40—
Elijah Wadsworth	20—
Daniel Sheldon	20—
Uriah Holmes	20—
Frederick Wolcott	20—
John R. Landon	10—
Elijah Adams	15—
Aron Smith	20—
Moses Seymour	15—
Roger Skinner	15—
Solomon Marsh	10—
Asa Morgan	10—
Julius Deming	20—
Sam^{l}. Seymour.	10—
Isaac Baldwin Jr.	15—
Daniel Starr	10—
Moses Seymour Jr.	10—
Timothy Peck	10—
Thomas Colliar	10—
Daniel W. Lewis	15—
Uriah Tracy	20—
Amos Galpin	10—
Reuben Smith	10—
John Allen	20—
James Morris	5—
John Welch	5—
Total	385 Dolls

---

[1] Built just south of the Congregational parsonage.

Unfortunately we know little of Miss Pierce's early training. We do know that she was one of the large family of John Pierce of Litchfield who had come there from Wethersfield, Connecticut. Her mother was from a family of note, the Patersons, whose ancestor helped to found the Bank of England. Mary Goodman was her stepmother, who seems to have been a woman of fine character. Her eldest brother, Col. John Pierce, was prominent in the Revolution, paymaster in the Army, at Ticonderoga, and a friend of Washington. At the comparatively early death of his father he became the head of the family of fifteen children and seems to have shown real discrimination in having Sarah prepared to be a teacher, as he sent her and her sister Nancy to school in New York with that end in view. We know nothing of the school, but Col. Pierce's letters are illuminating in his advice to her on the subject. (See his letters in note in Chronicles.) Miss Pierce profited to the fullest extent by her brother's advice; began and carried on the school with some help from her sisters, and then sent a nephew, John Pierce Brace, to Williams College that on his graduation he might become her assistant.

He entered into his aunt's views of what we now call the higher education of women. These views seem to have been original with her. Also, they may have been fostered by the opinions and help of her fellow townsmen, broadminded men who must have thought that women should be given more education than had been considered worth while before this time. One of them, Judge Tapping Reeve, the founder in Litchfield of the first law school in the United States, had quite advanced views on the subject, particularly as to women's right to hold property. These men showed substantial interest in Miss Pierce's work by subscribing funds to build a schoolhouse in 1798 on her land on North street and again in 1827 for a second, "Female Academy," as it was termed.

Besides the Law School, which has been said to have been the first law school in the world for teaching the common law, and this pioneer school for girls, other movements were initiated in this little country town. Deep feeling arose on the subject of slavery, of missions, also as to temperance. The first temperance society originated here and the first medical society was organized here.

Miss Pierce's nephew, John Pierce Brace, was pupil, assistant teacher and finally Associate Principal in his aunt's school. He was a voluminous writer all his life, and although much that he wrote has perished, the manuscripts that remain contain material full of human interest in connection with the life and associations of the scholars at Miss Pierce's school. His records of the school contain lists of the pupils of some of the summer and winter terms, of the studies they pursued, their standing and the prizes earned by them.

Mr. Brace began very early to write verse of all kinds and on various topics. From his own statement in what he calls the "History of His Poetry" and from which the following selections are made, he was but thirteen years old when he wrote "The Fracas of Sunday Night." He seems to have continued this practice all his life, being greatly interested in poetry and its composition. Many details of the pupils of the school are introduced into these verses, some of which are satirical but nevertheless may be of sufficient value to the reader to warrant their preservation.

The earlier volume of Chronicles portrayed a school generally serious in character, but from Mr. Brace's diary of two or three years, we find more of the social side of the school, to which he added much of interest with his "bugs," his botany, minerals, chemical experiments, poetry and other literary attainments, to say nothing of his fun and his susceptibility to the "tender passion."

The difference between the boarding school of to-day and this earliest one is also marked. At the Litchfield school the pupils, instead of being confined to the limits of one, or a few large houses, boarded with families in the village, walking to the schoolhouse for lessons. Scattered among the homes of the town, the pupils had greater opportunity for social intercourse than modern boarding school girls have, and the character of the townspeople being high, intercourse with them was inspiring.

The rules of conduct and behaviour in the houses where the girls boarded were strict and the respect paid to the customs of the families with whom they boarded rigidly observed. Some of the families we know of in particular were very stern in their requirements, the Misses Edward's house having been known as "the nunnery" by the students in the Law School. From a list of these rules, we copy, "Every person is bound to conform to the rules of the family where she resides. She must never go out of an evening without the permission of the heads of the family where she resides, read no books, engage in no amusements without their knowledge and approbation."[1]

Miss Pierce's school is important historically, not only from the fact that it was the first school in the country for the higher education of women, but also that the girls came from many parts of the United States, from upper and lower Canada, from the West Indies and from prominent and representative families.

At the present time it is difficult to realize what travel meant in those days and how courageous the girls must have been who came from Michigan, Florida, Canada and other distant points. The majority travelled by stage coach, but some of the girls who came before stage lines were established arrived in Litchfield by horseback, riding on a pillion behind their fathers. Instead of being at the end of a small branch road as it is now, a hundred and more years ago Litchfield was on the high road, traversed by many of the main lines of post coaches, then the only means of public travel.

The girl students in Litchfield added to the historical and social prominence of the town which was already established by Judge Reeve's Law School, the first in the country. Many of the names of the pupils of both of these schools have come down to us in history and the explanation might well be and no doubt is, the early education, training and association these young people were able to take advantage of while in Litchfield. It is interesting, also, to note that many marriages occurred from meetings and friendships in Litchfield.

To understand these Chronicles thoroughly, the reader will do well to remember that the material from which they are made was for the most part written many years ago and that since that time there has been a great change in the attitude of young men and women in this country toward each other. It is perhaps not easy to understand that what seemed quite natural in those days would now be classed as foolishly sentimental. Our matter of fact, outspoken young people would object greatly to the shyness and reticence of those days and the romantic gallantry of the young men. It would be misunderstood and treated with impatience. So Mr. Brace gives us fully the spirit of the times when he, a young man of twenty-one, took upon himself the teaching of as many as sixty, eighty, or a hundred very youthful girls who before that time had not been away from the seclusion of their own quiet homes.

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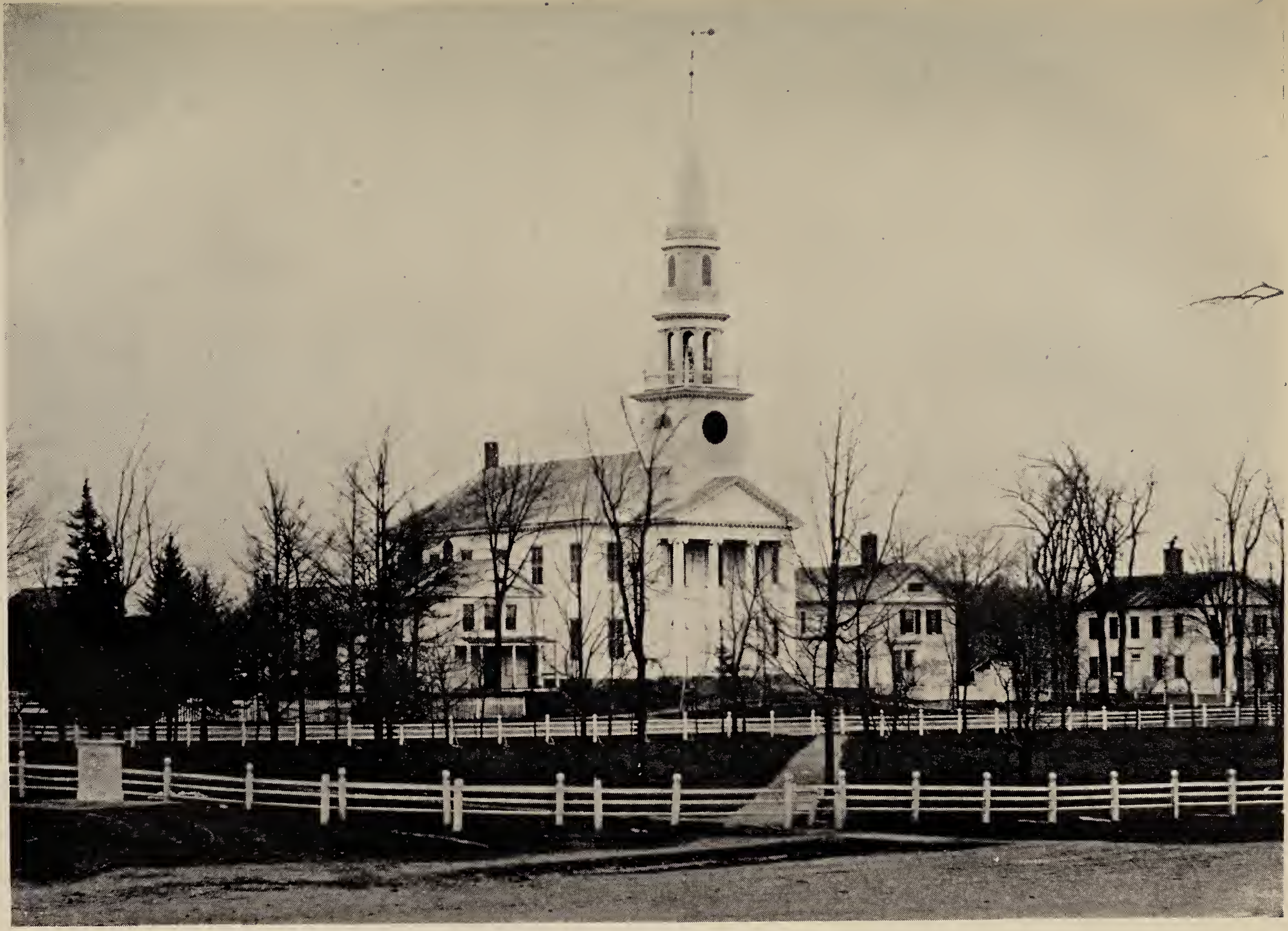
[1] From Sarah Kingsbury's Copy of Rules of the Litchfield Academy in the "Chronicles of a Pioneer School."

"Tale of Roaring Brook," the last story by Mr. Brace, possibly will give the reader an idea of the background of the forebears of the girls at school, while the editorials selected from the two large scrapbooks of the *Hartford Courant* draw attention to the news of the day when the girls left Litchfield to establish their own homes. These editorials were written by Mr. Brace many years after he left teaching in his aunt's school, and when he was editor-in-chief of the *Hartford Courant,* a newspaper of prominence, and abound in progressive ideas which he endeavored to instill in the minds of his pupils in Litchfield and which undoubtedly were influencing factors in their later lives.

The lists of scholars of the summer and winter terms found in Mr. Brace's manuscripts contain over two hundred more names which hitherto had not been found, and lists of intervening years of which there had been no record. No record of the names of pupils of the first ten years of the school seems to be in existence. From the assistant principal's records, it may be gathered that, fresh from Williams College, he no doubt introduced a system and program of instruction which had not been pursued before.

From the girls' diaries in the "Chronicles of a Pioneer School," from Caroline Chester's diary in the present book and from Mr. Brace's records, we find that the curriculum of studies included the following:

Addison on Taste
Arithmetic through interest
Chemistry
Composition
Cyphering
Dictionary
Dissertation
Drawing
Elements of knowledge
Elements of English Grammar — Webster's
Embroidery
Geography — Morse's
History — Miss Pierce's; Modern Europe; Rollins; Ramsey's American Revolution; Sacred.



Congregational Church, Called the Meeting House, Built about 1828, Moved to Torrington Road, 1871

Logic — Hedge's
Map Study
Metaphor
Music
Painting
Papers on special subjects
Parsing
Private Journal
Sewing
Spelling

There were prizes, mottoes, and credit marks for papers and high standing in the various studies as well as for discipline, exertion, sewing-improvement and amiableness.

In the manuscript, under many of the names of the pupils listed for the summer and winter terms at the school are certain letters, no doubt abbreviations for the studies in which those pupils attained credit marks and prizes or mottoes, and the year, the small "s" or "w" standing for summer or winter, of the date following. Most probably these records were for Mr. Brace's private use and no explanation of the letters and abbreviations was given. It is to be assumed, however, that the names in red ink and in larger script or with many letters underneath were the pupils with the highest standing in their classes. It will be seen from the records following the lists of scholars enrolled that in many cases those having the best standing for the first month, for the two months, three months, etc., and then for the entire summer or winter, were listed. There seems to be an explanation for the small lists of graduates from a large enrollment from the fact that the requirements for graduation were so exacting.

"The course of study prescribed for those who wish to take degrees will consist of the following branches —

"Morse's Geography, Webster's Elements of English Grammar, Miss Pierce's History, Arithmetic through Interest, Blair's Lectures, Modern Europe, Ramsey's American Revolution, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Paley's Moral Philosophy, Hedge's Logic and Addison on Taste.

"If any person wishes to obtain the last honors of the school it will be necessary for them to have finished this course, and to have accomplished it in order. Should any person wish to study any of these branches to the exclusion of the rest they are at liberty to do it but they will be considered as having declined being candidates for the degree.

"The candidates must answer 8/9 of their questions in all branches in General Examination. They must at no time have lost their whole holiday and in order to ascertain this they must have credit mark. They must never have lost more than one hour of their holiday for the same result in their certificate, must never have lost 3 hours holiday for noise and must have to be shown at the close of the school three months journal or eight dissertations." [1]

[*From " Chronicles of a Pioneer School"*]

LIST OF PUPILS MENTIONED IN THE JOURNAL OF MARY ANN BACON. 1802

Miss Rogers
" Strong
" Scovil
" Elmore
" Leavitt
" Pease
" Brainard
" Charity Gracy
" Lampson
" Livingston
" Rhoda Wadsworth
" Fanny Kerby
" Lord
" Chapin
" Charlotte Tomlinson

Miss Trowbridge
" Hays
" Cornelia Adams
" Pettebone
" Laury Bacon
" Skinner
" Williams
" Hale
" Burget
" Smith
" Taylor
" Eliza Scovil
" Garden Fart
" Tammage
" Umphres

THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG LADYS IN LITCHFIELD SCHOOL JUNE THE 10TH THURSDAY, 1802

Betsey Leavitt	
Catharine Levingstone	
Anny Levingstone	Dover
Taine Martingbrough	Derby
Sally Maunda	New York
Sally Catling	Litchfield
Hannah Catling	
Miss Orton	
Harriot Pettibone	

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[1] From Sarah Kingsbury's Copy of Rules of the Litchfield Academy in the "Chronicles of A Pioneer School."

Polly Cauldwell		Hartford
Rachel Skinner		Williamstown
Eliza Schovil		
Polly Strong		
Charlott Sanden (Sheldon)		
Polly Sheldon		Litchfield
Miss Stores		
Miss Stoten		
Two Miss Smiths		Glosing Berry
Fanny Strong		Woodbury
Lucy Shelding (Sheldon)		Litchfield
Unic Tomlinson		Huntington
Betsey Tomlinson		Huntington
Maria Tammage *		Litchfield
Sally Trobridge		
Susan Tatlor		Litchfield
Sally Williams		
Two Wilmading		New York
Mary Lord		Litchfield
Cornelia Davis Adams		
Maria Davis Adams		Litchfield
Jarusha Branard		Hadam
Miss Burgett		
Miss Burk		Gorgia
Miss Bissel		Savanna
Maria Butler		Litchfield
Mary Ann Brown		Roxbury
Cliresy		
Cleresy Chapin		
Betsey Chapin		
Miss Case		
Sofia Case		
Charlott Cockrin	——	West Indies
Mary Cockrin	——	
Graice Cockrin	——	
Julia Day	——	Scatskill
Nancy Day	——	
Mary Demming	——	Litchfield
Clerisy Demming	——	"
Anny Fred Simons		Gorgia
Eliza Garden Fart		Gorgia
Mary Glenn		Savanna

---

* Maria Tallmadge, married John P. Cushman of Troy, N. Y.; at the age of 12 took prominent part in the school theatricals.

Charity Grasy	Derby
Sophira Hay	Scatskill
Melissa Hays	
Nancy Hail	
Catharine Hunter	Savanna
Miss Hall	
Julia Elmore	Cannon

NAMES OF THE YOUNG LADIES BELONGING TO MISS PIERCE'S SCHOOL IN THE SUMMER OF 1814

Caroline Atwater.	New Haven Conn
Wealthy Bachus.	Clinton N. Y.
Maria Ball.	Salisbury Conn
Catharine Beecher.	Litchfield Conn
Ruth Benedict	Albany N. Y.
Lidia Booth.	Poughkeepsie N. Y.
Julia Boughton.	Danbury Conn
Ann Brace.	Litchfield Conn
Abbey Bradley.	Stockbridge Conn
Amanda Bradley.	Litchfield Conn
Charlotte Bradley.	New Haven Conn
Caroline Buel.	Goshen Conn
Maria Buel.	Burlington Vt
Sarah R. Cantine.	Kingston N. Y.
Ann Stocking.	Sheffield Conn
Sally Taylor.	Paris N Y.
Emily Woodruff	Clinton N Y.
Mary Clark.	Albany N Y.
Eliza Catlin.	Bristol Conn
Clarissa Cleaver.	Litchfield Conn
Lucy Cleaver.	Glastenbury Conn
Amelia Colton.	Longmeadow Mass
Delia Colton.	Longmeadow Mass
Sally Cook.	Litchfield Conn
Mary Dean.	Westmoreland N Y.
Mary Denison	New Haven Conn
Theodosia Deveaux —	N York
Sarah Everit —	Fishkill N Y.
Hannah Fish —	Lanesborough Mass
Mary A. Galpin.	Litchfield Conn
Mary Goodall.	Cooperstown N Y
Eliza Van Bleek.	Poughkeepsie N Y
Mary A. Woolcot.	Litchfield Conn
Cornelia Goodrect.	Sheffield Conn

Emeline Griswold.	Goshen Conn
Harriet Hall.	Lanesborough Mass
Sybil Hale.	Clinton N Y.
Sallie E. Harris	Poughkeepsie N Y
Helen Hasbrook	Kingston N Y
Eliza Hasbrook.	Kingston N Y
Maria Hoffman.	Red Hook N Y.
Nancy Holmes.	East Haddam Conn
Maria Hunt	Caanan Conn
Emeline Hunt.	ditto
Polly Hunt.	ditto
Betsey Hurlbut	Burlington Vt
Angelica Hughes.	Kingston N Y
Mary E. Jones.	New Haven Conn
Helen Kirby.	Litchfield Conn
Ann Eliza Landon —	ditto
Susan Leavette	Bethlehem
Cornelia Leonard	Lansingburg N Y
Amelia Lewis —	Litchfield Conn
Louisa Lewis —	ditto
Abbey Lord —	Litchfield
Nancy Marvin —	Wilton Conn
Harriet McNeil —	Paris N Y.
Eliza Meshal —	Poughkeepsie N Y.
Eliza Starr —	New Milford Conn
Mary Miles —	New Haven Conn
Henrietta Miles	New Haven Conn
Emmeline Minturn —	Poughkeepsie
Clarissa Minturn —	Poughkeepsie
Eliza Ann Mulford * —	New Haven Ct
Nancy Mulford † —	New Haven
Caroline Newcomb —	Pleasant Vally
Abby Northrop —	New Milford Conn
Jane Norwood —	New York
Minerva Pardee.	Lanesborough
Mary Peck —	Lichfield Conn
Charlotte Pettit —	Wilton Conn
Eliza Pledger —	Middletown Conn
Eliza Raymond —	Montville Conn
Charlotte Rockwell —	Albany N Y.
Cloe Roberts —	Bristol Conn

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* Daughter of Henry and Nancy Mulford of New Haven, Conn. Married William K. Townsend.

† Sister of Eliza Ann Mulford. Married Charles Robinson.

Rhoda Robert —	Cornwall Conn
Eliza Rowland —	Fairfield Conn
Miss Rumsey —	Unknown
Sally Sanford —	Jamesville N Y
Clarissa Seymour	Litchfield Conn
Fany Sherill —	Richmond Mass
Mary Sherill —	Richmond Mass
Eunice Smith —	Lanesborough Mass
Abbey Smith —	Albany N Y.
Mary Smith	Litchfield Conn
Hannah Woolcot	Litchfield Conn
Catherine Woodbridge —	Woodbridge Conn

1816

LIST OF GIRLS — JUNE 1816 FROM CAROLINE CHESTER'S JOURNAL AND PRINTED CATALOGUE OF 1816 IN COLLECTION OF MISS MARY PHELPS.

Sarah S. Ames	New Hartford, N. Y. married.[1]	
Alinda Adams * five weeks [1]	Burlington, Vt. married [1]	
Mary Adams * five weeks [1]	Andover, Mass.	16years
Clarissa Ayres	Clinton N. Y.	
Sarah M. Arden	Rhinbeck, N. Y. married [1]	
Ann Bates *	Durham	16years.
Harriet Baker,	Albany, N. Y.	
Emmeline Beebe,	Canaan,	
Emmeline Beebe,	Cooperstown, N. Y. married [1]	13years
Charlotte Beeckman,†	Coeymans, N. Y.	
Mary Beecher,* six weeks [1]	Litchfield,	12years
Ruth R. Benedict	Albany, N. Y.	
Maria Blake,*	Westborough, Mass. (West Springfield)	14 —
Euphemia Blanch,[1]	Paranus, N. J. married [1]	
Caroline M. Boardman,	New Milford, married [1]	
Margaret Bolles,*	Litchfield, married [1]	
Harriet Breck,[1]	Goshen, died [1]	18years
Eliza Brodhead,	Clermont, N. Y.	
Sarah Buel,	Litchfield married [1]	17

[1] Pencil note in catalogue. * Scholars for one quarter.

† Class of residents.

Harriet Buel,	Litchfield	13
Emily H. Butler,	Thompkins, N. Y. married[1]	
Eliza M. Camp,	Owego, N. Y.	
Rhoda Chamberlin	Dalton, Mass.	19
Abigail Chamberlin	Dalton, Mass.	18
Caroline Chester	Hartford married[1]	15
Mahala Christian —	Peekskill, N. Y.	14 —
Maria Collins *	Litchfield — died[1]	
Mary Cornelius —	Somers-town	17
Betsey Cornelius †	Somers-town	18
Mary Elizabeth Cobb —	Albany —	12thyear
Amelia Cleaver	Litchfield	17
Caroline Cleaver	do —	13
Phoebe Conklin,	Amenia, N. Y.	
Lucetta Cleaveland	Madison — M C — N. Y.	
Lucretia Deming,	Litchfield	12 years
Eliza Dederer,	Clarks-town — N. Y.	
Caroline A. Delafield — †	New York, died	15 years—
Theodocia C. Deveaux — *	Do —	16 years—
Sophia Dewey,*	Sheffield, Mass.	
Mary Elizabeth Denison —	New Haven — married.	13 —
Eliza Erwine —	Painted Post, N. Y. married[1]	15years
Eleanor Ellis	Saratoga, N. Y. died[1]	14
Pamelia Ellis —	Saratoga, N. Y.	12
Maria B. Elting	Paranus, N. J.	
Clarissa Ely *	Saybrook,	
Maria Fountain, one quarter *	New York,	
Sarah Finkle	Ernest-Town, Up. Can.	five weeks[1]
Minerva Finkle	Ernest-Town, Up. Can.	five weeks[1]
Nancy Farnham †	Cooperstown, N. Y.	18
Laura Farnham	Cooperstown, Up. Can.	17
Mary Ann Galpin *	Litchfield, married.[1]	
Laura Gold,*	Cornwall,	
Ann C. Goodwin —	Geneva, N. Y. married[1]	15
Betsey Griffin,	Clinton, N. Y.	
Susan Gregory,*	Saratoga, N. Y.	
Harriet Hale,*	Sangersfield, N. Y.	
Susan Haines,	Montgomery, N. Y.	16years
Lucy Hedge,	Montreal, L. Can.	
Adelaide Hopkins,	Philadelphia —	10
Margaret M. Hopkins,	Philadelphia, married[1]	14

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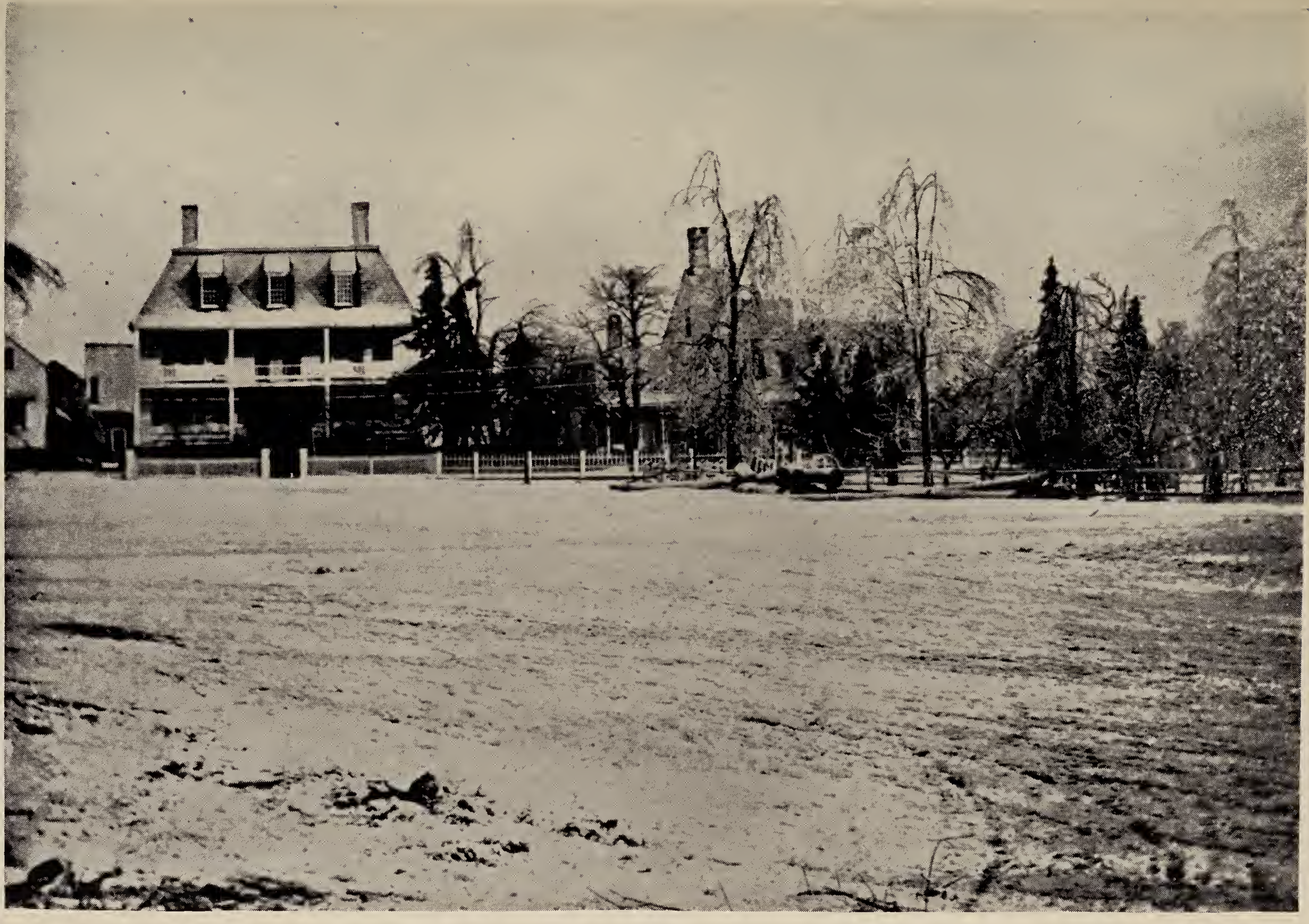
[1] Pencil note in catalogue.

* Scholars for one quarter.

† Class of residents.

Nancy W. Hurlbert,	Wethersfield, married [1]	14years
Harriet Hyde — * (Huldah)	Lee — Mass.	18years
Caroline Hunt,	Canaan,	
Louisa Hayden —	Saybrook —	
Nancy Johns —	Kingston UC — married [1]	
Eliza Judson —	Lansingburgh, N. Y.	
Amanda Keeler —	Albany, N. Y.	
Rachel Kellogg †	Clinton, N. Y.	18years
Helen Kirby,	Litchfield	16
Catharine Kirby,*	Litchfield	14
Ann Eliza Landon —	Litchfield,	12years
Mary Landon,*	Litchfield,	
Elizabeth O. Lee,*	Salisbury,	
Amelia Lewis,	Litchfield, died 1820	15
Louisa Lewis,	Litchfield	
Eliza Logan,*	Roxbury,	18years
Abbe L. Lord,	Litchfield, married [1]	11years
Abbe S. Lyman,	Norwich, Mass. married [1]	14years
Sarah W. Marsh,	Dalton, Mass	
Caroline Merwin,	New-Milford, m. & died [1]	
Louisa Marvin,	Albany, N. Y. married [1]	14
Amy S. Marvin,	Albany, N. Y. m. & died [1]	10
Eliza McBurney,	Painted-Post, N. Y. married [1]	15years
Harriet McNeil,†	Paris, New York State	19years
Mary D. Newcomb,	Pleasant-Valley, N. Y.	
Margaret G. Newcomb —	Do	
Abbe S. Northrop,*	New-Milford dead [1]	
Amanda Nye,†	Amenia, N. Y.	
Eliza Ogden	Tompkins, N. Y. married [1]	
Grace Peck — *	New-Haven, married [1]	15years
Mary W. Peck,	Litchfield, married [1]	
Helen Peck,	Litchfield, dead [1]	
Eliza Pitkin,*	East Hartford,	13-years
Charlotte Platt,	Owego, N. Y. married [1]	
Matilda C. Robinson,	New York,	
Susan Rockwell,*	Colebrook, married [1]	14years
Elizabeth Rowland —	Fairfield, married [1]	
Ann Salisbury,*	Catskill, N. Y.	
Julia Starr,*	Litchfield,	7 years
Catharine S. Staples — *	New Haven —	16 —
Sarah J. Sanford,†	Manlius, N. Y. dead [1]	

[1] Pencil note in catalogue. * Scholars for one quarter.
† Class of residents.



Phelps Tavern on the Green, in the Ballroom of Which the Law Students Entertained Their Guests

The ballroom was on the top floor; it had benches built in all around the room, the tops of which opened to hold the coats and wraps of the guests. The Tavern was built in 1787. It belonged to different owners, had a number of feet added to enlarge it and make a new front. Was bought later by a descendant of the original Phelps and renamed Phelps Tavern. From an old photograph

Maria A. Sanford	Manlius, N. Y. dead [1]	
Esther R. Sanford,*	Litchfield, m. & dead [1]	
Orra Sears,†	Bloomfield, N. Y.	
Adeline Stoddard,*	Burlington, Vt. married.[1]	
Abbey M. Smith,	Albany, N. Y. married [1]	
Julia Ann Smith,	Albany, N. Y.	
Esther H. Sperry	Owego, N. Y. married.[1]	
Mary Eliza Stanley,*	New Hartford, N. Y. married.[1]	
Charlotte Storrs,	Middlebury-Vermont —	15years
Maria Storrs,	Windham, married [1]	
Louisa Seymour,*	Litchfield, married [1]	15years
Mary Sherill,†	Richmond, Mass. dead [1]	
Charlotte M. Smith,	Cambridge, N. Y.	
Mary W. Smith,	Litchfield	
Abigail L. Smith,	Washington, N. Y.	
Laura O. Spencer	Colebrook	16years.
Lucy Tuttle,*	New-Haven, married [1]	13years
Charlotte Towner,†	Goshen,	
Catharine Townsend,*	New-Haven, married [1]	13years
Fanny Trowbridge,*	Roxbury,	19years
Eliza A. Verplanck	Verplanck's Point, N. Y.	11 years
Mary B. Verplanck	Verplanck's Point, N. Y. dead [1]	14 years
Elizabeth Van Slyck	New-York, dead [1]	12 years
Cornelia Van Benthuysen,	Rhinbeck, N. Y.	
Sally Ann Maria Vanderheyden	Troy, N. Y.	10years
Catalina Van Deusen,	Livingston, N. Y. married [1]	
Rachel Van Deusen	Livingston, N. Y. married [1]	
Olivia Verry,†	Marlborough, Vt.	
Juliet Wadsworth,	Montreal, L. Can. married [1]	
Nancy B. Wakeman	Ballstown, N. Y.	
Zilpha C. Wakeman,	Ballstown, N. Y.	
Catharine L. Webb,*	Cooperstown, N. Y. married [1]	16years
Catharine C. Webb,	New-York, married [1]	
Jane Welles,*	Lowville, N. Y.	
Frances P. Whittlesey	Washington, dau. David & Matilda Whittlesey	
Mary Ann Wolcott	Litchfield	14years
Hannah H. Wolcott,	Do	13 years
Martha D. Wood,* (Patty) one quarter [1]	Onondaga, N. Y.	16years
Phoebe Wood,	Montgomery, N. Y.	

[1] Pencil note in catalogue. * Scholars for one quarter. † Class of residents.

HEADS OF PAPERS SUMMER — 1816

A. M. Smith, Sperry, Farnham, S. Buel, Webb, Benedict, Mary Peck, Staples, Galpin, H. Buel, Collins, C. M. Smith, H. Wolcott, M. D. Newcomb, Butler, Cleaveland.

Whole Summer

A. M. Smith, Sperry, S. Buel, H. Buel, Benedict.

Candidates

Abbe M. Smith
Esther H. Sperry
Ruth Benedict.

1817 (WINTER)

Mary Adams (came 1817)	Andover, Mass.
Alinda Adams w 1817 4c. p.	Burlington, Vt.
Sarah S. Ames	New Hartford, N. Y.
Sarah Mary Arden	Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Harriet Baker	Albany, N. Y.
Emeline Beebe	Cooperstown, N. Y.
Mary F. Beecher	Litchfield
Charlotte Beekman	Coeymans, N. Y.
Sarah Buel s 1816 3c– p. j.	Litchfield
Emily H. Butler	Tompkins, N. Y.
Eliza M. Camp	Owego, N. Y.
Asenath Cheadle	Cooperstown, N. Y.
Mary Challotte	Catskill, N. Y.
Lucella Cleaveland	Madison, N. Y.
Mary E. Cobb	Sullivan, N. Y.
Eliza Dederer w 1817	Clarkestown, N. Y.
Mary E. Denison w 1817 p	New Haven
Eleanor Ellis	Saratoga, N. Y.
Pamelia Ellis 1816 p –1817 p	"
Maria B. Eltinge w 1817	Paranus, N. J.
Eliza Ervine–	Painted Post, N. Y.
Sarah Minerva Finkle	~~New York~~
Maria Fountain	New York

Sarah Goodrich	Buffalo
Ann C. Goodwin w 1817–2c p g	Geneva, N. Y.
Lucretia Goodwin	Geneva
Nancy P. Grant	Litchfield
Susan Gregory 1817 First Prize	Milton, N. Y.
Lucy Hedges	Montreal, L. C.
Elizabeth R. Hee	Andover, Mass.
Margaret M. Hopkins	Philadelphia
Adelaide “	“
Juliana Howell	Bloominggrove
Nancy W. Hurlbert	Wethersfield
Nancy Johns	Kingston, UP. Can.
Betsy M. Jones	Litchfield
Helen Kirby	“
Susan Landon	Canaan
Ann E. Landon s 1815 p– w 1817 m	Litchfield
Mary Landon	“
Mary Ann Levanthy	Hampton, N. Y.
Abbe L. Lord	Litchfield
Agnes V. Loveland	Halifax, Nova Scotia
Abby B. Lyman w 1817 3c. p. j.	Northwich, Mass.
Louisa Marvin 1816 m	Albany, N. Y.
Eliza Ogden	Tompkins, N. Y.
Theda Osbourn	Montgomery, N. Y.
Mary Ann Patten	Hartford, N. Y.
Charlotte Platt 1817 p.j.	Owego
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield
Pamelia Rowe	Do
Sarah J. Sanford	Jamesville, N. Y. (?)
Maria A. Sanford	“
William A. Saxton	Sheffield, N. Y.
Elizabeth Selden	Lyme
Harriet L. Silkney	Litchfield
Abby M. Smith 1814 p–1815 p.– 1816 3cpj	Albany, N. Y.
Mary W. Smith 1814 m	Litchfield
Adeline Stoddard	Burlington

Catherine S. Teller	Hyde Park
Sally Ann Maria Vander Heyden,	Troy, N. Y.
Jane Van Houten	Patterson, N. J.
Elizabeth Van Slyck	New York
Olivia Verry	Marlborough, Vt.
Juliette Wadsworth	Montreal, L. Can.
Nancy H. Waldon	Dalton, Mass.
Jane Welles	Lowville, Mass.
Francis P. Whittlesey	Washington
Joshua H. Wolcott	Litchfield

For List of Last Summer's School see Printed Catalogue.

Total 69.

HEADS OF PAPERS WINTER — 1817

Weekly and Monthly

Gregory, Cleaveland, A. Adams, S. Sanford, A. Goodwin, Buel, Bull, Dennison, M. Adams, Seymour, Lyman, Camp., A. C. Landon, Whittlesey.

1818

LIST OF GIRLS — OCT. 1818
FROM LIST OF JULIA ANNA SHEPARD

Mary Adams	Canaan,
Sybil Austin	Austinburg, Ohio.
Mary Arden	
Mary Anderson	Hackensack, N. J.
Louisa W. Bishop	New Haven, Conn.
Mary H. Bishop	“ “ “
Cornelia Bishop	“ “ “
George Beecher	
Catherine Blauvelt	
Eleanor Blauvelt	Greenbush, N. Y.
Permelia Bloom	Clinton, N. Y.
Margaret Bolds	Litchfield, Conn
Harriet Buel	“ “ “
Peter Buel	“ “ “
Elizabeth Burrel	Canaan, Conn.
Tirzah Chapman	Griswold, Conn.
Roxana Clark	Litchfield, Conn.
Wm. Clark	“ “ “
Frances Crougar	Bath, N. Y.
Lucia Coe	Middletown, Conn.

Ann Chitendon?	Farmington, Conn.
Laura Camp	Washington, Conn.
Maria Camp	Hartford, Conn.
Clerinda Darling	New York.
Elizabeth Davenport	Stamford, Conn.
Harriet Day	Caatskill, N. Y.
Sarah Denny	Leicester, Mass.
Mary Dennison	New Haven, Conn.
Martha Dennison	“ “ “
Lucretia Deming	Litchfield, Conn.
Eliza Durfee	Troy, Mass.
Elizabeth Ely	Salisbury, Conn.
Abagail Farrand	Washington, Conn.
Maria Fountain	Staten Island.
Catherine Fuller	Cooperstown.
Mary Field	
Julia Gold	Cornwall, Conn.
Laura Gold	“ “ “
Edward Gould	Litchfield, Conn.
James Gould	“ “ “
Henry Gould	“ “ “
Mary Hanford	Charleston, S. C.
Maria Hasbrook	Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Ann Hawthorn	New York.
Jane Hawthorn	“ “
Elizabeth Hooker	Andover.
Margaret Hopkins	Philadelphia, Pa.
Adelade Hopkins	“ “ “
Eliza Hopkins	“ “ “
Huldah Hopkins	Stockbridge, Mass.
Hannah Houston	Goshen, N. Y.
Minerva Hunt	Canaan, Conn.
Charity Hornbeck	Rhinebeck, N. Y.
Rachel Hornbeck	“ “ “
Caroline Jesup	Saugatuck, CONN.
Angeline Jesup	“ “ “
Nancy Johns	Kingston, U. Canada.
Frances Jones	Stockbridge, Mass.
Olive Kinsman	Kinsman, Ohio.
Helen Kirby	Litchfield, Conn.
Catherine Kirby	Litchfield, Conn.
Emily Kirby	New Haven, Conn.
Ann Eliza Landon	Litchfield, Conn.
Mary Landon	“ “ “

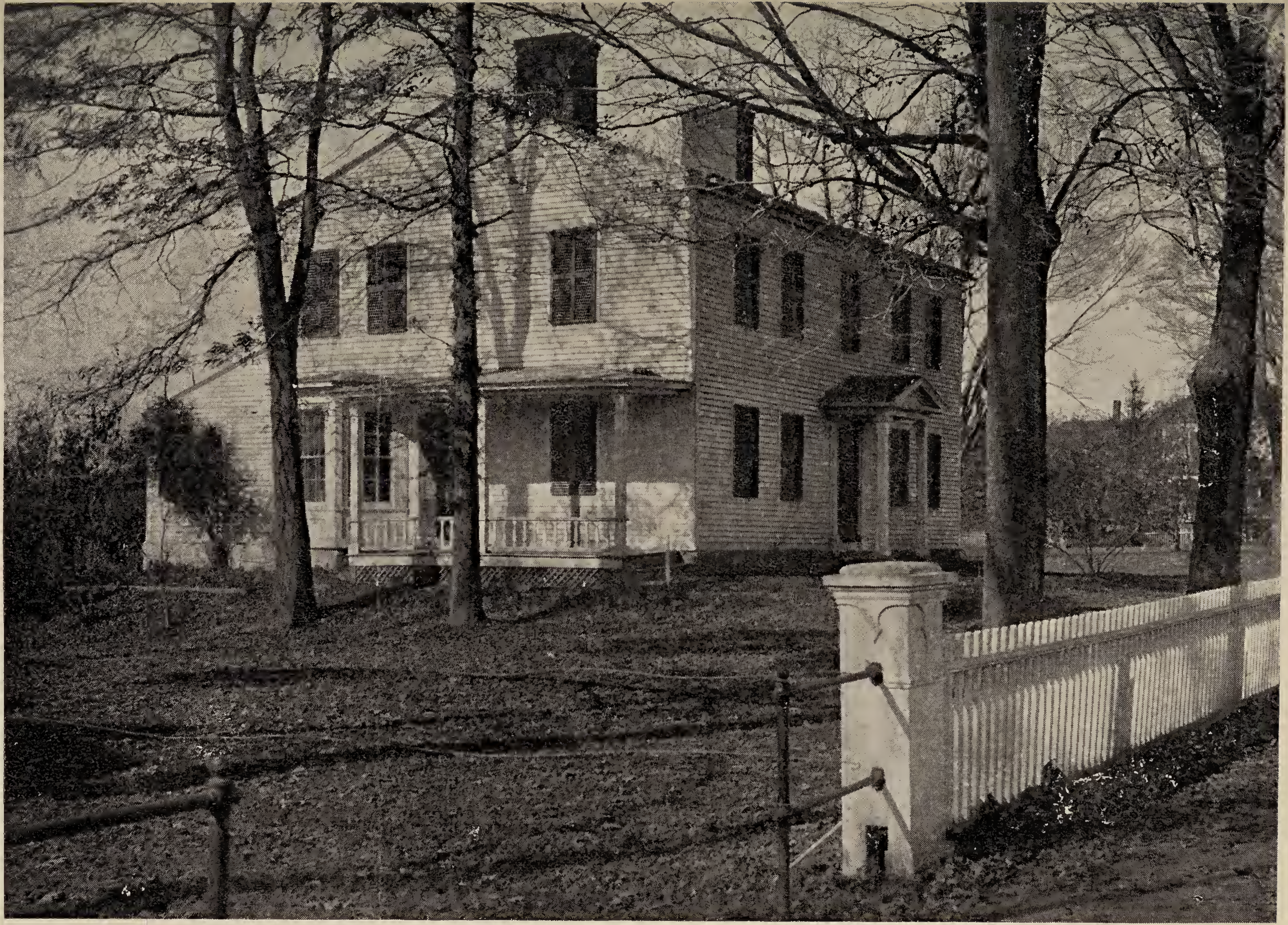
Louisa Lewis	Litchfield, Conn.
Frances Lord	“ “ “
Abigal Lord	“ “ “
Caroline Lord	Montreal, L. Canada.
Cornelia Lathrop	Utica, N. Y.
Emma Marvin	Albany, N. Y.
Adaline Mc Lean	
Maria Mc Mahon	Millford.
Abigail Mitchael	Washington, Conn.
Margaret Mix	New Haven,
Henrietta Mygatt	New Milford,
Caroline Morgan	Hartford,
Sarah Perry	Richmond, Mass
Mary Ann Patten	Hartford, CONN.
Matilda Patterson	
Helen Peck	Litchfield, COnn.
Emeline Penny	New York,
Jane Penny	“ “
Samuel Penny	“ “
Mary Perkins	Norwich, Conn.
Burr Reeve	Litchfield, COnn.
Julia Rice	New Haven, CONN.
Silvia Richards	Farmington, Conn.
Ann Maria Richards	New York.
Elizabeth Rowland	Fairfield, Conn.
Marania Seymour	Litchfield, Conn.
Delia Seymour	Litchfield, Conn.
J. Anna Shepard	Athens, Pa.
Lucy Ann Shepard	Lenox, Mass.
Caroline Smith	New York.
Catherine De Wit Smith	“ “
Mariett Smith	Derby, Conn.
Elizabeth H. Smith	New Haven, Conn.
Junius Smith	Litchfield, Conn.
Amander Smith	“ “ “
Adaline St John	Walton, N. York.
Lucy Stow	Middletown, Conn.
Betsy M. Strong	Rutland, Vermont.
Sarah E. Taylor	New York.
Miss Tabor	Mudson.
Eliza Tompson	Derby, Conn
Sallie Ann Maria Leyden Vanderladen	Troy, N. Y.
Mary Waterbury	Stamford,
Elmira Wakeman	Salisbury, Conn.

Maria Whitney	New York.
Frances Wilkin	Goshen, N. Y.
Mary Wood	" "
Sarah Tinkle	Kingston, U. Canada.
Minerva Tinkle	" " "
Mary Fink	Goshen,
Eliza Ogden	Walton, N. Y.
Almira Coleman	Amenia, N. Y.
Abigal Goodrich	" "
Anginet Maria Webster	" "
Jane Coffin	" "
Phebe Kipp	Hudson,
Delia Coe	Middletown,
Mary Forbs	New Haven,
Eliza Wadsworth	Farmington,
Eliza Wheeler	Medway,

LIST OF SUMMER—1819

Eliza A. Arnold	Hebron	
Charlotte Atwater	New Haven	
Emmeline Beebee	Cooperstown, N. Y.	
George Beecher	Litchfield	
Horatio Beers	"	
Mary H. Bishop	New Haven	
Sarah Ann Bishop	"	
Susan Bosworth	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	
Margaret C. Booles	Litchfield	
William Bolles	"	
Juliette Breasted	Bloomingrove, N. Y.	
Tempe Ann Brown	Hampton, N. Y.	
Mary O. Buck	New Haven	
Emeline C. Buck	Weathersfield	
Harriet Buel s 1816 2 s1817 p2 s 1818 D	Litchfield	[in red ink]
William Peter Buel w 1819 M.E. M.E.	Litchfield	
Mary P. Butler	Plymouth	
Henry Butler	Blandford, Mass	
Mary Chester	Groton	
Sarah Chittenden	Litchfield	
Roxana P. Clark s 1818 M.E. C.G.S.	"	
William M. Clark w 1819	"	

Jerousha P. Clark M.E.	Northampton, Mass	
Jane Conard	Philadelphia	
Maria Cooke	Litchfield	
Elizabeth W. Cooke M W. P.G.S.	"	
Joseph P. Cooke	Litchfield	
Frances M. Crugar	Bath, N. Y.	
Lydia Curtiss	Durham	
Henrietta Cutler	Coventry	
Dothe S. Cutler	Watertown	
Florinda Darling s 1818 p3 w 1819 M.E. M.E.	New York	
Lucretia Deming w 1816 p5 1818 C.G.S. D.	Litchfield	[in red ink]
Jane E. Deniston	Bloominggrove, N. Y.	
Sarah E. Denney D	Leicester, Mass.	[in red ink]
Ann Dicks	Sunburry, Geo.	
Laura H. Farnham	Cooperstown, N. Y.	
Catherine M. Gold	Cornwall	
George Gould	Litchfield	
Lucy C. Hatch P Com. C.G.S.	Norwich, Vt	
Eliza Hewitt	New York	
Margaret G. Jackson	Dorset, Vt.	
Nancy L. Johns s 1818 M.E. w 1819 C.G.S.	Kingston, U. C.	
Almira Jones	Stockbridge	
Eliza Judson	Ogdensburgh, N. Y.	
Charlotte Judson	New Haven	
Catherine Kirby s 1818 C.G.S. D	Litchfield	[in red ink]
Mary M. Knapp	New Berlin, N. Y.	
Ann E. Landon s 1815 p2 w 1817 M s 1817 C.G.S. w 1818 C.G.S. s 1818 D	Litchfield	[in red ink]
Mary Landon s 1818 p3 w 1819 M.E. p2 C.G.S.	Litchfield	
Sarah Lanman	Norwich	
Eliza Lanman	"	
Ann M. Law	Sunburry, Geo.	
Maria M. Law	"	
Harriet S. Law	"	



House Built by the Misses Pierce in 1803 on the West Side of North Street

Taken down when the Hathaway house was built. The front door with the doorplate of John P. Brace and the plate of the Litchfield Mutual Fire Insurance on it is in the Litchfield Historical Society. Mr. Brace ended his days here as did his aunts, the Misses Pierce

Lucy H. J. Lathrop	Sherburne, N. Y.	
Harriet Lee	Pomfret	
Louisa C. Lewis	Litchfield	[in red ink]
s 1817 M w 1818 E. C. P.		
s 1818 D		
Jane R. Lewis	Litchfield	
M. E. M.		
Caroline E. Lord	Montreal, L. C.	[in red ink]
s 1818 M.E. w 1819 C.G.S. D.		
Sarah Lyman	Goshen	
Emma S. Marvin	Albany	
s 1816 M w First Prize		
Adelyne C. Mitchell	Plymouth	
Margaret M. Mix	New Haven	(Dr. Weed New York)
Sarah Jane Moore	Natches, Miss	
Matilda Moore	Champlain, N. Y.	
Lydia Morrison	Montgomery, N. Y.	
Prudence Morrison	" "	
Elizabeth Newbury	Windsor, N. Y.	
Catherine A. Orton	Windfield, N. Y.	
Caroline J. Orton	" "	
Jane M. Patterson	Hudson, N. Y.	
Susan Patterson	" "	
Emily Peck	New Haven	
Mary A. Peters	Hartford	
Abigail T. Peters	"	
M.E. M.		
Belinda Porter	Prattsburgh, N. Y.	
E. C. S. P.J.		
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield — dead	
Abby S. Rogers	Saratoga, N. Y.	
Eliza M. Rowland	Litchfield	
Joseph M. Sadd	Winchester	
Amelia J. C. Sanford	Amenia, N. Y.	
Origin Storrs Seymour	Litchfield	
w 1819 M.G.		
Marana Seymour	"	
Sophronia Henrietta Seymour	"	
Susan P. Skinner	Manchester	
Junius A. Smith	Litchfield	
Amanda L. Smith	"	
s 1818 m w 1819 m p3		
Ephraim H. Smith	"	
Frances M. Smith	"	

Hannah S. Starkweather	Wms Town
Catherine G. Stedman	Hartford
Caroline G. Stevens	Sunbury, Geo.
Delia Storrs	Mansfield
Lucretia Swift	Windham
Ann Maria Vedder	Pine Plains, N. Y.
Julia Ward	Litchfield
Henry Ward	"
Lucy C. Washburn	Farmington
Lucretia C. Webb	Windham
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield
Edwin B. Webster	"
w 1819 M	
Mary Williams	Weathersfield
Maria A. Winne	Albany, N. Y.
w 1819 C.G.S. C.G.S.	
Mary Whittoche	New Haven
Harriet Woodbridge	Hartford
Hannah H. Wolcott	Litchfield
s 1816 M.S. 1817 C.G.S.	
Joshua Huntington Wolcott	"
w 1819 P.B. C.G.S. P.B. C.G.S.	
Elizabeth W. Wolcott	"
C.G.S. m w.	
Frederick H. Wolcott	"

Total 110

Oh my star.

LIST OF THE WINTER SCHOOL—1819

Ann Abernethy	Harwinton, M.
Mary Adams	Canaan
Mary Anderson	Paterson, N. J.
s 1817 p.j. s 1818 m.e. P2 c g s.	
Mary F. Beecher	Litchfield
s 1817 p 3 c g s	
George Beecher	Litchfield
Pamela Bloom	Clinton, N. Y.
Miss Bostwick	New Milford
Maria Bradley	Litchfield
William Peter Buel	"
M.E.	
Samuel B. Buel	"

George S. Buel	Litchfield
Henry Butler	Blandford, Mass.
Adeline Cables	New Milford
Adeline Catlin	Harminton, M.
Seth Catlin M E.	Litchfield
Francis M. Cruger	Bath, N. Y.
Clarinda Darling M E s 1818 p3	New York
Jane E. Deniston	Bloominggrove, N. Y.
Sarah E. Denney	Lester, N. Y.
Mary Forbes	New Haven
James R. Gould	Litchfield
Edward S. Gould P	“
George Gould M	“
Adelaide Hopkins M.E.	Philadelphia
Eliza Hopkins	“
Nancy L. John s 1818 M.E. c g s	Kingston, U. C.
Elmira Jones	Stockbridge, Mass.
Mary Landon s 1818 P3 M.E.	Litchfield
Addison L. Lockwood	New Milford
Caroline E. Lord s 1818 M.E. c g s	Montreal, L. C.
Abby L. Lord	Litchfield
Olive D. Kinsman s 1818 c g s First Prize	Kinsman, Ohio.
Helen Kirby Summer 1818 D.	
Catherine Kirby s 1818 c g s	
Almira Marshall	Granville, Mass
Emma S. Marvin s 1816 M W	Albany, N. Y.
Adeline McLean c g s	Utica, N. Y.
Margaret M. Mix	New Haven
Susan T. Moffat	Bloominggrove, N. Y.
Juliana Moffat	“
Caroline Morgan s 1818 c g s	Hartford

Julia Morgan	Hartford
Eunice Munson	Canaan
Eliza Parsons	"
Mary Ann Patten	Hartford
Jane M. Patterson	Hudson, N. Y.
Alice Pelton	Otis, Mass.
Mary W. Perkins	Norwich
s 1818 M E	
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield
Julia A. Rice	New Haven
s 1818 M E. M. E.	
Louisa Seymour	Litchfield
c g s	
John S. Seymour	Litchfield
Marana "	"
Origen Storrs Seymour	"
M g.	(Married) [in pencil]
Junius A. Smith	Litchfield
Amanda L. Smith	"
s 1817 M M	
Ephraim Kirby Smith	
Frances M. Smith	
Lucy W. Stow	Middletown [in red ink]
w 1818 c g s s 1818 c g s P. Com. D.	
Betsey M. Strong	Rutland, Vt.
Betsy Swan	Sharon
George W. Taylor	New Milford
Lucy C. Washburn	Farmington
Edwin B. Webster	Litchfield
M	
Maria A. Winne	Albany
C g s	
Joshua Huntington Wolcott	Litchfield
P. B	

Total 67

[*From John P. Brace's Miscellanies.*]

HEADS OF PAPERS — WINTER 1819

Weekly *Monthly*

E. Gould, Wolcott; P. Buell, M. Strong; Kinsman, M. Perkins; Johns, L. Seymour.

Two Months.

E. Gould, M. Beecher, Denney.

Three Months.

Kinsman, Wolcott, E. Gould; Strong.

Weekly

C. Morgan; McLean; A. Catlin.

Four months.

Kinsman; Wolcott; E. Gould, Strong.
C. Lord; M. Beecher.

Graduate

Lucy W. Stow.

HEADS OF PAPERS — SUMMER 1819

Johns; Marvin, S. H. Wolcott, E. Cooke, Washburn, Lord, Denney.
R. Clarke, Winne, O. S. Seymour.

Two Months

Marvin, Johns, Washburn, Denney.
Chester, Hatch.
M. Seymour.

Three Months

Marvin, Denney, Winne, Washburn
Porter, M. Landon.

Four Months

Marvin, Denney, Washburn, Winne.

Five Months

Marvin, Washburn, Winne, Denney.

Six Months

Denney, Marvin, Winne, R. Clarke.

Graduates

Lucretia Deming
Sarah Denney
Catherine Kirby
Caroline C. Lord

LIST OF SUMMER SCHOOL — 1820

Charles Adams	Litchfield
Elmira Aikens	Quaker Hill, N. Y.
Pluma Barstow	Great Barrington, Mass.
Mary F. Beecher s 1817 P3 w 1819 C.G.S. w 1820 First Prize D	Litchfield [in red ink]

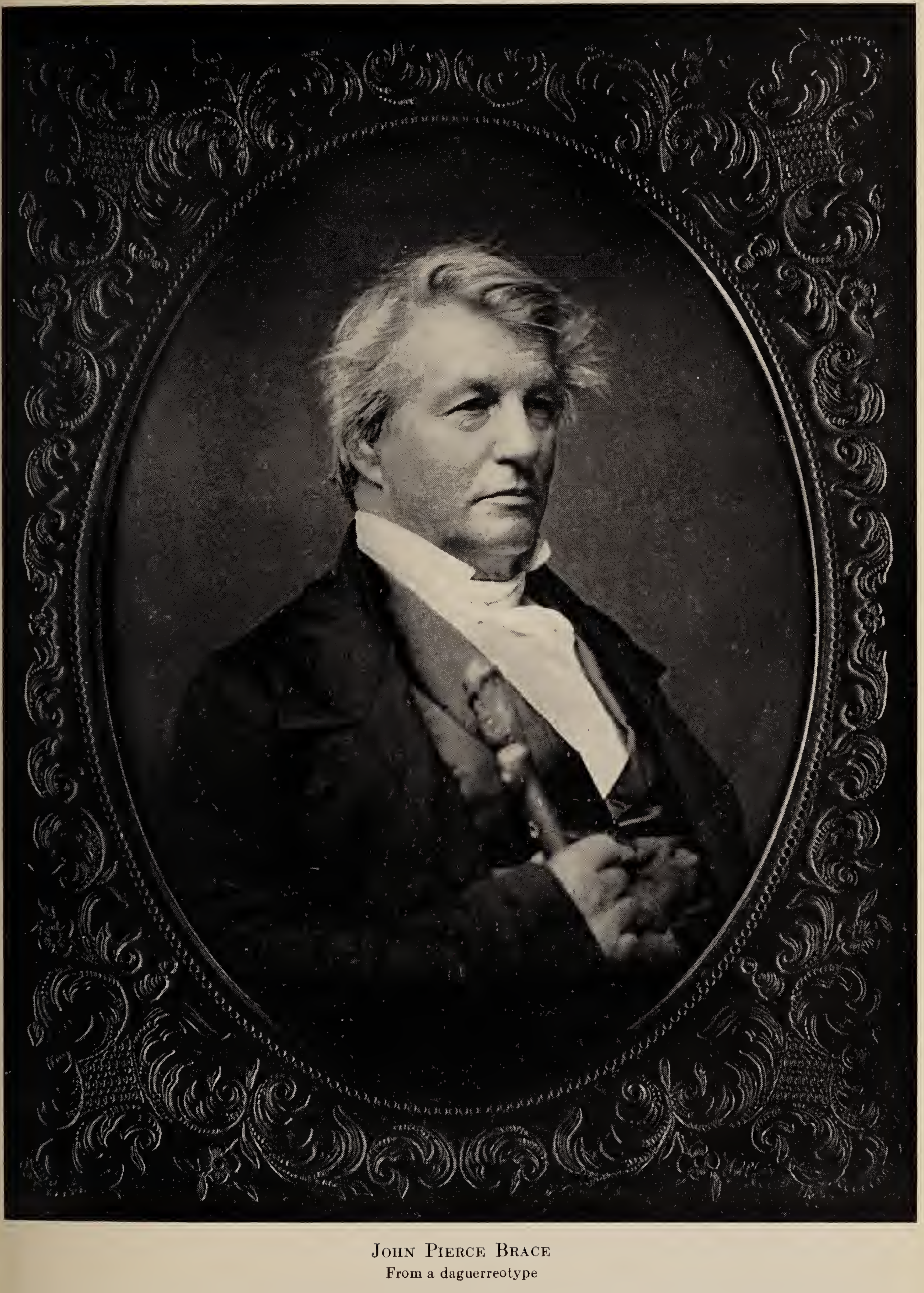
George Beecher	Litchfield
Caroline Benham	New Milford
Nancy M. Bentley	Sheffield, Mass.
Louisa W. Bishop 1818 M.E.	New Haven
Margaret C. Bolles	Litchfield
William Bolles	"
Mary Ann Boardman	New Milford
Laura Boardman	"
Ann Matilda Brooks	Philadelphia
Catherine Busch	Philadelphia
William Peter Buell w 1819 M.E. s 1819 M.E. w 1820 M. C.G.S. P. M.E. C.G.S. P.	Litchfield
Harriet Buell	Burlington, Vt.
Rebecca Barton	Trumbull
Mary Ann Childs	Woodstock
Jane L. Conard	Philadelphia
Maria Cooke	Litchfield
Elizabeth Cooke s 1819 M.W. C.G.S. C.G.S. P.A.	"
Joseph P. Cooke	"
Frances M. Crugar	Bath, N. Y.
Clarinda E. Darling s 1818 P3 w 1819 M.E. s 1819 M.E. w 1820 P.	New York
Joseph F. Darling	New York

SUMMER — 1820

Mary A. Davenport C.G.S. M.	Stamford
Hepsa De Forest	Norway, N. Y.
Mary De Forest C.G.S. M.E.	"
Ann A. Dicks	Sunburry, Geo.
Almira J. Dale M. M.E.	Lansingburgh, N. Y.
Helen Ferris M.	Burlington, Vt.
Emily Flagg	Cheshire
Sarah Gardiner	Long Island
Lauretta Goodrich	Weathersfield
Clarissa Goodrich	"

George Gould w 1820 M	Litchfield
Nancy Grant	Dover, N. Y.
Margaret G. Jackson	Dorset, Vt.
Ann K. Jones M. G. M.	Portland, Me.
Amelia A. Kellogg M.	Great Barrington, Mass.
Mary M. Knapp C.G.S. M.	New Berlin, N. Y.
Mary Landon s 1818 P3 w1819 M.C. s 1819 P2 C.G.S. w 1820 C.G.S. M. 2ndP C.G.S.	Litchfield
Lucina Lane	Fairfield
Ann M. Lord	Sunburry, Geo.
Maria M. C. Lord	" "
Harriet S. Lord	"
Jane R. Lewis s 1819 M.E. M. w 1820 C.G.S. M.P. A First Prize	Litchfield
William Lewis	Litchfield
Rena Ann Lockwood	Stamford
Elizabeth Mann	Brattleboro, Vt.
Louisa Marvin C.G.S. M	Albany, N. Y.
Sarah S. May	Woodstock
Eliza B. Maynard	Rutland
Amanda Miller	Middleburry, Vt.
Adelyne C. Mitchell	Plymouth
Margaret M. Mix	New Haven
Matilda L. More w 1820 M	Champlaine, N. Y.
Catheline Nichols	Augusta, Geo.
Emily Northrop	New Milford
Mary Noyes M	Dorchester, Vt.
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield Dead [in pencil]
Abby S. Rogers w 1820 C.G.S. P. COM. P. COM. C.G.S.	Saratoga, N. Y. Dead [in pencil]
Fanny Saltonstall	Litchfield
Origin Storrs Seymour w 1819 M.G.	" (Married) [in pencil]

Henrietta Sophronia Seymour M	Litchfield
Marana Seymour	“
Delia Seymour M	“
Henry Seymour	“
Julia Seymour C.G.S. M.E. M.P.J.	Hartford
Catherine Sickles M	Kinderhook
Ann Sickles	“
Ephraim Kirby Smith	Litchfield
Frances M. Smith w 1820 C.G.S. P2	“
Susan P. Skinner w 1820 C.G.S — C.G.S. M.E.	Manchester, Vt.
Mary E. Smith C.G.S. M.E. M.	Stamford
Elizabeth Smith M	“
Margaret Stevens w 1820 M.P.M. M.E.	Dover, N. Y.
Nancy Stevens w 1820 M. C.G.S. M.E. M.	“
Jane Stevens L. P2	“
Caroline G. Stevens	Sunburry, Geo.
Maria Theresa Stevens M.P. S.	Dover, N. Y.
Eliza A. Stevens	“
Maria Strong	Salisbury
Elizabeth Trowbridge	Litchfield
Maria A. Tufts	Savannah, Geo.
Jane Vanderburgh	Beeckman, N. Y.
Ann M. Vedder M	Amenia, N. Y.
George Walter	New Haven
Henry Ward	Litchfield
John Ward	“
Elizabeth Walbridge	Lansingburgh, N. Y.
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield
Henry W. Wessels P.W.	“
Mary Jane Weyman	New York



John Pierce Brace
From a daguerreotype

Mary E. Whitlock	New Haven
w 1820 M M.E. C.G.S. M. M.E. C.G.S.	
Lucy A. Whiting	Great Barrington, Mass.
M	
Abigail Williams	New York
Elizabeth Wolcott	Litchfield
s 1819 C.G.S. M. w C.G.S. M	
Frederick H. Wolcott	"

LIST OF WINTER SCHOOL — 1820

Elizabeth Austin	New Hartford
Sarah A. Bacon	Woodstock
M.E.	
Emmeline Beebee	Cooperstown, N. Y.
Mary F. Beecher	Litchfield
s 1817 P3 w 1819 C.P. S First Prize	
George Beecher	"
Harriet Beecher	"
Horatio P. Beers	"
William Bolles	"
Juliette Breasted	Bloominggrove, N. Y.
George Buel	Litchfield
William Peter Buel	"
w 1819 M.E. s 1819 M.E. C.G.S. P.M.	
Henry Butler	Blandford, Mass.
P.J. A.M.	
William M. Clark	Litchfield
w 1819 M.E. C.G.S. M.	
Jane Conard	Philadelphia
Elizabeth Cooke	Litchfield
s 1819 M w C.G.S.	
Joseph P. Cooke	Litchfield
M	
Frances M. Crugar	Bath, N. Y.
Clarinda E. Darling	New York
s 1818 P3 w 1819 M.E. P.	
Joseph F. Darling	New York
Hepsa DeForest	Norway, N. Y.
Mary DeForest	"
Ann A. Dicks	Sunburry, Geo.
Helen A. Ferris	Swanton, Vt.
George Gould	Litchfield
Nancy Grant	Dover, N. Y.

SUMMER — 1820

Mary N. Knapp	New Berlin, N. Y.	
Mary Landon	Litchfield	
s 1818 P3 w 1819 M.E. s 1819 P2 C.GS. C.G.S. P2		
Maria Lathrop	East Hartford	
Lucy H. G. Lathrop	Amenia, N. Y.	(et alias)
Maria M. C. Law	Sunbury, Geo.	
Ann M. Law	"	
Harriet S. Law	"	
Jane R. Lewis	Litchfield	
s 1819 M.E. M. C.G.S M.P. A. First Prize		
Elias Ashley Lewis	Farmington	
Louisa Marvin	Albany, N. Y.	
Mary Ann Monson	New Haven	
Matilda L. More	Champlain, N. Y.	
M		
Elizabeth Newbury	Windsor	
Catherine A. Orton	Windfield, N. Y.	
Caroline J. Orton	Windfield, N. Y.	
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield	
Abby S. Rogers	Saratoga, N. Y.	
C.G.S P.COMP.		
Susan P. Skinner	Manchester, Vt.	
C.G.S.		
Origin Storrs Seymour	Litchfield	
w 1819 M.G.		
Junius A. Smith	"	
Amanda L. Smith	Litchfield	
s 1817 M w 1819 M s 1819 P3		
Ephraim Kirby Smith	"	
Frances M. Smith	Litchfield	
CG.S.		
Nancy Smith	Berlin	
Mary A. Stevens	Dover, N. Y.	
P.M.		
Nancy Stevens	Dover, N. Y.	
M		
Jane Stevens	"	
Caroline G. Stevens	Sunbury, Geo.	
Henry Ward	Litchfield	
Mary E. Whitlock	New Haven	
C.G.S. M.E. C.G.S. M.E. M.		

Caroline Whitlock	New Haven
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield
Edwin R. Webster w 1819 M.M.	"
Maria A. Winne w 1819 C.G.S. s 1819 C.G.S. C.G.S.	Albany, N. Y.
Elizabeth Wolcott s 1819 C.G.S. M W.	Litchfield
Frederick H. Wolcott	"

Total 61

HEADS OF PAPERS — WINTER 1820

Weekly *Monthly*

M. Whitlock, P. Buel, Louisa Marvin, J. Cooke, E. Cooke, Winne,
E. Wolcott, Ward, M. Landon, J. Lewis.
A. Smith, K. Orton, M. Beecher, P. Buel

Two Months

J. Lewis, P. Buel, M. Beecher, M. Landon.
Skinner.

Three Months

J. Lewis, M. Beecher, P. Buel, M. Whitlock.
Rogers, Bacon.

Four Months

M. Beecher, J. Lewis, P. Buel, Landon
Ward, F. Smith.

Five Months

M. Beecher, J. Lewis, P. Buel, Landon.

SUMMER — 1820

Weekly

M. Beecher, E. Cooke, Landon, Lewis
Childs
Jackson, Burton, Jones, Bishop, Knapp, Dole.

Four Months

Davenport.

Five Months

M. Beecher, Lewis, Landon, Smith

Summer

M. Beecher, Lewis, Landon, M. Smith

Graduate

Mary J. Beecher

SUMMER — 1821

Sarah G. Clarke	Litchfield	
Harriet P. Coffin	Wiscasset, Maine	
w 1821 P.A. C.S.S. First Prize		
Elizabeth Cooke	Litchfield	
s 1819 C.G.S m w s 1820 C.G.S		
P.A. w 1821 P. P. COM. D P D		[in red ink]
Joseph P. Cooke	Litchfield	
C.G.S.		
Dothe S. Cutler	Watertown	
Buel H. Deming	Litchfield	
Martha D. Denison	New Haven	
P.D.		
Sarah Diven	New York	
m w		
Caroline N. Dutchie	Canaan	
Mary B. Eastman	North Haven	
Helen G. Ferris	Swanton, Vt.	
Sarah D. Gardiner	Gardiner Island, N. Y.	
George Gould	Litchfield	
Julia Gould	"	
Elizabeth Guion	North Salem, N. Y.	
Mary Hallam	Richmond, Va.	
Richard C. Herrick	Amenia, N. Y.	
Irene P. Hickox	Northampton, Mass.	
Algernon Sidney Hull	New Haven	
Susan Howe		
Isabella P. Jones	Portland, Maine	
M.E. C.G.S.		
Julia Henrietta Jones	Litchfield	
M.E.		
[torn page] King	Darien, Geo.	
Catherine King	" "	
Mary Landon	Litchfield	
s 1818 p3 w 1819 M.E. s 1819 p2 C.G.S		
C.G.S.		
w 1820 2nd P w 1821 C.G.S		
Jane R. Lewis		
s 1819 M.E. w 1820 C.G.S P.D. s 1820		
First Prize		[in red ink]
w 1821 C.G.S D.		
William H. Lewis	Litchfield	
C.G.S		

Cecelia H. Lyman M.E. C.G.S.	Northampton, Mass.	
Lucretia C. Lyman P. COM.	Goshen	
William Y. Mayo	New York	
———Parsons	Granville, Mass.	
Ann Maria Perkins	Warren, Ohio.	
Harriet Peck	New Haven	
Roxana Purdy	North Salem, N. Y.	
Clarissa Purdy	“ “	
Sally Ann Raymond	“ “	
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield	
Abigail Rogers	Canaan Dead [in pencil]	
Mary D. Riiss M.E.	Hartford	
Fanny Saltonstall	Litchfield	
Delia S. Seymour w 1821 C.G.S.	Litchfield	
Marana Seymour	“	
Henry Seymour	“	
Henrietta Seymour M.E. C.G.S.	“	
Salima Seymour	“	
Mary Ann Shelton	Plymouth	
Frances Smith	Plymouth	
Kirby Smith		
Laura Sterling	Sharon	
Caroline G. Stevens	Sunburry, Geo.	
Maria Theresa Stevens s 1820 P.J.	Dover, N. Y.	
Delia S. Storrs	Mansfield	
Eliza Thorpe	Ridgefield	
Mary Ann Martha Tufts	Savannah, Geo.	
Mary P. Twining	New Haven	
Edgar P. Van Kleeck	Poughkeepsie	
Lucy F. Walker	Lenox, Mass.	
Henry Ward P. COM.	Litchfield	
Harriet Ward	“	
Mary Jane Weyman	New York	
Mary E. Whitlock w 1820 C.G.S M.E. s 1820 M.E. C.G.S. w 1821 First Prize	New Haven	[in red ink]

Caroline E. Whitlock	New Haven	
P2		
Abigail Williams	New York	
Elizabeth Wolcott	Litchfield	[in red ink]
s 1819 C.G.S m w s 1820 C.G.S w 1821 C.G.S D P.A.		
Frederick H. Wolcott	Litchfield	
m w		
Harriet Woodbridge	Hartford	

Total 89

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL — 1821

Elizabeth Avery	Montgomery, Mass.
Jeanette, Backus	Bridgeport,
Isaac C. Beach	Brookfield
George Beecher	Litchfield
P	
Harriet Beecher	“
Ann Matilda Brooke	Philadelphia
Harriet Buell	Burlington, Vt.
William P. Buell	Litchfield
w 1819 M.E. s 1819 M.E. w 1820 m C.G.S P. M.E. S.C.G. S.P. C.G.S.	
John L. Church	Litchfield
Harriet P. Coffin	Wiscasset, Maine
P.A. C.G.S.	
Elizabeth Cooke	Litchfield
s 1819 M w C.G.S. s 1820 C.G.S. P.A. C.G.S. 2nd P.P.COM.	
Joseph P. Cooke	Litchfield
Mary De Forest	Norway, N. Y.
s 1820 C.G.S.	
Helen G. Ferris	Swanton, Vt.
Sarah D. Gardiner	Long Island
George Gould	Litchfield
Julia Gould	“
Irene P. Hickox	“
Ann K. Jones	Portland, Me.
Isabelle P. Jones	“
Mary Landon	Litchfield
s 1818 P.E. w 1819 M.E. s 1819 p2 C.G.S. w 1820 C.G.S s 1820 2nd C.G.S C.G.S.	

Mary Ann Leavenworth P.J.	New Haven
Jane R. Lewis s 1819 M.S. w 1820 C.G.S. R.A.S. 1820 First Prize C.G.S.	Litchfield
Abby L. Lord	Litchfield
Amanda L. Mills	Kent
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield
Abby Rogers w 1820 C.G.S. P.COM. s 1820 C.G.S P.COM. D.	Saratoga, N. Y. [in red ink]
Delia L. Seymour C.G.S	Litchfield
Susan P. Skinner w 1820 C.G.S. s 1820 C.G.S. M.E. D.	Manchester, Vt. [in red ink]
Ephraim K. Smith	Litchfield
Frances M. Smith w 1820 C.G.S. s 1820 P2	"
Caroline S. Stevens	Sunburry, Geo.
Maria Theresa Stevens s 1820 P.J.	Dover, N. Y.
Mary A. Martha Tufts	Savannah, Geo.
Mary Jane Seymour	New York
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield
Mary E. Whitlock w 1820 C.G.S. M.E. s 1820 M.E. C.G.S. First Prize	New Haven
Caroline E. Williamson	New York
Esther A. Williamson	"
Mary Jane Weyman	
Abigail W. Williams	New York
Elizabeth Wolcott s 1819 C.G.S. M W s 1820 C.G.S M. C.G.S.	Litchfield
Frederick H. Wolcott	Litchfield

Total 42

CATALOGUE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL — 1821

Charles Adams	Litchfield
Elizabeth Avery	Montgomery, Mass.
Martha M. Austin	Warren, Ohio
Epaphroditus E. Bacon	Litchfield
Ann E. Bassett	New Haven
Louisa Bassett	"

George Beecher w 1821 P	Litchfield
Horatio P. Beers	"
Susan Bennet M.E. P.J.	Canaan
John Bissell, Jr.	Litchfield
Margaret C. Bolles C.G.S. M.E.	"
William Bolles	"
Sarah E. Breasted M.E.	Bloominggrove, N. Y.
Ann Matilda Brooke	Philadelphia
Harriet Buel	Burlington, N. Y.
William P. Buel w 1819 M.E s 1819 M.E. w 1820 C.G.S R. M.E. s 1820 C.G.S. P w 1821 C.G.S. M.E.	Litchfield
Mary Ann Buel	Litchfield
Aurelia C. Burnham	Lenox, Mass.
Mary Ann Burnham	Cornwall
Ann Butler	Plymouth
Mary Ann Butler	Northampton, Mass.
Mary Ann Chapman	Norfolk
John L. Church	Litchfield
Mary Church	Sharon
William L. Clark w 1819 M.E. w 1820 C.G.S.	Litchfield

HEADS OF THE SCHOOL—WINTER 1821

Whittock, E. Clarke, D. Forest, Skinner, E. Cooke, Landon, Coffin, Levinworth, Stevens, Lewis, E. Wolcott, Seymour, P. Buel.

Graduates

Abby Rogers
Susan P. Skinner

Summer 1821

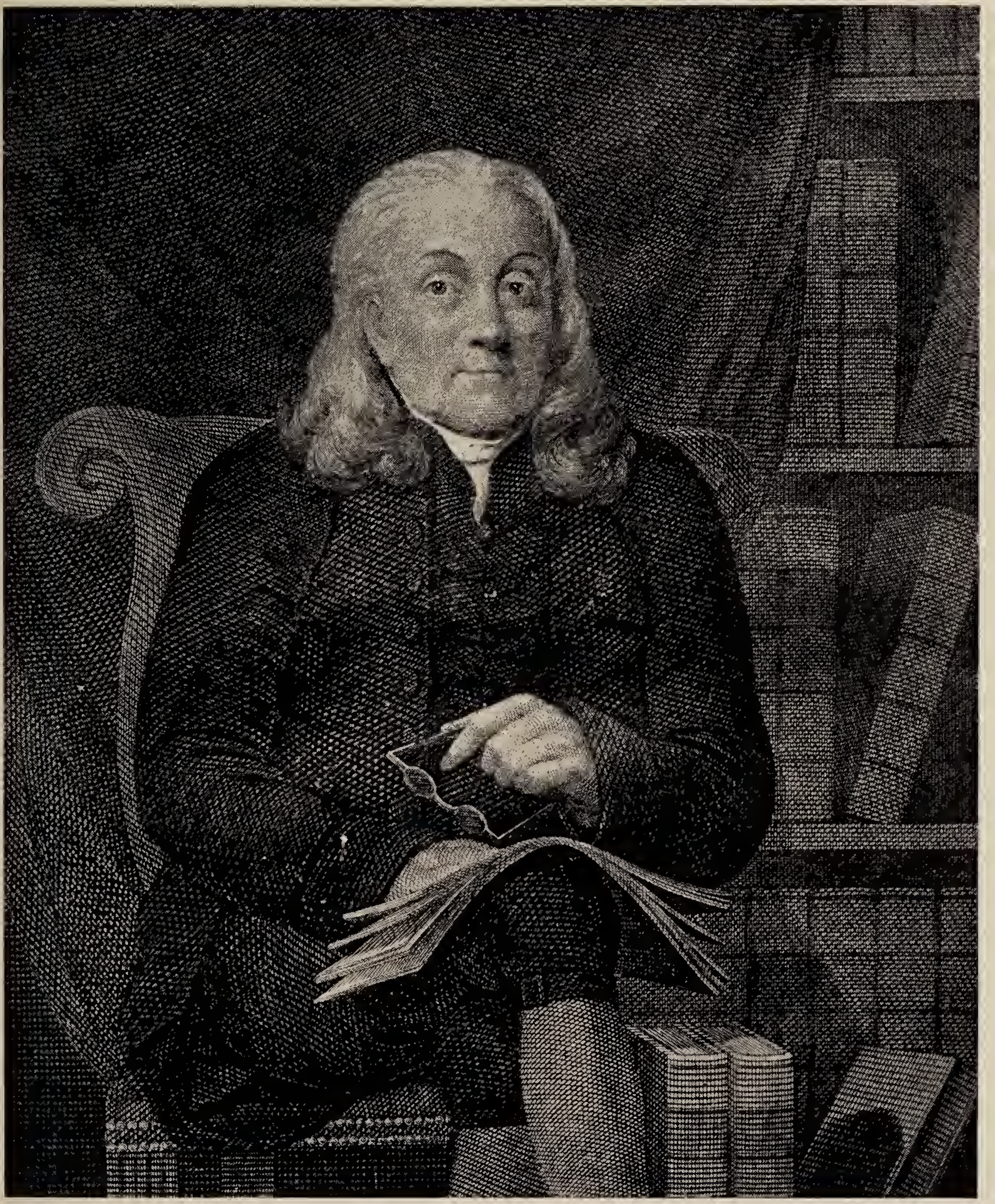
Coffin, P. Buel, D. Seymour, W. Lewis, M. Whittoch, J. Gould, Coffin, E. Wolcott, E. Cooke, Landon, Hickox, W. Clarke, Howe.

Summer

E. Cooke, E. Wolcott, Coffin, Lewis.

Graduates

Elizabeth Cooke
Mary Landon



JUDGE TAPPING REEVE, FOUNDER OF THE LITCHFIELD LAW SCHOOL
From an engraving of a picture painted by George Catlin, a law student, afterwards a well-known Western Indian painter

Jane R. Lewis
Delia L. Symons
Mary E. Whittock
Elizabeth Wolcott

CATALOGUE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL — 1822

Martha M. Austin w 1822 P.P. C G S	Warren, Ohio
Mary Jane Averil M.E.	Hartford
Elizabeth Avery	Montgomery Ms.
Mary Ayres	New Canaan
Caroline C. Ayres	“ “
Jeanette Backus	Bridgeport
Epaphroditus C. Bacon P.2 P.S.	Litchfield
Frederick A. Bacon	“
Ann Eliza Bassett	New York
Louisa Bassett	“
Sophronia Beebee	Cooperstown, N. Y.
George Beecher w 1821 P.B.	Litchfield
Horatio P. Beers	“
Harriet A. Benedict	Watertown, N. Y.
Amelia C. Benedict	“
Susan Bennett s 1821 P.J.	Canaan
Mary M. F. Betts	Amelia Island, E. Flor.
Abigail W. Boardman	Middletown
Frances Ann Brace M.E.	Hartford
Sally J. Brown	Somerstown, N. Y.
Sarah E. Brested	Blooming Grove, N. Y.
Ann Matilda Brooke	Philadelphia, Pa.
Harriet Buell P.G. C.G.S. w 1822 C.G.S.	Burlington, Vt
William Peter Buel w 1819 M.E. s 1819 M.E. w 1820 C.G.S. P s 1820 C.G.S. P. w 1821 C.G.S. s 1821 C.G.S. M.E. w 1822 First Prize.	Litchfield
Frederick Buell	Litchfield
Caroline Bunce	“
Elizabeth Burk	Hartford

May Ann Butler	
Cyrus Carrington	Litchfield
Mary Ann Chapman	Norfolk, Va.
William Chittenden	Litchfield
(Samuel)	
John L. Church	“
William M. Clarke	Litchfield
w 1819 M. E. w 1820 C.G.S.	
Sarah G. Clarke	“
1821 C.G.S. w 1822 C.G.S. M.E. D	
Abigail Clark	Windham, Ohio
M.E.	
Maria Cleaver	Litchfield
Harriett B. Coffin	Wiscassett, Maine
Joseph P. Cooke	Litchfield
s 1821 C.G.S. w 1821 2nd P	
James H. Cook	Do
M.E.	
Buel H. Deming	Do
Martha D. Denison	New Haven
s 1821 P. C.G.S.	
Mary A. Dibble	Pine Plains, N. Y.
Sarah H. Edwards	Hunter, N. Y.
Asahel P. Edwards	Northampton, Mass.
Jane Fayerweather	Bridgeport
Roxana Foote	Hartland
Sarah D. Gardiner	Gardiner, N. Y.
M.E.	
Eudocia B. Goodrich	Somerstown, N. Y.
George Gould	Litchfield
w 1822 P.A.	
Charles Gould	“
Julia Gould	“
Emily Grant	Dover, N. Y.
Mary D. Hallam	Richmond, Va.
s 1822 M.E.	
Mary Hawley	Bridgeport
Emeline Hawley	“
Harriet Hollabird	Canaan
Elizabeth Homes	Boston, Mass.
Mary D. Hubbard	Champion, N. Y.
Jeanette Humphreys	Derby
Julia Henrietta Jones	Litchfield
Isabella P. Jones	Portland, Me.

Mary Landon	Litchfield
Charlotte Lee	Berlin
Algernon Sidney Lewis	Litchfield
Mary Lloyd	Charleston
Ann S. Means	Beaufort, S. C.
Isabella Means	“
Mary “	“
Thomas “	“
Fanny Munson	Canaan
Charlotte E. Orton C.G.S. M.E.	Windfield, N. Y.
JaneAOrton	“
Celestia Parmelee	Litchfield
Ann Maria Perkins	Warren, Ohio
Amos Pettingill Jr.	Litchfield
Maria Porter	East Haven
Sophia Porter	Berlin
Margaret Potter	Warren, Ohio
Clarissa Purdy	North Haven
Roxana Purdy	North Haven
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield (dead)
Olive Russell	Salisbury
Dudley Saltonstall	Litchfield
Fanny C. Saltonstall	“
Henrietta S. Seymour s 1821 M.E. C.G.S. First P. P.C.	“
Mary Ann Shelton P.A. C.G.S.	Plymouth
Chauncey Smith s 1822 p2 P.H. C.G.S.	Weathersfield
Frances M. Smith w 1820 C.G.S. s 1820 P2 w 1821 P2 C.G.S.	St. Augustine, E. F.
Mary Sperry	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Laura Sterling	Sharon
Ann Eliza Stevens	Mansfield
Adelia Storrs	
Maria Street	Cheshire (Hartford, Conn)
Lucy H. Tracy	Norwich
Clarissa B. Treat M.E.	Hartford
Martha M. Tufts w 1822 C.G.S.	Savannah, Geo.

Susan Tufts	Savannah, Geo.
Mary P. Twining	New Haven
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield
Mary Jane Weyman	New York
Julia Ward	Litchfield
Lucinda Warner	Canaan, N. Y.
Caroline E. Whitlock	New Haven
Samuel G. Whittlesey	Hartford
Mary L. Wilbor	New York
Frederick H. Wolcott s 1821 w	Litchfield
Laura M. Wolcott	“

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL — 1822

Martha M. Austin P.P.	Warren, Ohio
Elizabeth Avery	Montgomery, Mass.
Ann Eliza Bassett	New Haven
Louisa Bassett	“
Sophronia Beebee	Cooperstown
George Beecher w 1821 P.P.	Litchfield
Horatio P. Beers	“
Mary F. Betts	Huntsville, Ala.
John Bissell, Jr.	Litchfield
Sarah E. Breasted s 1821 M.E. M.E.	Bloominggrove, N. Y.
Ann Matilda Brooke	Philadelphia
Harriet Buell C.G.S.	Burlington, Vt.
William Peter Buel w 1819 M.E. s 1819 M.E. w 1820 C.G.S s 1821 C.G.S. ME. First Prize	Litchfield
Mary Ann Butler	Northampton, Mass.
Mary Ann Chapman	Norfolk, Va.
John L. Church	Litchfield
Sarah G. Clarke s 1821 C.G.S C.G.S M.E.	“
Harriet P. Coffin w 1821 P.A. C.G.S s 1821 First Prize	Wiscasset, Maine
Joseph P. Cooke s 1821 C.G.S 2nd	Litchfield

Buel H. Deming	Litchfield	
Martha D. Denison s 1821 P.	New Haven	
Deodalus Dutton M.E.	Monson, Mass.	
Roxana Foote	Hartford	
George Gould P.A.	Litchfield	
Julia Gould	Litchfield	
Mary Hallam M.E.	Richmond, Va.	
Harriet Holabird	Canaan	
Elizabeth Holmes	Boston, Mass.	
Maria Howard	Pittsfield, Mass.	
Isabella P. Jones s 1821 M.E. C.G.S D.	Portland, Me.	[in red ink]
Mary Landon s 1818 p3 w 1819 M.E. s 1819 C.G.S p2 w 1820 C.G.S s 1820 2nd P w 1821 C.G.S s 1821 D	Litchfield	[in red ink]
Charlotte Lee	Berlin	
Fanny Monson	Canaan	
James S. Norton	Litchfield	
Charlotte Orton	Windfield, N. Y.	
Jane Orton	“	
Ann M. Perkins	Warren, Ohio	
Sophia Porter	Berlin	
Clarissa Purdy	North Salem, N. Y.	
Roxana Purdy	“	
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield	
Fanny Saltonstall	Litchfield	
Mary Ann Shelton	Plymouth	
Frances M. Smith w 1820 C.G.S s 1820 p2 w 1821 p2	Litchfield	
Chauncey Smith P2	Weathersfield	
Martha M. Tufts C.G.S.	Savannah, Geo.	
Martha P. Twining	New Haven	
Julia Ward	Litchfield	
Lucinda Warner C.G.S M.E P.J.	Canaan, N. Y.	
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield	
Mary Jane Weyman	New York	

Caroline E. Whitlock s 1821 P2 C.G.S M.E.	New Haven
Frederick H. Wolcott 1821 w	Litchfield

Total 53

HEADS OF THE SCHOOL — WINTER 1822

Coffin, J. Jones, G. Gould, Cooke, W. P. Buel, Clarke, Landon, Webb, Warner, Tufts, Ward, Reeve, Breasted, F. Smith, Whittock, Shelton.

Winter

Coffin, W. P. Buel, Cooke, Clarke

Graduates

Harriet P. Coffin
Isabella P. Jones.

Summer — 1822

Grant, Averill, Stevens, F. Smith, P. Buel, Hallam, J. P.———, K. L. Seymour, Perkins, Pettingill, L. Clarke, M. Tufts, Humphrey, Whittlesey, H. Buell, Carrington, Jones, Storrs, Brace, L. Wolcott, Grant, C. Smith, C. Orton, Shelton, A. Means, Backus, C. Agnes Treat, Lewis, Austin, Reeve.

Summer

Seymour, Perkins, L. Clarke, H. Buell

Graduate

Sarah G. Clarke.

SUMMER — 1822

Mary W. Worthington	Lenox, Mass.
Sarah H. Worthington	" "

Total 89

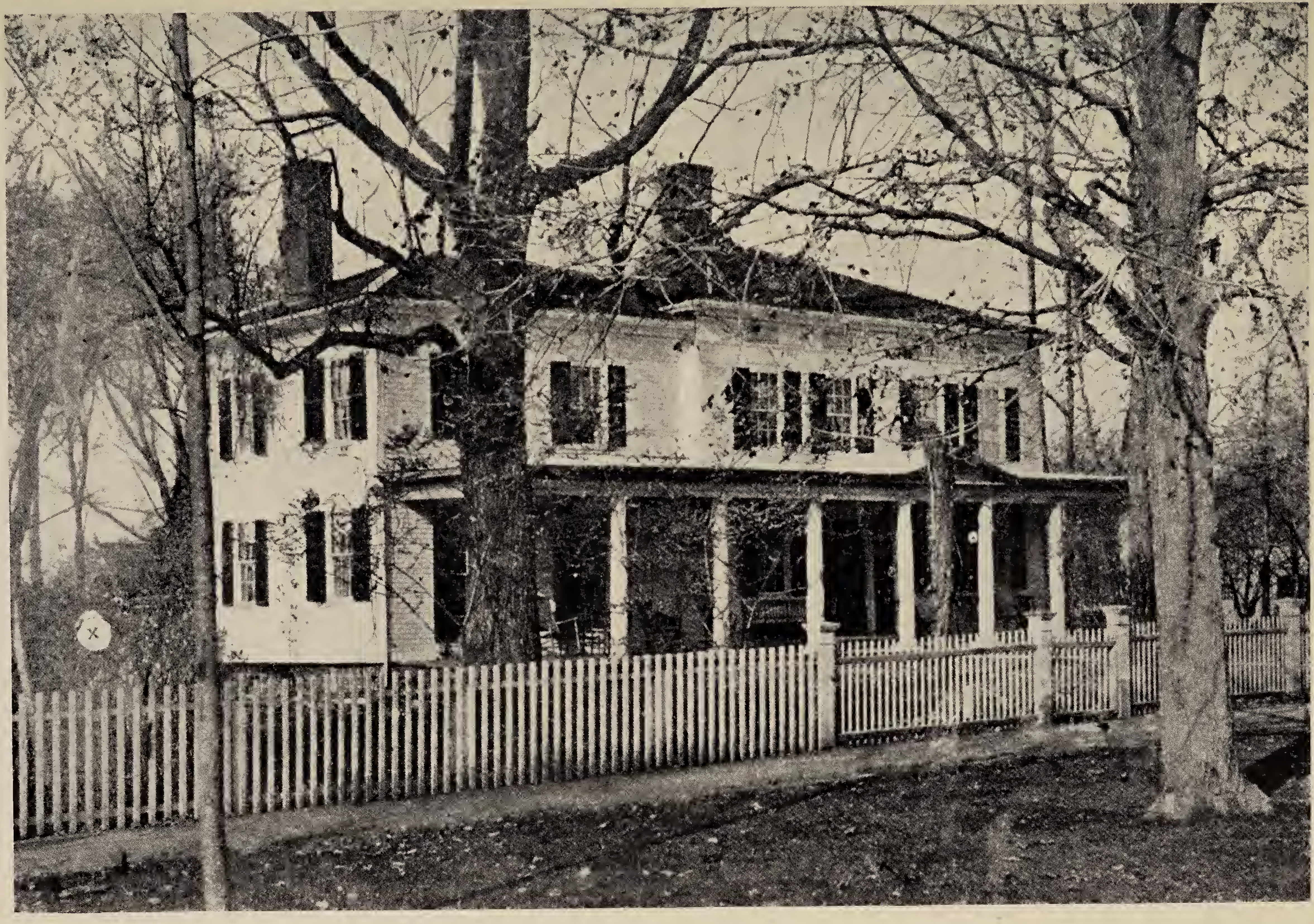
CATALOGUE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL — 1823

Keziah Adams	Litchfield
Martha M. Austin w 1822 P.P. s 1822 C.G.S. w 1823 C.G.S. M.E. D.	Warren Ohio
Hannah A. Avery	Groton
Epaphroditus C. Bacon s 1822 p2 P.J.	Litchfield
Frederick A. Bacon	Do
Nancy Barclay	Montgomery, N. Y.

Ann Eliza Bassett C.G.S. M.E. P. Geog. 2	New York
Louisa A. Bassett	Do
Mary Bassett	Dalton, N. Y.
Emily Bassett	Do
Sophronia L. Beebee	Hopeville, N. Y.
Harriet F. Beecher	Litchfield
Horatio P. Beers	Do
Harriet A. Benedict	Watertown
Amelia C. Benedict	Do
Mary M. C. Betts w 1823 M.E. P. Geog.	Amelia Is. Fl.
Sarah A. Boardman 2 p C.G.S. M.E.	Middletown
Frances Ann Brace C.G.S. M.E. s 1822 M.E.	Hartford
Mary Bradley	Kingston, N. Y.
Mary Brooks	Cheshire
Frederick Buel	Litchfield
Maria Burton	Waterbury
Ann Butler	Plymouth
Mary S. Church	Canfield, Ohio
Lois Church	Salisbury
Abigail Clark* s 1822 M.E. w 1823 C.G.S. M.E. D. P. Hist. [in red ink]	Windham, Ohio
Joseph P. Cooke s 1821 C.G.S. w 1821 P.P.	Litchfield
Julia M. Cooke	Hartford, Conn.
Hannah C. Corning C.G.S. M.E.	Troy, N. Y.
Mary M. Crawford M.E.	Montgomery, N. Y.
Buel H. Deming	Litchfield
Minor B. Deming	Do
Mary Deming	Do
Dothy Denison	Norfolk
Harriet Denison	Do
Catherine Ely	Saybrook
Emmeline Flagg	Cheshire
Sarah D. Gardiner s 1822 M.E. C.G.S. M.E.	Gardiner Is.

* Married —— King.

Mary B. Gardiner	Gardiner Is.	
Ann M. Goodyear	New Haven	
Julia Gould	Litchfield	
George Gould	Litchfield	
w 1822 P.A. w 1823 P.A.		
Charles Gould	Do	
Mary Ann E. Greenfield	Middletown	
Mary Ann Harper	Norwich, N. Y.	
Eliza Ann Hills	Hillsdale, N. Y.	
Sybil V. Hills	Do	
Harriet Hoadley	Hartford	
Elizabeth D. Homes	Boston, Ms.	
Mary D. Hubbard	Champion, N. Y.	
w 1823		
Esther M. Hull	North Stonington	
(Hall)		
Fanny Hyde	Ellington	
Jemima Hyde	Do	
M.E.		
Julia Henrietta Jones	Litchfield	
w 1823 M.E. C.G.S. P. COm. — D.		[in red ink]
Charlotte M. Judson	New Haven	
Sarah L. Kingsbury	Waterbury	
Mira Lathrop	Sherburn, N. Y.	
Emily W. Lester	Groton Conn.	
Maria T. Lord	Boston, Ms.	
Helen L. Lord	Do	
Percy E. Lyon	New Hartford, N. Y.	
Triphenia Merwin	New Milford	
Zerviah R. Minor	Litchfield	
Susan Mould	Montgomery, N. Y.	
Ann Maria Perkins	Warren, Ohio.	
s 1822 E.P. w 1823 First Prize P. Geog.		
D. P. GR. PA. P. D.		[in red ink]
Olive D. Perkins	Warren, Ohio	
M.E.		
Mary Pierce	Salisbury	
M.J.		
James Radcliffe	Litchfield	
Hannah Reed	Salisbury	
Tapping Burr Reeve	Litchfield	
M.E.		



JUDGE TAPPING REEVE'S HOUSE, BUILT BY JUDGE REEVE, 1774

The Law School was held in a small frame building south of his house

SUMMER — 1823

Fanny Saltonstall	Litchfield	
Henrietta Sophronia Seymour s 1821 M.E. C.G.S. s 1822 First Prize P. Comp. D.		[in red ink]
Amelia S. Seymour M.E.	Litchfield	
Mary Ann Shelton s 1822 P.A. C.G.S. s 1823 C.G.S. D.	Plymouth	
Julia Sherrill	New Hartford	
Cornelia Sherrill	Do	
Frances M. Smith w 1820 C.G.S. s 1820 P2 w 1821 P. W. s 1822 C.G.S. w 1823 D	St. Augustine, Fl.	[in red ink]
Hetty Smith	Hartford	
Susan Smith	Hyde Park, N. Y.	
Mary Sperry	Plattsburgh, N. Y.	
Ann Eliza Stevens	Dover, N. Y.	
Catherine E. Stoddard	Le Roy, N. Y.	
Nancy M. Stone	Great Barrington Mass.	
Maria C. Street	Cheshire	
Jane Thompson M.E.	Montgomery, N. Y.	
Abby M. Thompson C.G.S. M.E.	New London	
Mary P. Thompson C.G.S. M.E.	New London	
Harriet Tousey	New Town	
Julia Frances Tracy C.G.S. M.E. P. Comp.	Troy, N. Y.	
Julia Trowbridge	Litchfield	
Maria Van Wagenen	New Platz, N. Y.	
William Henry Walter First Prize	New Haven	
Charles Henry Webb M.E. w 1823 C.G.S.	Litchfield	
Catherine Webb	Do	
Mary Jane Weyman	New York	[in red ink]
Caroline E. Whitlock s 1821 P2 w 1822 C.G.S. M.E.— D	New Haven	
Joanna W. Williams M.E.	North Stonington	

Frederick H. Wolcott s 1821 m w s 1822 P.N. w 1823 C.G.S.	Litchfield
Laura M. Wolcott	Litchfield
Harriet Woodbridge	Hartford
Sarah Woodbridge	Do

Total 93

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL — 1823

Martha M. Austin w 1822 R P. c g s M.E	Warren, Ohio
Ephroditus Bacon s 1823 p2 P.J	Litchfield
Frederick A. Bacon	Litchfield
Nancy Barclay	Montgomery, N. Y.
Ann Eliza Bassett	N. Y.
Louisa A. Bassett	N. Y.
Sophronia L. Beebee	Cooperstown, N. Y.
George Beecher w 1821 P.B. D	Litchfield
Harriet F. Beecher	Litchfield
Horatio P. Beers	Do
Harriet A. Benedict	Watertown, N. Y.
Amelia C. Benedict	"
Mary M. F. Betts M.E.	Amelia Island, FLOR.
Mary Brooks	Cheshire
Frederick Buel	Litchfield
Edward Childs	Do
Abigail Clark c.g.s. M.E. s 1822 M.E.	Windham, Ohio
Mary Crawford	Montgomery, N. Y.
James Cook	Litchfield
Buel H. Deming	Do
Minor R. Deming	Do
Asahel P. Edwards	Northampton, Mass
Emeline Goodwin	Salisbury
George Gould w 1822 P.A. P.A.	Litchfield
Julia Gould	Do
Charles Gould	Do
Sybil V. Hill	Hillsdale, N. Y.
Elizabeth Homes	Boston, Mass.
Mary E. Hubbard M.E.	Champion, N. Y.

Julia H. Jones	Litchfield
M.E. C G.S. P. Com.	
Algernon S. Lewis	Litchfield
Percy E. Lyon	New Hartford, N. Y.
Zerviah R. Miner	Litchfield
James S. Norton	Do
Lucius S. Norton	Do
William Norton	Do
Albert Parmelee	Do
Ann Maria Perkins	Warren, Ohio
s 1822 2nd P. First P.G.	
William Porter	Litchfield
James Radcliff	Do
Hannah Reed	Salisbury
Dudley Saltonstall	Litchfield
Amelia Salima Seymour	Do
Mary Ann Shelton	Plymouth
s 1822 P.G. C.G.S. — C.G.S.	
Julia Sherrill	New Hartford, N. Y.
Cornelia Sherill	Do
Chauncey Smith	Weathersfield
w 1822 P2 s 1822 P.H. C.G.S. 2nd P.H.	
Frances M. Smith	St. Augustine, E. Fl.
w 1820 C.G.S. s 1820 P2 s 1821 s 1822	
C.G.S. D	[in red ink]
Susan Smith	Hyde Park, N. Y.
Ann Eliza Stevens	Dover, N. Y.
C.G.S. M.E.	
Nancy M. Stone	Great Barrington, Mass.
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield
C.G.S.	
Mary Jane Weyman	New York
Samuel G. Whittlesey	Hartford
C.G S.	
Frederick H. Wolcott	Litchfield
s 1821 m w s 1822 P.M. C.G S.	

Total 55

HEADS OF PAPERS — WINTER 1823

F. Smith, Wolcott, C. Smith, Perkins, Jones, Betts, Lewis, Whittelsey, Austin, G. Gould, Shelton, Clark, Beebee, Webb.

Graduate

Frances M. Smith.

Summer — 1823

Walter, J. P. Cooke, Clarke, Austin, Tracy, Perkins, Whitlock, H. Webb, J. M. Cooke, Boardman, S. Gardiner, H. S. Gardiner, Reed, Jones, A. E. Bassett

Graduates

Martha M. Austin
Abigail Clarke
Julia H. Jones
Ann Maria Perkins
Henrietta S. Seymour
Mary Ann Shelton
Caroline E. Whitlock

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL — 1824

Hannah Avery	Griswold
Frederick A. Bacon	Litchfield
Ann Eliza Bassett	New York
s 1823 C.G.S. M.E. P.G.O. GEO. — D.	
Louisa A. Bassett	Do
Mary Bassett	Dalton, N. Y.
Emily Bassett	Do
Sophronia L. Beebee	Hopeville, N. Y.
Harriet F. Beecher	Litchfield
M.E.	
Henry W. Beecher	Do
Charles Beecher	Do
Horatio P. Beers	Do
George Bennett	Do
Mary M.F. Betts	Amelia Is., Fl.
w 1822 M.E. s 1823 P.GEO. M.E. D	
Frances Ann Brace	Hartford
s 1822 M.E. s 1823 C.G.S. M.E. D	
Frederick Buel	Litchfield
M.E.	
Theodocia Clarke	Do
Julia M. Cooke	Hartford
M.E. C.G.S	
Emily Cook	Harwinton
Hannah C. Corning	Troy, N. Y.
M.E. C.G.S. s 1823 M.E. C.G.S.	
Lucy Ann Childs	Litchfield
Jane Crawford	Montgomery, N. Y.
C.G.S. M. His.	

Minco R. Deming	Litchfield	
M. w. v.		
Mary G. Deming	Kinderhoof, N. Y.	
Mary Deming	Litchfield	
Rhoda A. Foote	Hartford	
Lucy Foster	Do	
James Radcliff	Do	
Tapping Burr Reeve	Do	
s 1823 M.E. First Prize		
Fanny E. Saltonstall	Do	
Amelia S. Seymour	Do	[in red ink]
s 1823 M.E. D		
Maria Seymour	Do	
M.E.		
Henry Seymour	Do	
Jane Seymour	Do	
Catherine Thompson	Montgomery, N. Y.	
M.E. C.G.S. P2nd P.Geog.		
Julia Frances Tracy	Troy, N. Y.	[in red ink]
s 1823 C.G.S. M.E. P. Com. D. P. His.		
Maria Van Wagenen	Paltz, N. Y.	
C.G.S. M.E.		
William Henry Walter	New Haven	
s 1823 First Prize P. A P. GR. P		
Charles Henry Webb	Litchfield	
w 1823 C.G.S. s 1823 M.E. C.G.S.		
Frederick H. Wolcott	Do	
s 1821 M.W. s 1822 P.M. w 1823 C.G.S.		
C.G.S. M.E.P.Jm		
Laura M. Wolcott	Do	
C.G.S. M.E.		
Harriet Woodbridge	Hartford	
Sarah Woodbridge	Do	
P.L. C.		

Total 58

Sarah D. Gardiner	Gardiner Is.	[in red ink]
s 1822 M.E. s 1823 C.G.S. M.E. — D		
Mary A. Gardiner	Do	
Charles Gould	Litchfield	
Mary Ann Greenfield	Middletown	
Mary Ann Harper	Norwich, N. Y.	
Cornelia Hines	Behtlem	

Elizabeth D. Homes D	Boston, Mass	[in red ink]
Elizabeth Hotchkiss M.E.	New Haven	
Eliza Kilbourne	Hartford	
Cynthia Landon	Canaan	
Maria R. Lord	Boston, Mass.	
Helen Lord	Do	
William Norton	Litchfield	
Olive D. Perkins s 1823 M.E. C.G.S M.E.	Warren Ohio	
John Phelps	Litchfield	

CATALOGUE OF SUMMER SCHOOL — 1824

Keziah Adams	Litchfield	
Mary E. Armstrong	Kingston, U. C.	
Eleanor M. Armstrong	“	
Frederick A. Bacon	Litchfield	
Elizabeth Ann Barber	Groton, Ct.	
Sarah Ann Batram 3m	Black Rock	
Martha Ann Bartlett	Kingston, U.C.	
Ann Eliza Bassett s 1823 C.G.S. P.Geo. 2nd w 1824 D P.G.R.	New York	[in red ink]
Louisa A. Bassett	Do	
Sarah A. Beach	Stamford	
Sophronia L. Beebee 3m	Cooperstown, N. Y.	
Harriet Ann Benedict	Watertown, N. Y.	
Amelia C. Benedict	Do	
Cornelia M. Bennett	Litchfield	
Lucy B. Bliss	Hartford	
Emeline Bradley	Farmington	
Mary E. Brenestee	New Haven	
Harriet E. Buell w 1822 C.G.S. s 1822 PGeo. C.G.S. D	Burlington, Vt.	[in red ink]
Frederick Buel	Litchfield	
Elizabeth Bull C.G.S.	Hartford	
William Burr	Richmond, Va.	
Avis Catlin P.J.3rd	Litchfield	

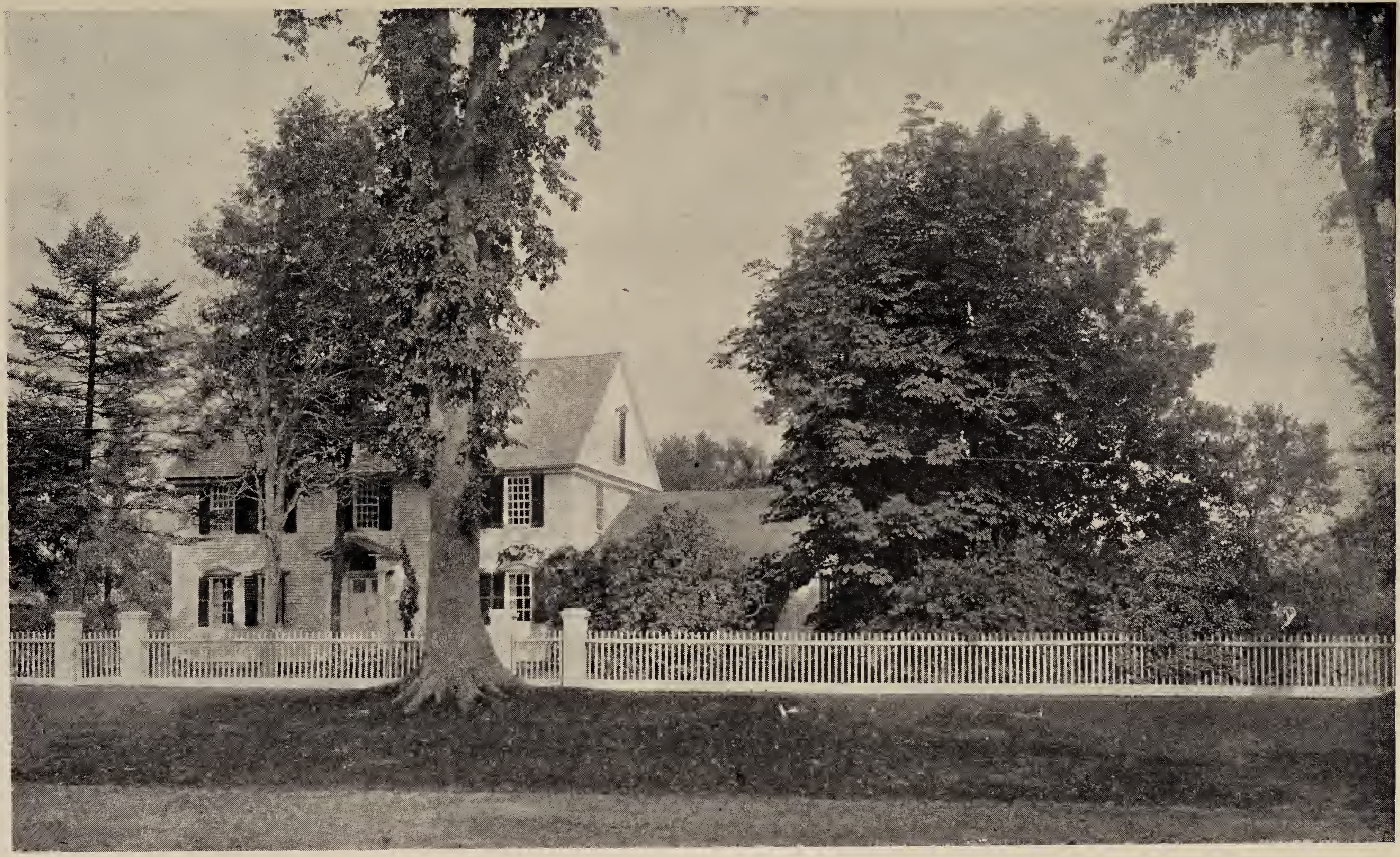
Jane M. P. Clarke	Sheffield, Mass.	
Margaret Clarke	St. Mary's Geo.	
Henry Clarke	Do	
Julia M. Cooke w 1824 3m D	Hartford	[in red ink]
Mary S. Church 3m	Canfield, Ohio	
Jane T. Crawford w 1824 C.G.S. 3m	Montgomery, N. Y.	
Mary G. Deming 3m P.E. P. Comp	Kinderhook, N. Y.	
Ann B. Dering	Sag Harbour, L. I.	
Mary E. Dexter	New Haven	
Emeline Dexter	Do	
Caroline P. Downs	Colchester, N. Y.	
Agnes R. Dougall	Hallowell, U. C.	
Mary B. Gardiner	Gardiner's Island	
Julia Hempstead	Hartford	
Sophronia Hegley	*Whitingham Vt.*	
Julia Hempstead	Hartford	
Sophronia Higby	Whittingham, Vt	
Rhoda Ann Hills	Goshen	
Maria J. Hoadley	Hartford	
Julia Ann Hubbell	Champlaine, N. Y.	
Sarah H. Huger	Charleston, SC	
Caroline Hurlburt	Winchester	
Sally M. Hull	Litchfield	
Elizabeth Hyde	Catskill, N. Y.	
Mary A. Kellogg	Lewistown, Pa.	
Maria A. Kellogg	Troy, N. Y.	
Eliza Kilbourne 3m	Hartford	
Mary Lewis	Litchfield	
Maria T. Lord	Boston, Mass.	
Helen L. Lord	Do	
Louisa M. Marsh	Winchester	
Zerviah R. Miner C.G.S.	Litchfield	
Jane L. Mitchell	Plymouth	
Celeste Parmalee 3M	Litchfield	
Elizabeth E. Penny C.G.S.	New York	
Lucy Ann Phelps	New York	

Mercy ? E. Pierpont	Boston, Mass.	
Frances C. Saltonstall	Litchfield	
Amelia S. Seymour s 1823 M.E. w 1824 D	Litchfield	[in red ink]
Maria S. Seymour	Do	
Jane M. Seymour	Do	
Frances M. Skinner 3m	Manchester, Vt	
Eunice Smith	Salisbury	
Delia M. Smith	Detroit, Mich	
Amy Ann Smith	Kingston, U. C.	
Lucy M. Strong	Rutland, Vt	
Agnes H. Strong	Do	
Tapping Burr Reeve s 1823 M.E. w 1824 First Prize	Litchfield	
Catherine Thompson w 1824 M.E. C.G.S. PD PG	Montgomery, N. Y. First Prize	
Abby M. Thompson s 1823 3m D R His.	New London	[in red ink]
Mary P. Thompson 3m s 1823	Do	
Delia B. Tisdale	Hartford	
Sally Thompkins	Stanford, N. Y.	
Mary Van Kleeck	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	
Maria Van Wagnen s 1824 3m P. Geo. P. I.	New Paltz, N. Y.	
Frances C. Ward	Hartford	
Caroline J. Ward	Litchfield	
Catherine M. Webb	Do	
Henry W. Wessells	Do	
Henrietta M. Whitlock	New Haven	
Martha Whittelsey	Salisbury	
Frederick H. Wolcott s 1821 mw s 1822 P.M. w 1823 C.G.S. w 1824 C.G.S. M.E. P. IM PA.	Litchfield	
Laura M. Wolcott w 1824 3m C.G.S.	Do	
Sarah Woodbridge	Hartford	

Total 84

HEADS OF PAPERS — WINTER 1824

Reeve, S. Gardiner, F. Wolcot, Betts, Tracy, Walter, Perkins, Thompson, Brace, Webb, A. E. Bassett, Corning, Homes



Home of Elizabeth, Hannah, Laura, and Frederick H. Wolcott
Built by Gov. Oliver Wolcott, Sr. Now owned by a member of the family

Graduates

Ann Eliza Bassett
Mary M. F. Betts
Frances Ann Brace
Sarah D. Gardiner
Elizabeth D. Homes
Amelia S. Seymour
Frances Julia Tracy.

HEADS OF PAPERS — SUMMER 1824

A. E. Bassett, Wolcott, H. Buell, Cooke, E. Thompson, Crawford, Bliss, M. Thompson, Deming, Beebee, Bull, Phelps, Skinner, Bartram, Kilbourne.

1825

[*From Chronicles of A Pioneer School.*]

From printed catalogue of the Litchfield Female School for the year ending November 1st. Probably 1825.

Miss Sarah Pierce	Principals.
John P. Brace	
Mrs. L. E. Brace.	Assistant
Miss Mary W. Peck.	Teacher of Drawing.
George R. Herbert.	Teacher of Music.

Kezia H. Adams	Litchfield.
Catharine M. Adams	Fishkill: N. Y.
Mary C. Adams	" "
Melissa B. Adams	Fabius. "
Helen. M. Aikin	Quaker-Hill "
Mary-Ann Annin	Fishkill. "
Mary. Armstrong	Kingston U. C.
Elenor Armstrong	" "
Julia Arnold	New. Marlborough. Mass.
Emily Bailey	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Rachel B. Baldwin	Litchfield.
Martha R. Bartlett	Kingston U. C.
Ann. Eliza. Bassett	New York City.
Louisa A. Bassett	"
Sarah B. Beach	Hartford,
Sophronia. L. Beebee	Cooperstown, N. Y.
Frances. E. Beecher	Lancaster, Ohio.

Lucy Belden	Amenia, N. Y.
Eliza L. Beman	Troy.
Harriet A. Benedict	Watertown.
Amelia C. Benedict	"
Cornelia M. Bennett	Litchfield.
Catharine S. Bronk	Coxsackie. N. Y.
Almira H. Brooks	Norwich, N. Y.
Martha A. Buckley	Pleasant Valley, N. Y.
Lois. Ann. Buel	Litchfield,
Elizabeth C. Bull	Hartford.
Martha Bull	"
Caroline M. Bunce	Litchfield.
Avis Catlin	"
Harriet M. Clarke	Clinton, N. Y.
Margaret Clarke	St. Mary's, Gens
Isabella Conkling	Rensselaerville, N. Y.
Abigail Conkling	" "
Rebecca H. Cooke	Providence, R. I.
Mary Ann Delafield	New York City.
Frances B. Deming	Litchfield.
Mary G. Deming	"
Anna. Charlotte Dering	Sag Harbor, N. Y.
Agnes R. Dougall	Kingston, U. C.
Mary B. Gardiner	Gardiner's Island, N. Y.
Maria Goodrich	Hampton,
Julia Hempstead	Hartford,
Rhoda. Ann. Hills	Goshen,
Mary Hotchkiss	New Haven.
Mary B. Howell	Newburgh. N. Y.
Delia Hoyt	New Haven, Vt.
Julia-Ann Hubbell	Champlain N. Y.
Eliza Hyde	Cattskill N. Y.
Ann Eliza Jackson*	New.York City.
Sarah. A. Keeler	"
Maria A. Kellogg	Troy. N. Y.
Mary Ketcham	Amenia.
Eliza Kilbourne	Glastonbury.
Elizabeth Leavitt	New. York City.
Mary K. Lewis	Litchfield.
Frances. E. Lothrop	Utica. N. Y.
Maria T. Lord	Boston. Mass.
Helen L. Lord	" "

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* Eliza F. D. L. Jackson m. —— Armstrong, a prize book presented to her for "amiable deportment."

Harriet M. Lyman	Norwich, Mass.
Catharine S. Lupton	Montgomery, N. Y.
Mary M. Merwin	Cleveland, Ohio.
Zerviah. R. Miner	Litchfield.
Henrietta S. Mumford [*]	Cayuga, N. Y
Sarah Newcomb	Pleasant Valley N. Y.
Mary S. Osborne	Sagharbour.
Celeste Parmelee	Litchfield.
Almira J. Partridge	Norwich Vt.
Elizabeth E. Penny [†]	New. York City,
Minerva Pierpont	Plymouth.
Mary S. Porter	Hartford.
Hannah H. Potter	Beekmantown, N. Y.
Joanna R. Prentiss	St. Albans Vt.
Frances C. Saltonstall	Litchfield.
Juliana Schultz	Newburgh, N. Y.
Jane A. Seymour	Litchfield
Maria S. Seymore	“
Eleanora. Seymore	Troy. N. Y.
Elizabeth Sherwood	Fishkill.
Frances. P. Skinner	Manchester Vt.
Delia M. Smith	Detroit. Mich.
Amy Ann. Smith	Kingston U. C.
Lucy M. Strong	Rutland. Vt.
Agnes H. Strong	“ “
Mary S. Taylor [‡]	New. Milford
Sophia Taylor [§]	“
Lydia Ann Thomas	Utica N. Y.
Margaret C. Toffey	Quaker Hill N. Y.
Julia C. Trowbridge [‖]	Litchfield.
Helen A. Twining	New. Haven. .
Elsia Van Dyck	Coxsackie, N. Y.
Mary Van Kleeck	Poughkeepsie “
Maria Van Wagenen	New Pulty. “
Mary Ann Wadsworth	Litchfield.
Frances C. Ward	Hartford,
Catharine M. Webb [¶]	Litchfield.
Abbie A. Welles	Lowville. N. Y.

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[*] Married Charles Gould of New York.

[†] Married Peter Buel.

[‡] Married —— Cole.

[§] Married —— Taylor, Brooklyn, N. Y.

[‖] Born Dec. 29th, 1810; married Henry Mansfield, May 8th, 1838.

[¶] Married R. B. Ward Esq. of Hartford, Conn.

Mary Winchester	Amenia. N. Y.
Laura M. Wolcott	Litchfield.
Frances W. Wood	Stamford.

CATALOGUE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE LITCHFIELD FEMALE SCHOOL, FOR THE YEAR ENDING NOVEMBER 1, 1826.

Names	*Residence*
Julia Adams,	Washington, Conn.
Mary K. Alderman, married Dr. Lee *	Hartford.
Mary Armstrong,	Kingston, U. C.
Elinor Armstrong,	do
Eliza J. Averill,	Southbury.
Eliza Bardwell,	South Hadley, Mass.
Martha R. Bartlett,	Kingston, U. C.
Eliza Beebe, m. Dr. John Russell	Litchfield.
Frances E. Beecher,	Lancaster, Ohio.
Eliza L. Beman,	Troy, N. Y.
Cornelia M. Bennett	Litchfield
Mary A. Boardman,	Troy, N. Y.
Laura A. Bostwick, m. Samuel Wilman, Danbury, Conn.	New Milford,
Catharine S. Bronk,	Coxsackie, N. Y.
Amanda E. Brown,	Litchfield.
Lois Ann Buel,	do
Mary Buel,	do
Martha Bull,	Hartford.
Emily Bull, m. David C. Sanford New Milford. Conn, Judge Supreme court. Conn.	New Milford.
Mary Bushnell,	Washington.
Louisa Carrington,	Litchfield,
Alice Catlin,	do
Lucy A. Childs,	do
Harriet M. Clarke,	Clinton, N. Y.
Sarah Coffin,	Washington, do.
Rebecca H. Cooke,	Providence, R. I.
Frances B. Deming died 1828 *	Litchfield
Caroline M. Denniston,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Charlotte Denniston,	do
Agnes R. Dougal,	Kingston, U. C.
Julia Ann Eames,	New-Hartford, N. Y.
Eunice Filley,	Windsor.

* Pencil note in catalogue.

Venelia Fitch,	Coxsackie, N. Y.
Sarah A. Florence,	Providence, R. I.
Julia C. Gager,	Sharon.
Catharine Gillett	South Hadley, Mass.
Maria A. Goodrich,	Hamburgh, N. Y.
Mary Ann Granger,	Salisbury
Margaret Ann Granger,	New York City.
Charlotte T. Hall,	do
Emeline T. Hall,	do
Elizabeth Haskell,	Burlington, Vt.
Clarissa Heaton	Plymouth.
Frances Hoadley,	New-Haven.
Mary Holcomb,	Watertown
Caroline E. Hollister,	Sharon.
Delia M. Hoyt,	New-Haven, Vt.
Julia Ann Hubbell,	Champlain, N. Y.
Margaret L. Hyde,	Bennington, Vt.
Eliza Jackson m. Amzi Armstrong	Patterson, N. J.
Julia Ann Jackson, m. A. S. Hubbell	do
Harriet Jones	New-Haven
Mary S. Judson	New-York City.
Sarah A. Keeler	do
Julia Kent	Sharon
Mary Lewis, married Wm B. Bostwick *	Litchfield.
Amelia Lewis	do
Mary Ann Lewis	New Haven.
Melissa Light	Fishkill, N. Y.
Maria T. Lord,	Boston, Mass.
Helen L. Lord	do
Lovina Losee,	Washington, N. Y.
Frances E. Lothrop.	Utica, do
Catharine Lupton	Montgomery, do
Harriet M. Lyman,	Norwich, Mass.
Anna Man	Providence, R. I.
Mary Merwin died 1828 *	Cleaveland, Ohio.
Harriet Merwin	New Milford,
Zerviah R. Miner,	Litchfield,
Sarah A. Moody,	Woodbury,
Henrietta S. Mumford,	Cayuga, N. Y.
Sarah A. Newcomb,	Pleasant Valley, N. Y
Jane Northrop, died 1829 *	New Milford,
Mary S. Osborne,	Sag Harbour, N. Y.
Celeste Parmelee,	Litchfield,

* Pencil note in catalogue.

Sarah Pardee,	Sharon.
Elizabeth E. Penny,	New-York City
Charlotte Phelps,	Farmington,
Nancy Maria Pierce,	Salisbury
Mary Porter	Hartford.
Catherine Pruyn	Kinderhook, N. Y.
Jane E. Radcliffe,	Buffalo, do.
Ann Maria Robinson,	Benington Vt.
Catharine C. Russell,	Litchfield
Francis C. Saltonstall,	do.
Harriet Sears,	South East, N. Y.
Jane M. Seymour,	Litchfield,
Maria S. Seymour,	do.
Julia M. Sherrill,	New Hartford, N. Y.
Esther Sherrill,	do.
Abigail Skiff	Kent.
Delia M. Smith,	Detroit, Mich.
Charlotte Smith,	do.
Amy Ann Smith,	Kingston, U. C.
Lucy A. Stone,	Litchfield,
Ann Maria Sutton,	New-York City
Amy B. Swift,	do
Samanthe Swift,	Bennington, Vt.
Charlotte Taylor married Rev. Mr. (Enoch) Huntington (she died 1895) *	New Milford
Mary Taylor	do
Lydia Ann Temple	Providence, R. I.
Lydia Ann Thomas,	Utica, N. Y.
Mary Ann Thorn, married *	Milan, do
Cynthia M. Thorn,	Stanford, do.
Eliza E. Trenor,	Bennington, Vt.
Jane Elizabeth C, Tripler,	New-York City
Maria Ann Valentine, died 1828 *	do
Maria Van Vleck,	Kinderhook, N. Y.
Mary Ann Wadsworth,	Litchfield.
Rosetta Warner,	Plymouth.
Catharine M. Webb,	Litchfield
Dolly Whittlesey,	Washington
Sarah Jane Wilson,	North Amenia, N. Y.
Mary Winchester, married Mr. Reed *	Amenia, N. Y.
Julia T. Woodbridge,	Detroit, Mich.
Eunice J. Woodruff,	Farmington.

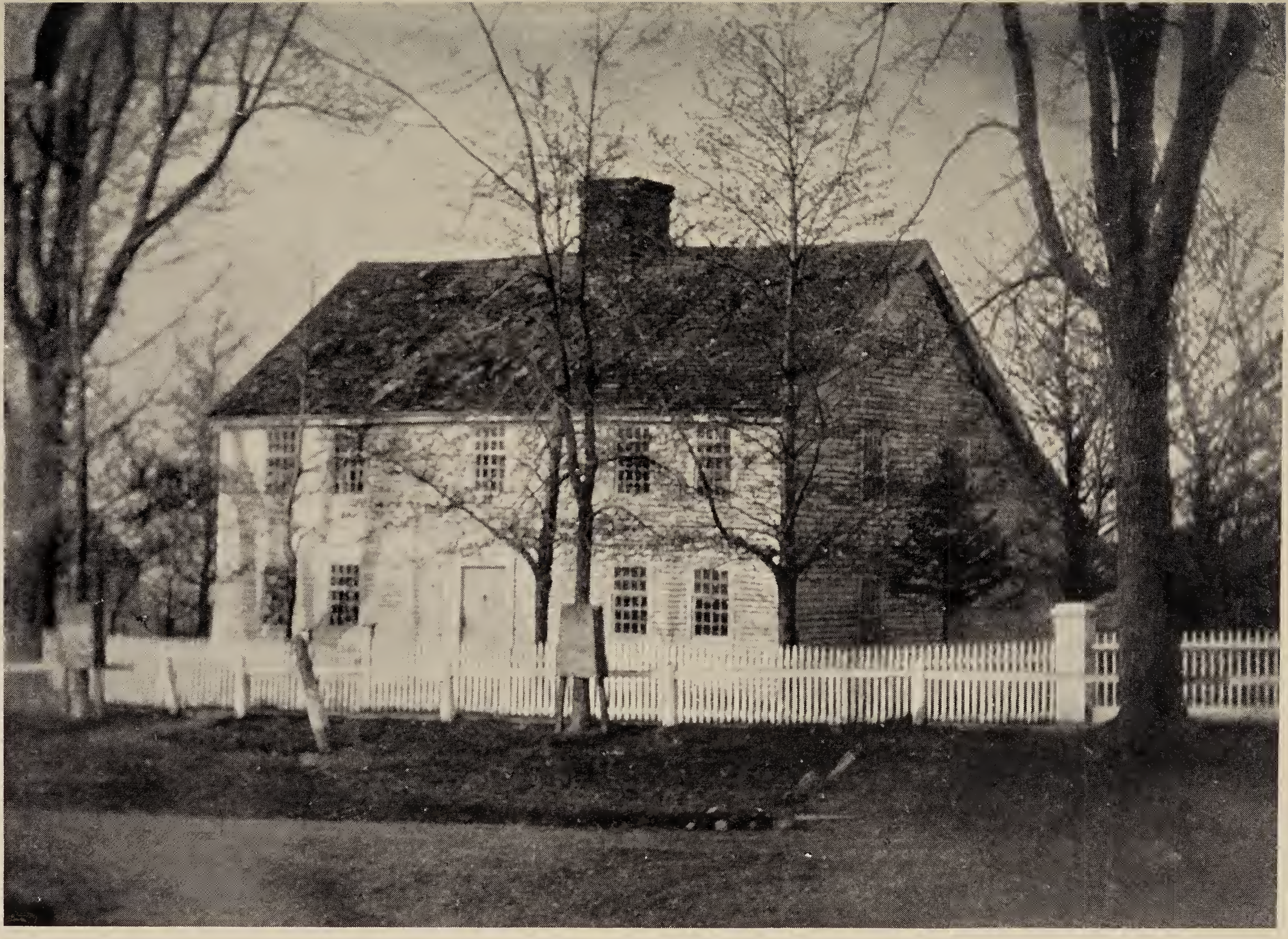
Total 116

* Pencil note in catalogue.

CATALOGUE OF SUMMER SCHOOL OF 1827

Hannah Beach	Goshen
Eliza L. Beman	Troy, N. Y.
s 1826 P.IM w 1827 3m C.G.S. P.HIS.	
Emily Benedict	Litchfield
3m	
Laura A. Bostwick	New Milford.
Susan Bulkeley	Litchfield
Emily Bull	New Milford
Louisa S. Bamford	Washington City.
Alice Catlin	Litchfield
3m	
Charlotte M. Cheney	Do
Mary Y. Cheney	Do
C.G.S.	
Ellen Coit	Wilkesbarre, Pa
S.G.S	
Mary DeForest	Bridgeport
Frances B. Deming	Litchfield
C.G.S. P.im	
Caroline M. Deniston	Newburgh
s 1826 3m w 1827 3m 3m PGR	
Catherine Goodrich	New Haven
3m P P.	
Julia Henry	Benington, Vt.
Emmeline Hinsdale	Do
3m	
Mary Ann Hollister	Sharon
Adeline Humphrey	Canton
Harriet Humphreysville	Litchfield
Julia Ann Jackson	Paterson, N. J.
s 1826 P2d w 1827 3m First Pr. P. Geo.	
Jane Jackson	Do
3m	
Antonette Johnson	Bristol
Sarah Ann Leonard	Salisbury, Md.
3m	
Ozias Lewis	Litchfield
3m P. A.	
Amelia Lewis	Do
Glorvina C. Lindsley	Washington City
C.G.S.	
Maria T. Lord	Taunton, Mass.

Helen L. Lord	Taunton, Mass.	
Julia Metcalf w 1827 P. P. 3m	Dedham	
Louisa Norton	Benington, Vt.	
Silence E. Peet	Salisbury	
Elizabeth E. Penny s 1824 C G.S. w 1825 3m s 1826 D	New York	[in red ink]
Sarah Perkins	West Hartford	
Ann Jane Perry C.G.S.	Kent	
Elizabeth Porter C.GS.	Utica, N. Y.	
Cornelia Porter	Do	
Jane E. Radcliffe	Buffalo, N. Y.	
Julia Reynolds	Pine Plains, N. Y.	
Edward Saltonstall	Litchfield	
Lucia Schermerhorn	New York	
Martha Scott C.G.S.	Wilkesbarre, Pa	
Jane M. Seymour C.G.S	Litchfield	
Maria S Seymour	Do	
Charlotte Smith w 1827 3m 3m	Detroit, Mich.	
Harriet M. Smith 3m	Poultney, Vt	
Catherine Smith	Roxbury	
Caroline Strong	Salisbury	
Mary Sherman	Bridgeport	
Sophia Taylor	New Milford	
Cynthia N. Thorne C.G.S.	Stamford, N. Y.	
Jane E. Tripler C.G.S.	New York	
Mary Ann Wadsworth w 1825 P3rd s 1826 3m w 1827 First Pr. P.	Litchfield	
Charles Wadsworth 3m	Do	
Catherine N. Webb	Do	
Maria Whitman	West Hartford	
Frances Eliza Winship	Litchfield	
Andrew Augustus Winship	Do	
Juliana S. Woodbridge	Detroit, M.	



House Where Henrietta Sophronia and Origen Storrs Seymour Lived

Built 1735, by Major Moses Seymour, who was commissary during the Revolution and had the custody of Mayor Matthews, of New York City, a Tory. He built in the rear an addition to the house with a sloping roof to hold military stores. Torn down in 1855 to make way for the present house, the residence of Hon. George M. Woodruff.

Mary Woodbridge	Hartford
Curtis Woodruff	Litchfield
Catherine S. Watkins	Waterloo, N. Y.

Total 62

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL OF 1827

Hannah Beach	Goshen
Frances E. Beecher s 1825 C.m.P.J. w 1826 3m s 1826 First P. P. Geo.	Lancaster, Ohio
Eliza L. Beman s 1826 C G.S. P.Im 3m	Troy, N. Y.
George Bennett	Litchfield
Janet Bloodgood	Do
Mary Y. Cheney	Do
Caroline M. Deniston s 1826 3m	Newburgh, N. Y.
Charlotte Deniston 3m	Do
Henry Deming	Litchfield
Jane Gardner	Troy, N. Y.
Catherine Goodrich	New Haven
Doct. Barns Field	Stockbridge, Mass.
Lucy A. Hills	Litchfield
Lucinda J. Hopkins	Stockbridge, Mass.
Mary Hopkins	Do
Eliza Jackson s 1826 3m D.P.A.	Paterson, N. J. [in red ink]
Julia Ann Jackson s 1826 P2nd 3m	Do
Ozias Lewis	Litchfield
Amelia Lewis	Do
Electa Loomis	Torrington
Maria T. Lord	Boston, Mass.
Helen L. Lord	Do
Anna Man 3m	Providence, R.I.
Mary Merwin w 1826 3m P.J. s 1826 3m D P.Geo.	Cleveland, Ohio [in red ink]
Zervia R. Miner s 1824 C.G.S. w 1825 3m s 1826 C G.S. D	Litchfield [in red ink]
Sarah Moody	Woodbury

Julia Metcalf	Dedham, Mass.	
p 3rd		
William Norton	Litchfield	
s 1825 P.B 3m		
Isaac Russell	Do	
w 1826 P. B P. B		
Lucia M. Schermerhorn	New York	
Amelia Selina Seymour	Litchfield	[in red ink]
s 1823 M.E. w 1824 D D E.P.B. P. Geo.		
Charlotte Smith	Detroit, Mich.	
3m		
Eliza E. Trenor	Benington, Vt.	
Jane E. Tripler	New York	
Mary Ann Wadsworth	Litchfield	
w 1825 P3rd s 1826 3m First Prize		
Charles Wadsworth	Do	
Rosetta Warner	Plymouth	
Augustus A. Winship	Litchfield	
Laura M. Wolcott	Do	[in red ink]
w 1824 3m s 1824 C.G.S. w 1825 3m		
s 1825 GPHis. DE P.Com P. His		[in red ink]
Juliana T. Woodbridge	Detroit, Mich	

Total 40

SUMMER — 1828

Sarah Canard	Philadelphia Pa.
Maria Cooke	Litchfield
Julia Cooke	Do
Frances B. Deming	Do
Mary G. Deming	Do
Hannah C. Denison	Georgetown S. C.
Sarah Ann Florence	Providence R. I
Charley Fuller	Kent
Grace E. Gilbert	New Haven
Cornelia Griswold	Litchfield
Amelia C. Hills	Waterloo N. Y.
Jane Hills	Litchfield
Harriet D. Hunt	New Haven
Elizabeth Hurlburt	Winchester
Lydia Hyde	Cornwall
Julia Ann Jackson *	Paterson N. J.

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* Mrs. Algernon Sidney Hubbell.

Jane Jackson *	Paterson N. J.	
Cecilia Jackson	Newburgh N. Y.	
Tryphena Kinne	Amenia N. Y.	
Sarah Ann Leonard	Salisbury Md	First Prize
Glovvina C. Lindsley	Washington City	
Maria T. Lord	Boston Mass	
Helen L. Lord	Do	
Elisa Maddin	Belfast Ireland	
Ann Elisa Nestell	Blooming Grove N. Y.	
Louisa Norton	Bennington Vt.	
Charlotte Perry	Kent	
Jane Radcliffe	Buffalo N. Y.	
Julia Reynolds	Pine plains N. Y.	
Susan E. Robbins	Montgomery Co Ken	

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL OF 1828

Mary Abernethy	Torrington
Eliza Bardwell	South Hadley Mass.
Hannah Beach	Goshen
Eliza L. Beman	Troy N. Y.
Emily Benedict	Litchfield
Louisa S. Bomford	Washington City
Clarissa H. Bradley	New Haven
Susan Bulkely	Litchfield
Mehitable Bull	Milford
Charlotte M. Cheney	Litchfield
Mary Y. Cheney	Do
Ellen E. Cist	Wilkesbarre Pa.
Frances B. Deming	Litchfield
Mary G. Deming	Do
Charlotte Denniston	Newburgh N. Y.
Julia Dibble	Pine Plains N. Y.
Charles W. Grant	Litchfield
Mary D. Hallam	Richmond Va.
Amelia C. Hills	Waterloo N. Y.
Jane Hills	Litchfield
Roxy Hodges	Torrington
Sarah Ann Leonard	Salisbury Md.
Ozias Lewis	Litchfield
Amelia Lewis	Do
Glovvina C. Lindsley	Washington City

* Married Rev. S. W. Fisher, D.D., of Cincinnati and Hamilton College. Eliza, Jane and Julia were daughters of Peter Jackson.

Helen L. Lord	Boston Mass.	
Eliza Maddin	Belfast Ireland	
Mary Ann. Moore	Barkhampstead	
Margaret Newcomb	Pleasant Valley N. Y.	
William Norton	Litchfield	
Julia Oaks	New Haven	
Elizabeth Porter	Utica N. Y.	
Cornelia Porter	Do	
Julia Reynolds	Pine Plains N. Y.	
Lucia N. Schermerhorn	New York City	
Martha M. Scott	Wilkesbarre Pa.	
Jane M. Seymour	Litchfield	
Maria S. Seymour	Do	
Charlotte Smith	Detroit Mich.	
Harriet M. Smith	Poultney Vt.	First Prize
Catharine Smith	Roxbury	
Julia Smith	Milford	
Mary Ann. Wadsworth	Litchfield	First Prize
Charles Wadsworth	Do	
Catharine S. Watkins	Waterloo N. Y.	
Catharine M. Webb	Litchfield	
Elvira Wheaton	Pompey N. Y.	
Juliana G. Woodbridge	Detroit Mich.	
Mary Woodbridge	Hartford	
Curtis I. Woodruff	Litchfield	

Total 50

CATALOGUE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF 1828

Julia Adams	Litchfield	
Elisa Adams	Do	
Lucy Adams	Canaan	
Elisa Averill	Southbury	
Lucy Baldwin	New Haven	
Hannah Beach	Goshen	
Eliza L. Beman	Troy N. Y.	
Emily Benedict	Litchfield	
Mary Bennett	Do	
Elizabeth Bloodgood	Do	(Albany?)
Maria Blynn	Sharon	
Catharine Boekee	North East N. Y.	
Caroline Boland	Sharon	
Louisa S. Bomford	Washington City.	
Amanda Brown	Litchfield	
Lois Ann Buel	Do	

Mary Buel	Litchfield
Susan Bulkeley	Do
Mehitable Bull	Milford
Elizabeth Bull	Do
Julia Catlin	Harwinton
Mary Y. Cheney	Litchfield
Julia W. Robbins	Do
Elisa Rogers	Cornwall
Lucia N. Schermerhorn	New York
Martha M. Scott	Wilkesbarre Pa.
Sybil B. Sears	Sharon
Mary G. Sears	Do
Maria S. Seymour	Litchfield
Ellen Smith	Hanover
Julia Smith	Milford
Charlotte Smith	Detroit Mich.
Agatha Stone	Hudson N. Y.
Lucy Stone	Litchfield
Lydia Ann Temple	Providence R. I.
Sarah Thompson	Crawford N. Y.
Helen Van Deusen	Catskill N. Y.
Julia Ann Walsh	Newburgh N. Y.
Catherine S. Watkins	Waterloo N. Y.
Catherine M. Webb	Litchfield
Louisa West	Do
Elvira Wheaton	Pompey N. Y.
Elisa F. Winship	Litchfield
Charles M. Wolcott	Do

Total 74

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL OF 1829

Sophronia Abbe	East Windsor
Julia Adam	Litchfield
Elisa Adam	Do
Williams Adams	Do
Elizabeth E. Bacon	Utica N. Y.
Frances Bacon	Litchfield
Hannah Beach	Goshen
Andrew Benedict	Litchfield
Mary Bennett	Do
Elizabeth Bloodgood	Do
Louisa S. Bomford	Washington City
Henry Buel	Litchfield
Elizabeth Bull	Milford

Edwin Carrington	Litchfield	
Mary S. Cheney	Do	
Sarah A. Canard	Philadelphia Pa.	
Mary G. Deming	Litchfield	
Sarah Ann Florence	Providence R. I.	
Grace E. Gilbert	New Haven	
Harriet Grant	Litchfield	
Harriet D. Hunt	New Haven	
Maria T. Lord	Boston, Mass.	
Helen L. Lord	Do	
Augustus A. Lord	Litchfield	
Elisa Maddin	Belfast Ireland	
Ann R. Nestell	Newburgh N. Y.	
Miriam Nevins	Litchfield	
Celeste Parmelee	Do	
Elisa Pugsley	Claverack N. Y.	
Belinda Radcliffe	Buffalo N. Y.	
Susannah T. Rapine	Washington City	
Susan E. Robbins	Montgomery Co. Ken	
Julia W. Robbins	Do	
Lucia N. Schermerhorn	New York	
Maria S. Seymour	Litchfield	
Charlotte Smith	Detroit Mich	
Lydia A. Temple	Providence R. I.	
Sarah Thompson	Crawford N. Y.	
Helen Van Deusen	Livingston N. Y.	
Julia Walsh	Newburgh N. Y.	First Prize
Harriet M. Ward	Hartford	
Catherine M. Webb	Litchfield	
Charles M. Wolcott	Do	
Curtis T. Woodruff	Do	

Total 44

CATALOGUE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF 1829

Sophronia Abbe	East Windsor	
Julia Adam	Litchfield	
Elisa Adam	Do	
Abigail Adams	Amenia N. Y.	
Francis Bacon	Litchfield	
Hannah Beach	Goshen	
Emily Benedict	Litchfield	First Prize
Mary Bennett	Litchfield	
Sophia Blair	Lebanon N. Y.	
Caroline Boland	Sharon	

Louisa Bomford	Washington City
Eunice Boyd	Amenia N. Y.
Elizabeth Boyd	Monroe N. Y.
Matilda Boyd	Do
Mary Ann Brewster	Poughkeepsie N. Y.
Lois Ann Buel	Litchfield
Henry Buel	Do
Jane Buel	Do
Abby Buel	Do
Eunice Bulkley	Do
Elizabeth Bull	Milford
Harriet Burr	Richmond Va.
Caroline Chase	Auburn N. Y.
Emily Chase	Do
Charlotte Cleveland	Thompson
Sarah Ann Canard	Philadelphia
Mercy J. Dean	Bethleham N. Y.
Mary Deming	Litchfield
Ann Dewey	New York
Susannah Dunn	Washington City
Grace Gilbert	New Haven
John Gould	Litchfield
Harriet Grant	Do
Cornelia Griswold	Do
Harriet Hunt	New Haven
Jane Jackson	Acquackinock N. J.
William Jones	Litchfield
Elizabeth Leonard	Salisbury Md
Maria T. Lord	Taunton Mass
Helen L. Lord	Do
Martha Lyman	Norwich Mass
Eliza Maddin	Belfast Ireland
Louisa Mann	Bloomfield N. Y.
Louisa McNeil	Litchfield
Ann R. Nestell	Newburgh N. Y.
Cornelia Peck	Litchfield
Maria Peck	Do
Eliza Pugsley	Clarerack N. Y.
Delia Radcliffe	Buffalo N. Y.
Susannah Rapine	Washington City.
Susan Robbins	Mt. Pleasant Ky.
Julia Robbins	Do
Lucia N. Schermerhorn	New York
Martha Simpson	Washington City.

Maria S. Seymour	Litchfield
Josephine Stansbury	Washington City
Sarah Thomas	Newark N. J.
Mary Thomas	Do
Mary Town	Goshen
Mary Caroline Tracy	Troy N. Y.
Jan Van Derhuyden	Do
Helen Van Deusen	Livingston N. Y.
Harriet M. Ward	Hartford
Ann Warner	Do
Catherine M. Webb	Litchfield
Julia Winship	Do
Charles M. Wolcott	Do
Fanny Woodruff	Do

Total 68

CATALOGUE OF THE LITCHFIELD ACADEMY — 1830

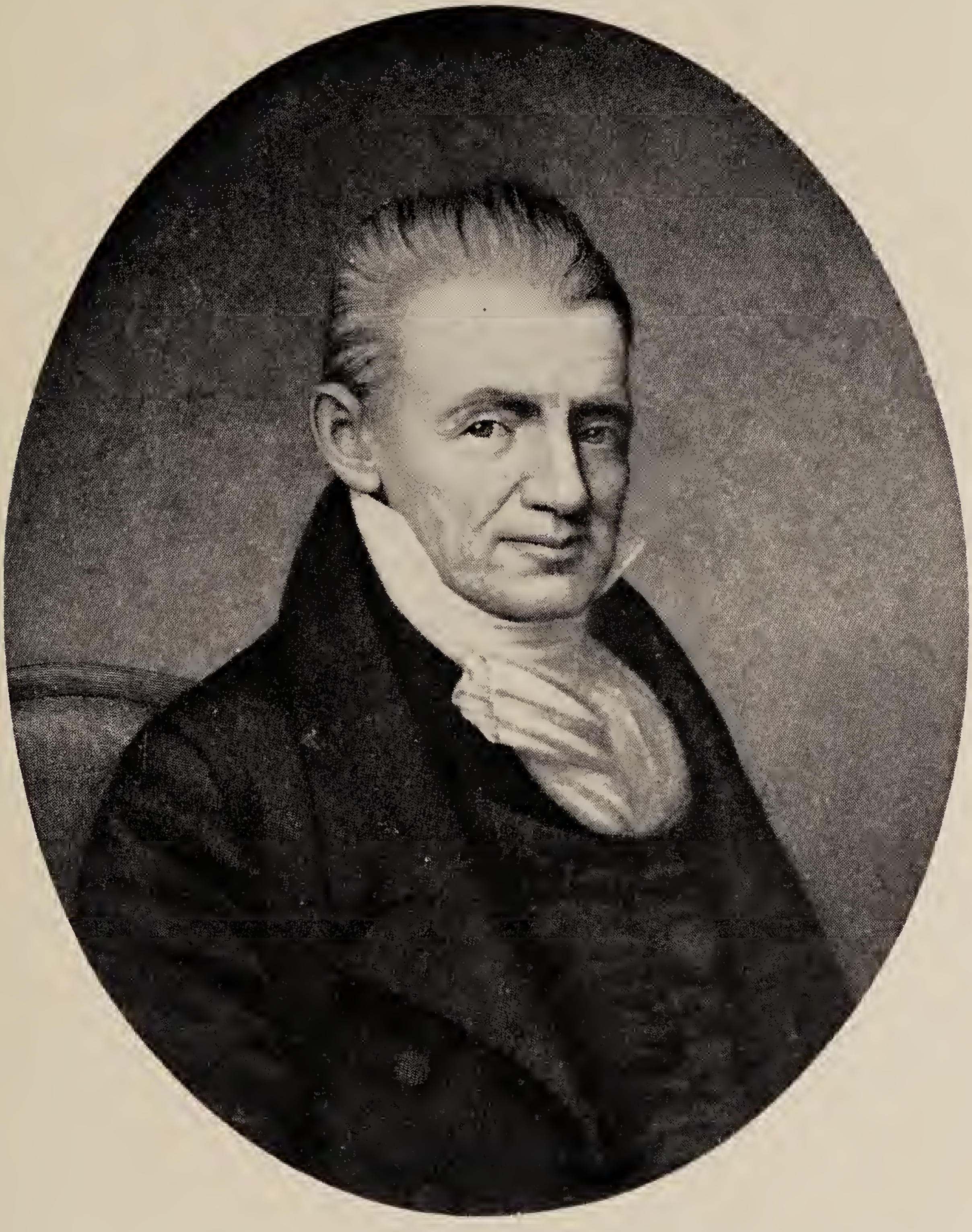
Trustees.

Hon. Frederick Wolcott, Pres.
Dr. Daniel Sheldon
Dr. William Buel
Phineas Miner Esqr
John R. Landon Esqr
Hon Seth P. Beers.
Hon. Jabez W. Huntington.
Truman Smith, Esqr.
Mr. Leonard Goodwin
Mr. Seth P. Brace.

Miss Sarah Pierce } *Principals.*
Mr. John P. Brace }

Miss Amelia Ogden, *French* }
Miss Flora Catlin, *Drawing* } *Instructresses.*
Miss Emily Hart, *Music* }

Names	*Residence.*
Julia Adam	Litchfield
Eliza Adam	"
Sarah P. Andrews	Cornwall.
Hannah Beach	Goshen.
Emily Benedict	Litchfield
Eliza Benedict	Watertown.
Lois A. Buel	Litchfield.
Mary T. Buel	"
Rachel Buel	"
Maria Buel	"
Julia M. Beers	"
Eunice R. Bulkley	"



Dr. Daniel Sheldon, Well Known Throughout the State, Father of Charlotte, Lucy, Henry, and Daniel Sheldon, Jr.
See next illustration

Harriet M. Beebe	Litchfield.
Matilda Boyd	Monroe; N. Y.
Mary A. Brewster	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Catharine M. Bissell	Litchfield.
Caroline E. Bissell	“
Amanda E. Brown	“
Charlotte H. Cleaveland	Thompson.
Eliza C. Cleaveland	New London.
Emeline M. Carrington	Litchfield
Mary G. Deming	“
Clarissa B. Deming	“
Ann Dewey	New York City.
Susannah J. Dunn	Washington D. C.
Amelia Dunn	Newark. N. J.
Mercy J. Dean	Bethlehem, N. Y.
Cornelia Decker	Blooming Grove, N. Y.
Cornelia Griswold	Litchfield
Harriet Grant	“
Julia Gilbert	Hinsdale, N. Y.
Elizabeth C. Goodwin	Litchfield.
Amelia C. Hills	Waterloo, N. Y.
Jane Hills	Litchfield.
Augusta M. Hawley	Monroe.
Jane Jackson	Patterson, N. J.
Maria T. Lord	Taunton, Mass.
Sarah A. Leonard	Salisbury, Md.
Elizabeth Leonard	“
Amelia Lewis	Litchfield.
Jane E. Morris	Monroe.
Ann E. Nestell	Blooming Grove, N. Y.
Eliza Maddin	Belfast, Ireland.
Ann E. Porter	Hartford.
Laura Pardee	Sharon.
Elizabeth S. Prince *	Watertown.
Elizabeth Parks	Litchfield.
Susannah Rapine	Washington, D. C.
Delia M. Radcliffe	Buffalo, N. Y.
Phebe A. Rankin	Newark, N. J.
Hannah M. Raymond	Kent
Lucia N. Schermerhorn	New York City.
Maria S. Seymour	Litchfield
Josephine Stansbury	Washington, D. C.
Fanny M. Sayre	Blooming Grove, N. Y.

* Niece of Lucy Sheldon. Mrs. Rochester Childs.

Mary G. Sears	Sharon	
Sybil B. Sears	“	
Harriet J. Smith	Torringford	
Sarah L. Scoville	Watertown.	
Sarah G. Thomas	Newark, N. J.	
Mary G. Thomas	“	
Mary Caroline Tracy *	Troy, N. Y.	
Ferebe Tracy	New Preston	
Catharine Treat	South Farms	
Adelia S. Treat	“ “	
Helen Van Deusen	Livingston, N. Y.	
Jane E. Van Der Heyden	Troy, N. Y.	
Catharine M. Webb	Litchfield.	
Harriet M. Ward	Hartford.	
Henrietta J. Ward	Rochester, N. Y.	
Jane Ward	Litchfield.	
Catharine R. Williams	New York City	
Chloe M. Winship	Litchfield	
Julia C. Winship	“	
Caroline Wheaton	Pompey, N. Y.	
Jane M. Wadhams	Goshen.	
Harriet Wadsworth	Litchfield.	
Ann S. Whitman	Farmington.	78
Boys.		
Charles R. S. Buoyington	Litchfield.	
Francis Bacon	“	
Henry W. Buel	“	
John Catlin	“	
Edward P. Cheney	“	
John M: Grant	“	
John Gould	“	
Robert H. Gould	“	
Henry A. Hull	“	
William E. Jones	“	
John Lewis	“	
Henry Rockwell	Canaan.	
Thomas Seeley	Danbury.	
George Seymour	Litchfield.	
Charles C. Tracy	Troy, N. Y.	
Charles M. Wolcott	Litchfield.	16

Total 94

* Mrs. Charles Keith.

Copied Sept. 17. 1840 by Dr. Henry W. Buel.

Winter term commences on Wednesday, 24th November

Terms, $5 or $6 per quarter, according to the studies pursued.

The following additional names are found in Mr. Brace's Catalogue of 1830:

Edward Cheney	Litchfield Conn.
Marietta Williams	Danbury “
Maria A. Clark	Wethersfield “
Mercy Marsh	Vergennes, Vt.
Mary Osborne	Danbury
Maria Peck	Litchfield.

MARRIAGES.

Julia Adam	m.	John Cake. Potsdam, Penn.
Eliza Adam	“	Philo C. Sedgwick. Cornwall, Conn.
Rachel Buel	“	Mr. Lord
Hannah Beach	“	Edgar S. Van Winkle.
Emily Benedict	“	Mr. North.
Catharine M. Bissell	“	Mr. Hoyt, Stamford, Conn.
Caroline E. Bissell	“	John B. Bogart. Brooklyn. N. Y.
Amanda Brown	“	Mr. Patmore
Maria Buel	“	Mr. Jones.
Eunice Buckley	“	John Ward
Charlotte H. Cleaveland	“	Mr. Osgood.
Emmeline M. Carrington	“	Benjamin Morse. Litchfield.
Mary G. Deming	“	Sidney Green, New York.
Emeline Griswold	“	Dr. Charles Vail.
Elizabeth Goodwin	“	Mr. Adams. Stockbridge, Mass.
Amelia Lewis	“	Mr. Peck. Flushing L. I.
Maria Lord	“	Mr. Boardman. S. C.
Elizabeth Parks	“	Mr. Bostwick. New Milford. Conn.
Elizabeth S. Prince	“	N. R. Child. Rochester. N. Y.
Delia Radcliffe	“	Mr. Kipp. Buffalo.
Phebe A. Rankin	“	John W. Goble. Newark.
Josephine Stansbury	“	Dr. Nourse.
Sybil Sears	“	Mr. Roberts. Utica. N. Y.
Sarah Scoville	“	Mr. Marshall.
Sarah G. Thomas	“	John W. Granniss. Newark. N. J.
Mary G. Thomas	“	Mr. Lockwood. Troy. N. Y.
Mary Caroline Tracy	“	Charles Keith, Troy, N. Y.
Ferebe Tracy	“	John McNeil. Litchfield. Conn.
Jane E. Van Der Heyden	“	Isaac Lansing. Albany, N. Y.

Henrietta Ward	m.	Hon. Freeman Clark. Rochester. N. Y.
Jane Ward	“	Herman Warner.
Jane M. Wadhams	“	Mr. Stevens.
Harriet Wadsworth	“	Dr. Kilbourne.
Catharine M. Webb	“	Roswell Ward. Hartford. Conn.
Julia Winship	“	Mr. French.
Ann G. Whitman	“	Mr. Farnum. now of New Haven (Henry Farnam)

Frank Bacon	m.	Elizabeth Dutcher.
John Catlin	“	Elizabeth Humiston.
Henry Hull	“	Sarah Sandson.
William Jones	“	Miss Ogden. N. Y.
George Seymour	“	Miss Hunt.
Charles Wolcott	“	Miss Goodrich. Miss Rankin.

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL OF 1831.

Eliza Adam	Litchfield	
Julia Beers	Do	
Catherine Bissell	Do	
Henry Bissell	Do	
Mary E. Brace	Do	
Sydney Bryant	Sheffield	
Mary Buel	Litchfield	
Henry Buel	Do	
Emmeline Carrington	Do	
John Catlin	Do	
Maria A. Clark	Wethersfield	
Charlotte H. Cleaveland	Thompson	First Prize
Eliza Cleaveland	New London	
Asenath Cowles	Sheffield	
Mary G. Deming	Litchfield	
Clarissa B. Deming	Do	
Elizabeth Goodwin	Do	
Mary E. Goodwin	Do	
Harriet P. Grant	Do	
John Grant	Do	
John Gould	Do	
Amelia C. Hills	Waterloo N. Y.	
William Jones	Litchfield	
Caroline M. Hubbell	Chazy N. Y.	
James Kilborn	Litchfield	
Elizabeth Leonard	Salisbury Md	

John Lewis	Litchfield
Levvinia Peck	North East N. Y.
Maria Peck	Sheffield Mass.
Eliza A. Pulver	Pineplains N. Y.
Ann Peet	Canaan
Elizabeth Prince	New York
Susannah Rapine	Washington City
Ann R. Nestell	Blooming Grove N. Y.
Mary O. Rankin	Newark N. J.
Phoebe Ann Rankin	Do
McCave Seymour	Litchfield
George Seymour	Do
Sarah G. Thomas	Newark, N. J.
Edward Thompson	Litchfield
Mary C. Tracy	Troy N. Y.
Charles C. Tracy	Do
Ferrebe Tracy	Washington
Jane Wadhams	Goshen
Harriet Wadsworth	Litchfield
Harriet M. Ward	Hartford
Chloe M. Winship	Litchfield
Mary Whittlesey	New Preston
Henrietta J. Ward	Rochester N. Y.
Josephine Stansbury	Washington City.

Total 50

CATALOGUE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF 1831

Eliza Adam	Litchfield
Jane Adam	Canaan
Julia M. Beers	Litchfield
Catherine Bissell	Do
Elizabeth Bissell	Do
Susan Brace	Catskill
Mary E. Brace	Litchfield
Mary Buel	Do
Lucretia Buel	Do
Emmeline Carrington	Do
Maria A. Clark	Wethersfield
Charlotte M. Cleaveland	Thompson
Eliza Cleaveland	New London
Rebecca Cochrane	North East
Elizabeth Goodwin	Litchfield
Mary E. Goodwin	Do

Helen C. Griswold	Watertown
Roxy Hodges	Torringford
Emily Horton	Amenia N. Y.
Jane Jackson	Acquackinock N. J.
Elizabeth Leonard	Salisbury Md.
—— Mather	Lyme
Betsey Moss	Litchfield
Elizabeth Parker	Do
Maria Peck	Do
Ann Peet	Canaan
Elizabeth Prince	New York
Delia Radcliffe	Buffalo N. Y.
Phoebe Ann Rankin	Newark N. J.
Sarah Rankin	Do
S. Root	Graceville Mass
Amoret Root	Do
Sarah G. Thomas	Newark N. J.
Ferrebe Tracy	Washington
Elizabeth Van Winkle	Panama N. Y.
Jane R. Wadhams	Goshen
Harriet Wadsworth	Litchfield
Harriet M. Ward	Hartford
Henrietta J. Ward	Rochester N. Y.
Anna S. Whitman	Farmington
Mary Whittlesy	Washington
Martha Whittlesy	Do
Chloe M. Winship	Litchfield
Emmeline Winship	Do
Margaret Yerkes	Damascus Pa.

Total 46

CATALOGUE OF THE WINTER SCHOOL OF 1832.

Jane Adam	Canaan
Hannah Beach	Litchfield
Julia M. Beers	Do
Elizabeth Bissell	Do
Sarah C. Boyd	Monroe N. Y.
Susan Brace	Catskill
Sarah P. Brace	Do
Mary E. Brace	Litchfield
Emmeline Carrington	Do
Harriet Dean	Blooming Grove N. J.
Mary E. Goodwin	Litchfield
Sarah Johnson	Do

Eliza King	Litchfield
Helen L. Lord	Do
Corrinna Lord	Do
Elizabeth Parker	Litchfield
Mary Parker	Do
Ann Peet	Canaan
Laura Porter	Waterbury
Julia Radcliffe	Buffalo
Elizabeth Prince	New York
Phoebe Ann Rankin, First Prize	Newark
Julia F. Taylor	Bethlem
Ann M. Seymour	New Hartford
Jane Wadhams	Goshen
Marana Wadhams	Rochester N. Y.
Chloe M. Winship	Lichfield
Emmeline Winship	Do
Harriet Wadsworth	Do
Mary Langdon	Castleton Vt.

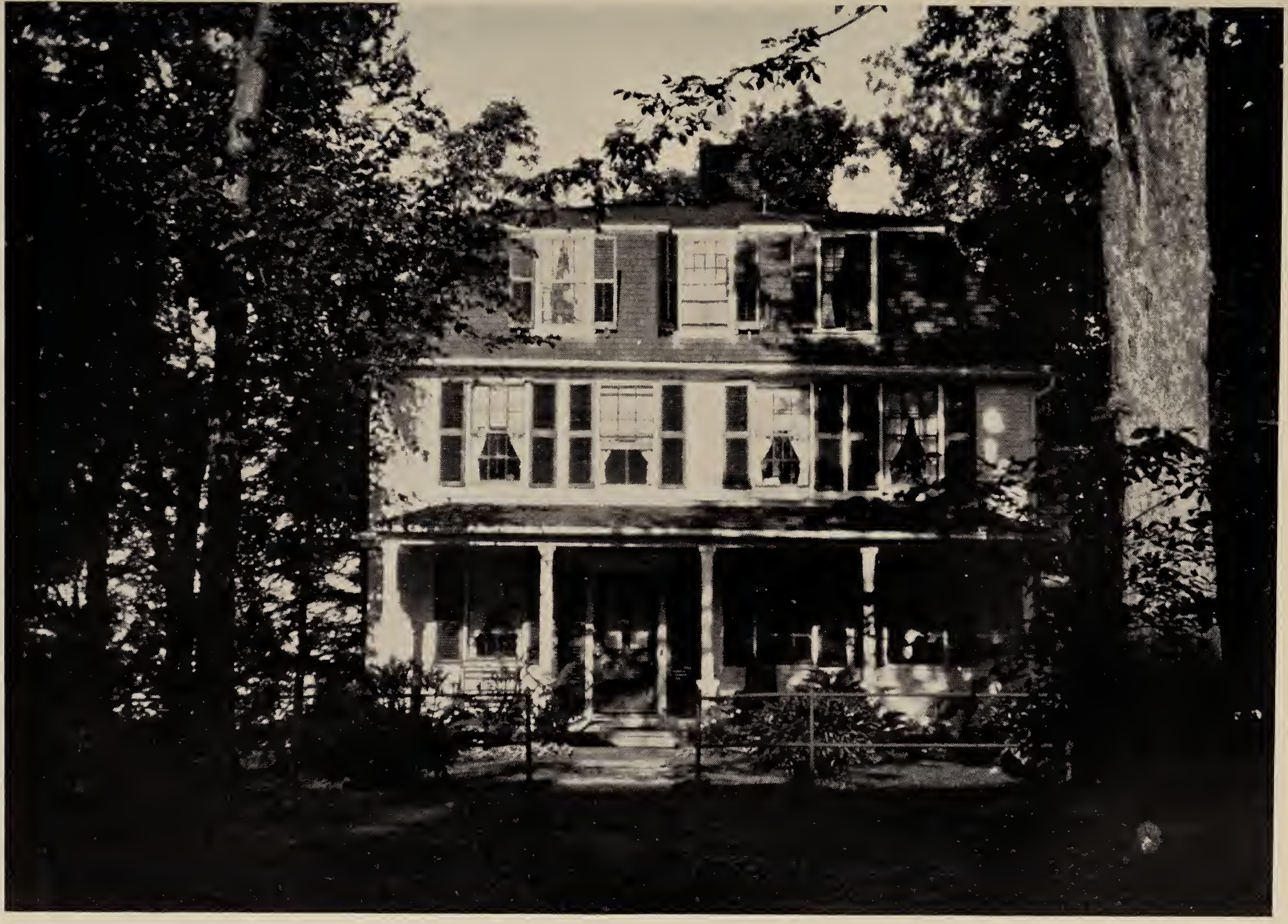
Total 30

CATALOGUE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF 1832.

Rebecca Akins	Norfolk
Eliza Beecher	Salem
Julia M. Beers	Litchfield
Elizabeth Bissell	Do
Mary Bissell	Do
Mary Boardman	New Milford
Matilda Boyd	Monroe N. Y.
Sarah C. Boyd	Do
Mary E. Brace	Litchfield
Catherine Brown	Brimfield Mass.
Achsa (?) Catlin	Litchfield
Rebecca Cochrane	North East N. Y.
Elizabeth Cone	Norfolk
Julia M. Cushman	Troy N. Y.
Harriet Dean	Blooming Grove N. J.
Clarissa Deming	Litchfield
Louisa Deming	Do
Elizabeth Goodwin	Do
Mary E. Goodwin	Do
Jane Grant	Dover
Minerva Harrison	Litchfield
Drusilla Jackson	Do
Mary Langdon	Castleton Vt.

Elizabeth Leonard	Salisbury Md	
Corinna Lord	Litchfield	
Clarissa Norton	Do	
Elizabeth Parker	Do	
Mary Parker	Do	
Ann Peet	Canaan	
Mary Perkins	Lichfield	
Nancy Perry	Brimfield Mass.	
Laura Porter	Salem	
Elizabeth Prince	New York	
Julia Radcliffe	Buffalo	
Phoebe Ann Rankin	Newark N. J.	First Prize
Susan Rankin	Do	
Caroline T. Robbins	Mount Sterling Ken.	
Mary G. Sears	Sharon	
Caroline Shipman	Newark N. J.	
Mary Ann Smith	Northfield	
Adelyne Stone	Litchfield	
Harriet Swan	Sharon	
Sarah G. Thomas	Newark N. J.	
Jane Wadhams	Goshen	
Marana Wadhams	Rochester N. Y.	
Harriet Wadsworth	Litchfield	
Ellen Ward	Do	
Ann S. Whitman	Farmington	First Prize
Julia Webster	Brooklyn N. Y.	
Elizabeth Winship	Litchfield	
Francis Woodruff	Do	
Sophia Osbourn	Salem	

Total 52



Lucy Sheldon's (Mrs. Theron Beach) Home, North Street

Built by Dr. Daniel Sheldon, 1783. Lucy Sheldon's father, Dr. Daniel Sheldon, was known all over the State of Connecticut. His son, Daniel Sheldon, Jr., was Chargé d'Affaires to Albert Gallatin when ambassador to France, and acted as ambassador when Mr. Gallatin was absent. The piazza was added later.

EXTRACTS FROM THE
"PRIVATE JOURNALS OF MR. JOHN P. BRACE"

PRIVATE JOURNAL 1814 NO. 1

The stream of time rolls swift along,
A mighty river broad and strong,
A tide that never ebbs or fails,
Nor waits for bad or prosperous gales.
But once embark & nothing stays,
Then roll on minutes hours & days,
And still the ship ne'er stops her course,
Nor years delay her onward force,
Nor seaman's strength can furl one sail
Or wield one oar to breast the gale;
But self impelled in its caress
The ship sails on from year to year
Till Time's broad stream becomes a sea
The ocean of eternity.
J. P. B.

Northampton Saturday Jan. 1, 1814

I cannot express the rapid flow of time better than to think how often on the first of January I have complained how year after year "Time roll'd his ceaseless course." One wave after another of this vast sea breaks & is lost upon the sand. We view it swelling towards us; we look again & see it no more, but we see another towering in its place. Thus does one year after another glide along & thus has this year advanced but to give its place to another. The situation I desired on last year, I have obtained, that of supporting myself and as I do it & do it genteely I should rest contented. Teaching the unruly boys of Northampton is not quite as easy or as pleasant as teaching the girls at Aunt's but I shall be there next summer. Next term I shall feel more contented for I intend to establish a credit mark system & then I can govern them better.

Sunday 2

In the evening went to *W. Fowle's* with the younger set, the girls of 16 & 17 *Maria Fowle, Harriet* & *Sally Butler, Mary Townsend* & *Elizabeth Clark* and a number of young fellows. Enjoyed myself considerably well, what a person wants in such a company is a pocket full of small talk & gingerbread conversation. Button, present a lady & every such play that used to occupy the capacious minds of our belles last winter are employed here. But they enjoyed themselves & that was sufficient and tho they might have exposed themselves to

the ridicule of Dr. Ichabod[1] if he had been snarlish, he was full of frolic himself & on that account feels no disposition to satirize the rest.
MONDAY 3 Began my usual employments and spent the day as usual. In the evening wrote on history. Have got to the middle of the awakening.
TUESDAY 4 Mercury 15 degrees below cypher.
WEDNESDAY 5 Nothing new, the younger set had a sleigh ride. They wished me much to go but I could not.

THURSDAY 6

Had a letter from mother, nothing new. In the evening the three *Miss Centers, Miss Van Ness, Miss Nancy Barrill* & *Miss Leavitt* were at our house. *Abbey* & *Margaret, Miss Van Ness* & myself played whist about all the time. I like Miss Van Ness very much. She is an interesting amiable girl. Enjoyed myself very much. They said considerable about *Caroline Dewey.* I waited upon *Miss Leavitt* home.
FRIDAY 7 Wrote mother. In the afternoon examined my school. In the evening at *Mrs. Barril's;* Electa, who is a very good scholar, commenced Rhetoric on last Tuesday.
SAURDAY 8 Finished my first quarter. In the afternoon ran around town.
SUNDAY 9 In the evening the "Intra Mintra" Society met at our house "I was very much entertained" Their conversation so refined & so literary led me not from but into a hard headache.
MONDAY 10 Had my things from home. My charts etc. but no letters. I spent the day doing nothing. Have finished Second Term Senior Year.
TUESDAY 11 Commenced my second quarter with 18 scholars among whom is *Louisa Henshaw.* In the evening I attended a party at *E. H. Mills Esq.* As usual upon such occasions a great & brilliant collection engaged in different pursuits tho' all aiming at one great end that of pleasure. Nothing peculiar marked this party from others that I have attended. We separated by half past eleven.
WEDNESDAY 12 Another party at *Mr. Lane's* & a very pleasant one but marked with no uncommon occurence. I enjoyed myself as much perhaps as I have done at any party. Came away at about eleven.

Jan. 31 1814

I have been waiting the whole of the month, on account of *Miss Clark's* painting a title page for me so that I have not written any journal. Nor have any events occurred that required a particular relation. A general account of the month will answer. My laughing about the "Intra Mintra" Society reached their ears and occasioned their anger. To add to this my scholars found my parody on Vale of Avoca and declared it was written about *Eliza Henshaw.* It flew around town with the rapidity of lightning. Thirty copies it was said, were taken in a short time. In order to describe its effect it is necessary to say a few words upon the general character of the inhabitants of Northampton. A character totally different from that of those towns in which I have yet resided.

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[1] John P. Brace.

Involved as they are in the accumulation of wealth they pay little attention to any other acquirement than those that will enable them to acquire it or assist them in spending it. It is far very far from being a literary place. Its men being engaged in active life and its women in a life of pleasure cannot pay that attention to polite literature and the belles lettres sciences as Litchfield does where leisure and fashion give scope to that kind of entertainment. The people of N——n are not unrefined. I know of but few people who are more so — but it is the refinement of dissipation, the refinement that results from high life & polished society not that which originates from the mind, from acquaintance with literature. No literature mingles with their societies even the polish of novels & poems and novels & poems polish conversation, even that is wanting in a very great degree and tho' found in some individuals yet is carried no farther. They of course possess different ideas of politeness & polish than what I have been accustomed to and would be apt to think my manners rather strange.

The utmost extent of polite life here is to give & receive company and to appear to advantage as the hostess of these parties. The daughter's business is to learn to decorate her person, shine in parties & balls and play a game of whist. They are divided into two sets. The youngest are girls of fourteen to sixteen and behave exactly like all girls of that age, as Levi's party did last winter. To this I might have made a popular beau had I chose to have mixed much with them. But, they are too young for my situation tho' not for my age and to have been a declared beau to the Intra Mintra society would have injured the respect some of my scholars bear me, for almost all my girls are members of that ever to be admired club. Still I might have continued popular among them even if I should not mix with them were it not for my laughing about their meetings. The other collection have so many of the blood royal among them and are characters of such immense magnitude and of such great importance that they think every gentleman except some of their brothers or cousins must be struck with awe in seeing them and never approach them without a palpitating heart and a humble submissive look, and this they receive from almost all their beaux. I who have been accustomed from my youth up to females in every situation and of every appearance feel that they are beings of a different stamp and on that account treat them with a confidence that is allowed of in other places but which here is called assurance and impudence. It mightily affects their blood royal to see a little puny school master "come between the wind and their nobility", but this is confined to few. But all these are so accustomed to the old beaten track of their forefathers and in feeling are such plain matter of fact people that any sensibility or enthusiasm which is so common in Litchfield and so pleasing from its novelty in Catskill will be here entirely out of date. A lover in the Litchfield sense of the term is a fool and if he writes love sick poetry, worse, of course I and my piece, under the idea it was designed for *Eliza Henshaw* was entirely damned — but when the truth was ascertained the tide of popular opinion changed and it was thought well enough. A poet is a character here *sui generis* and is talked of & praised unless he is in love.

These rules however change under different circumstances. If I had property and royal blood I believe I could make enthusiasm & sensibility by the ton, but the great characters *John Henshaw, Lewis Hunt, George Hinchely* have never tried it, of course its effect is not known. John Brace the school master would be hated and despised for doing that for which John Brace the man of property & family would be followed. However, I do not care. I came here to get their money and thrash their children, the reign of enthusiasm friendship & love will return again, then I can indulge in it. If I should live here two years I should lose all enthusiasm and become quite of an every day character, I then should discover their characters, and accomodate myself to their notions.

My employments have met with no diversity. There have been no parties and I have visited none. Commenced the third Term Senior Year. Have received a number of letters from home from Aunt Mary. Mother 2 and Abel[1] & Ann have written two letters to Aunt 2 to Abel one to Mother one to Ann two to Mary, one to *Sarah Deming.* (Scrap 24) Commenced copying my letters to Judd as they were the best I ever wrote. *Mary Townsend* has gone away & with her the greatest aid that the Intra Mintra's had, for now my words and actions will not be criticised. This ends January. Next month I am of age and a new scene of action will be opened before me.

NO. LVI PRIVATE JOURNAL 1814 NO. II

> "When I was a child, I spake as a child· I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but now I have become a man I must put away childish things."
>
> 1 *Cor.* XIII. 11

NORTHAMPTON February 19, 1814

The beginning of this month passed away like the last, in the performance of the same duties and enjoyment of the same feelings. In the routine of pedagogical employment but few events will occur that are of sufficient importance or of sufficient entertainment to be recorded on the pages of a diary like mine devoted to the ebullitions of sensibility & enthusiasm and consecrated to perpetuate the memory of friendship or love. In my present circumstances I can but little expect to meet with any of those occurences that formerly gilded these pages with the feelings of a romantic love or darkened them by the ravings of romantic despair. But still altho these fancied joys "have ceased to glimmer on my mind yet the "light of hope lingers still behind." She still sheds her brilliant beams over the future and bids me anticipate the time when enthusiastic sensibility can again hold her sway and I again indulge in those fairy dreams of love that once danced before me.

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[1] Brother to John P. Brace.

But I should seek to destroy her factitious light. I should seek to drive away the wish always to wander by the moonlight of romantic happiness when I could toil to some purpose in the sunshine of real utility. I should no longer aim to find a seat "in love's Elysian bowers" but should rather wish to take the common road to fame and prosperity.

On this day I arrive at the age in which by the laws of my country I am left to the control of myself. On this day, I am Freed from the dominion of parental austerity I am now an American citizen. I am now a man and "the childish things" of romance & friendshop & love should be flung aside.

On last night I attended a small party at Mr. Ashmun's. It was a very stormy night. The snow fell in sheets, of course but few attended. I came in at eight and was very much diverted by the uncommon velocity of tongue and rapidity of language used by a Miss *Mary Dwight* of Springfield. Her tongue run on the true style of female loquacity. But her conversation was replete with humour & entertainment — good sense is not looked for in N——n parties.

After the company were generally gone I enjoyed myself very much in a game of whist with Mrs. *Jonathan Lyman. Mr. Lyman & Miss R. Ashmun* playing together. I know of but few women that are superior to Mrs. Lyman. I mark her down as first in this place. A woman possessing elegant manners and a cultivated understanding much superior to the trifling minds of those who surround her.

Feb. 20th.

In such a monotonous life little can be found to record on the pages of a private journal. I can merely relate. I should attempt a daily relation that on Monday I kept school and whipped A—— On Tuesday I kept school and whipped B in the evening at Mrs. Barril's and so on thro' the week & thro' the Alphabet. The trouble of keeping school is occasionally ameliorated by seeing some of the fair damsels with which this place abounds & much more by the attentions of Mrs. Barril's family.

Keeping school is in some respects a pleasant employment. — but this is true only under certain limitations & under certain circumstances. Situated as I am now among a set of such ungovernable boys that nothing but the rod can influence and noisy girls that are affected by no power that I can bring situated under these circumstances, it is impossible for me to receive that satisfaction in keeping school as I did last summer. Instruction is pleasant — it is generally "a delightful task: but where one is obliged to beat it in by dint of great exertion it ceases to be delightful. But in my girls this winter I have not to complain that they are obliged to be compelled to study — Ambition actuates them to employ every moment to advantage but ambition cannot influence them to keep still and I have not as yet learnt the art of government sufficient to make them fear me.

Elizabeth Dwight has no respect for me at all — The quarrel which I had with her at our little dances last winter and the quarrel with *Mrs. Dickinson* & of course with all Miss Edward's family completely offended her and made her my enemy. Selfish, implacable & unforgiving she carries her enmity sometimes to such an extent as to be impertinent to me in school — and I am too much afraid of her father's authority & consequences and his connexion and influence here & at Litchfield to punish her as I ought. Her influence is such as to almost destroy that respect & fear which otherwise my other girls would feel towards me, of course their behaviour is at times very bad.

All this perhaps might have been avoided if I had not quarrelled with —— but I then considered it as a matter of little importance but I find the influence of a solitary individual is very great in some sphere or other & that we should never exasperate anyone because we may repent of it in some time or other as I do now — How cautious we should be then of never wounding anyone's feeling for fear of making them our enemies . that among some of the many recollections of the world they should have it in their power to revenge themselves. The boys of course cannot be governed so easily while the girls continue refractory such are the consequences of the influence of one character.

I trust when I have kept school longer and have acquired more authority & experience that I shall be enabled to preserve better order in my school than I have done this winter & of course to feel better satisfied with my exertion. In the interim I must rest contented with the idea that a few weeks will bear me beyond the influence of Northampton & restore me to that circle of friends, to those employments that afforded so much pleasure last summer.

Feb. 28th.

Still the same unvaried scene occurs —

Of late we have had some very pleasant weather — It is been however only a smile upon the face of winter & will be succeeded by such cold days as to make us almost wish that we could have no spring weather until spring itself advances and we could be certain that no after days would be but a continuation of winter —

Wrote to Ann — Had a letter from Abel — & from Mother *Cornelia Van Kleeck* is married to a *Mr. George W. Somevandyke* — *W. Lord* has entered the navy & gone to Boston — *Caroline Stanley* is at Litchfield — *Julia Stanley* is married and *Eliza Sampson* about to be.

Cornelia Van Kleeck married the last person I should have supposed would have thought herself fit to assume the arduous duties of a wife. Volatile & coquettish, her love of pleasure I should suppose could never permit her to sit quietly down as the mistress of a family and give up the pleasure of vanity & conquest which have so long actuated her. I could not help laughing when I read over some of her letters to me in which she spoke of her love to Davis as triumphing over every obstacle to think that in one year her feelings were so essentially to change as to receive a husband. She possesses warm feelings that receive a quick & vivid impression but which cannot prove lasting.

I cannot conceive how she will behave as a wife when as a girl her feelings & practice were so flighty & thoughtless.

In the course of this month finished College Life except Commencement. *Note Aug. 29, 1850* Cornelia became a most stirring and energetic woman. She had work in life to keep up respectable appearances & bring up her family. But she did it the best manner. She is now living with a married daughter at Brooklyn, L. I.

NORTHAMPTON Tuesday March 1, 1814

Spring again crowds unpleasant winter from the earth and opens to us the scene of renovated youthful enjoyment.

Again does the season of the revival of nature occur. Bursting from the tomb of winter it again begins its life — And so will *man* bursting from the wintry tomb, commence a spring of immortality while around him is heard the songs of angels far more revivifying than the song of the birds of spring that warble on this morning "all hail! to the new born season"

But spring must soon decay, summer must be crowded out by autumn and sterile winter will resume its power. while immortal man will never fade — his spring will exist while life and thought and being last & immortality endures.

March 17, 1814 Thursday.

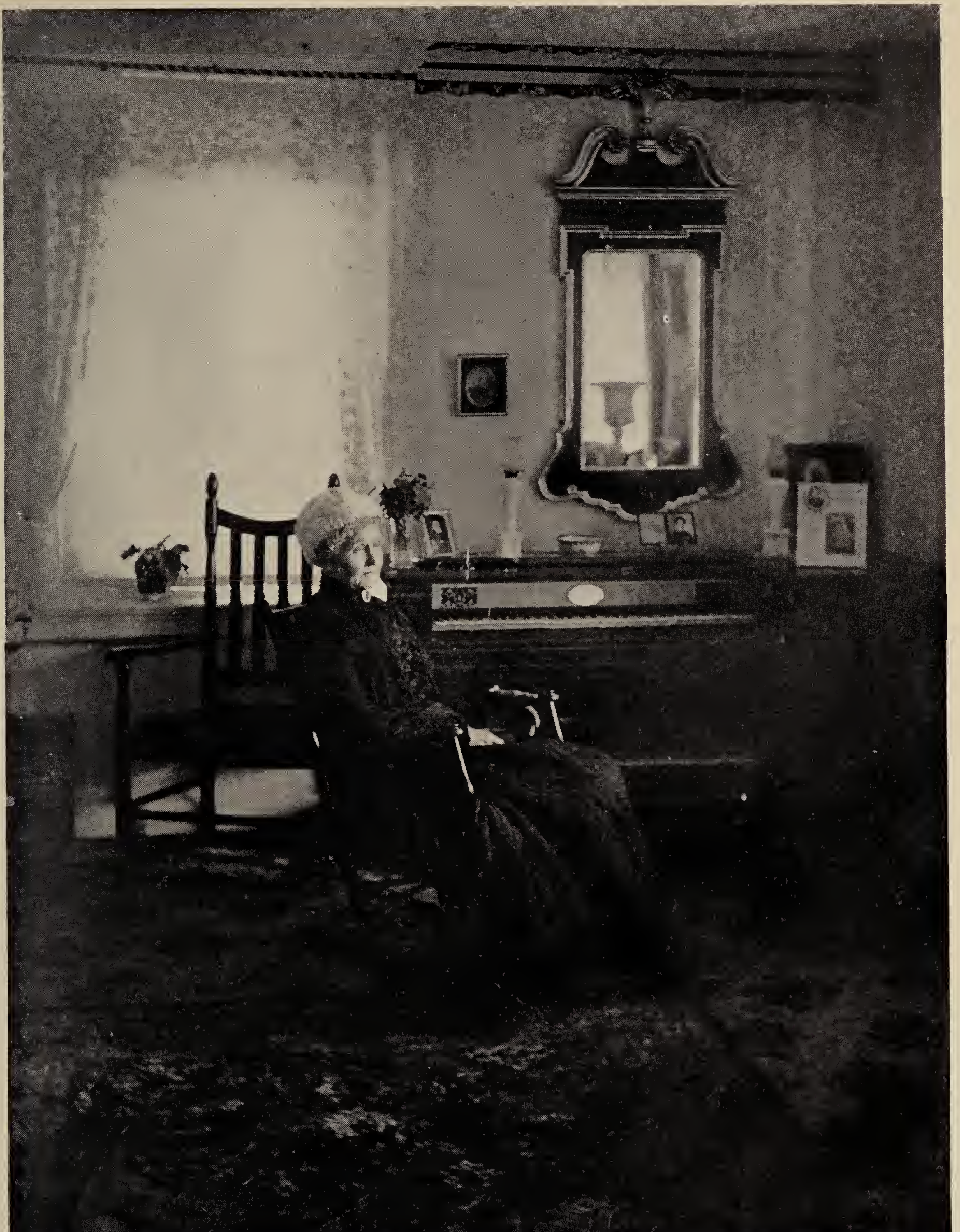
Not having daily events to record as once when no other thought but love occupied my attention and when each day would furnish revolutions of moment. I cannot be expected to write as often as once. And, unless I write in school hours, but few moments occur in which I can write and those few are moments of idleness and fatigue. If I should attempt to write every day what would I say? Nothing The transcript of one day would be the copy for the next.

Since I wrote last I have attended a party at *Mr. Theodore Lyman's* which showed nothing that all the other parties here do not show — I was very much entertained by a long literary conversation with Mrs. Judge Lyman & Mrs. Barril in which we ran over the merits of the different novel writers, and poets of the present day or as *Mr. Eben Hunt* said over every article in the Encyclopedia. This kind of conversation is one I very much delight in and one upon which I have taken much pains to instruct myself. With me — Mrs. Lyman is an admirer of Scott and does not unite with some of the people here in attempting to establish Campbell on his ruins.

I did not dance. *Mrs. Deveaux's* observations still ring in my ears — Waited upon *Miss Leavitt* home — I do not know as I ever particularly mentioned *Sarah Leavitt.* She is a girl with whom I have lately been very much pleased. She is quite small of her age and considerably homely — but possesses such an excellent disposition such good understanding and such a talent for ready conversation that she is really an estimable pretty girl — In hearing her converse the effect of an ordinary countenance is lost and you know not but what you are listening to the most beautiful animated countenance you ever beheld. Amid the slights of the titled ladies of the place, amid the sneers of the Intra Mintra society, I have been extremely gratified by the attentions of the young ladies at Mrs. Barril's and the politeness of Miss Leavitt who is one of them.

It is really curious to see the motley collection which is always found in a party here — Some come for amusement of all kinds — to buzz around in every room collecting a little sweet from every flower playing a little whist with the serious trifling a little with the gay — dancing and drinking and running around and talking. Others come with less universal ideas of pleasure determined to seize but one stream of enjoyment and, run it to its source — to make the party either a ball room — a card set — a collection of literary characters or in some instances, a tippling shop. A few come to speculate and philosophise — passing from one room to another with no very sweet feelings against mankind in general — pishing & pshwing at what they call the trifling of the literary conversation — railing against the lightness and frivolity of the young and moralizing as they pass upon the instability of all terrene enjoyment.

I have never seen such a "general meeting" of the Intra Mintra society — such a collection of the finest beauties never were before



The Parlor of Dr. Sheldon's House
His great niece and pupil at Miss Pierce's School, Elizabeth Prince
(Mrs. Rochester Childs), sitting there

together And *Christopher Clark* and *Charles Butler* as usual fluttered and figured around them in great snuff" while poor Sir Pedagogue Poetry struck (the character I bear this winter — Oh! how different from the dignified Lord Pedagogue of last summer) must stand at a distance and envy the pleasures he cannot enjoy —

On March 8 Tuesday night we had a ball. I enjoyed myself very much Felt myself perfectly reconciled to the Intra Mintra society and was their chief gallant — was very much entertained with *Sally* & *Harriet* & *Nancy Butler Sarah Leavitt* — *Maria Fowle* etc. Drew a *Miss Wright* and a *Miss Brewster.* Danced with Sally & Nancy Butler and Miss Leavitt — *Nancy Barrill* & *Miss May.* No particular belle — Sally Butler appeared very well Her face is very handsome her figure good and her dancing admirable and nothing is wanting but handsome eyes to render her very beautiful. I was very much pleased with Nancy Butler. Tho not handsome yet the intelligence & amiability of her countenance render her very interesting. She was an excellent partner and with the others made the evening very pleasant. Harriet Butler did not appear as well as I have seen her for there was an air of petulance on her countenance which detracted very much from its beauty — retired at 12. The next day would have given considerable to have had an epitaph written for I considered myself as defunct so much did I feel fatigued.

On the next Sunday night 13th I paid a visit to Harriet. Sally Butler had a very pleasant evening. Heard that *Sarah Deming* was at New Lebanon, N. Y. with the *Misses Tryons* and that *Isaac Shelton* was married to *Maria T.* and that she was expected here soon — Wrote to Sarah & to Abel. In the last week had a letter from Aunt — Nothing very new.

Since February have read. Home — Matrimony & Hungarian brothers the last a very good work — the others wretched. And am now employed in reading Stephen's Wars that originated from the French revolution.

Monday — as usual played a game of whist in the evening.

Tuesday — At Mrs. Barril's

Three weeks from to-night. I shall reach home — How joyful, how reviving is anticipation! I then shall be relieved from the unpleasantness of my present condition and reinstated in the smiles of those friends who have some feeling of affection.

Wednesday 18 Nothing particular. Read in the evening.

Thursday 17 I had a letter from Ann — *Marcia Averill* is to be married in May Ann had received a letter from Corey. *M. Clark* is sick — the reason I suppose of her not writing.

Maria Tryon came in town to day, I called in the evening to see her — nothing new — Employed the week as usual and when such "usual employments" occur nothing particular can be noted.

I have derived considerable entertainment from Stephen's Wars. Of the history of the last twenty years I have known nothing for I have never read old newspapers — Of course this history afforded me both truth and novelty & I was very much delighted by its perusal — tho the style is considerably faulty & the historian not altogether impartial.

Perhaps no event has transpired since the eruption of the Goths and Vandals upon Europe that has been productive of such important & wide spreading consequences as the French Revolution. Not content with changing the nature & destroying the institutions of one nation, it has spread its baneful influence among all its neighbors & has created such a fermentation as is hardly allowed at the present time. It shows to politicians that however despotic a government may be still the ultimate power is in the hands of the people and can easily be exercised by them. It likewise shows the capricious and unstable nature of a popular government that passion rather than reason will be the governing principle and that designing demagogues can always rule the populace. It shows how much to be preferred is that limited government which partakes alike of monarchy & republicanism where despotic power & popular fury are alike shunned and where the governing principle is the good of the whole.

March 31, 1814 Thursday.

The last weeks spent in Northampton were employed in preparing for my departure which will take place on the second of next month. On Thursday last I had a letter from Mary Clark nothing extraordinary new — *Caroline Stanley* is in Litchfield.
Spent the evenings at home or at Judds occasionally at *Mr. Shepard's* to see M. Tryon or Mrs. Sheldon as she now is.

On Sunday last dined at Mr. Dwight's My scholars have not behaved very well this week and I have been obliged to whip several. The girls are rather better than common.

To day had two letters one from *Sarah Deming* Utica long & friendly the other from *H. Holmes* at Hartford. Dined this noon at Judge Lyman's. I shall not begin April until I reach home. So farewell Northampton. I have been pleased with my winter's jaunt except in my school — but in that I have learnt experience. The people of this place have treated me with politeness but not with that affection my enthusiasm wished. I have met with a number of very pleasant acquaintances and have been highly entertained by the style the dash & the show of the winter. "But soul is wanting here" They have no enthusiasm or sensibility & I sported mine to no purpose. Upon the whole I have been treated with as much attention & have enjoyed myself as well as I expected.

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"Home is the resort of love, of joy
Of peace and plenty, where, supporting
And supported, polished friends & near
Relations mingle into bliss"

Thompson
from memory.

LITCHFIELD April 6, 1814. Wednesday.

On the first of April I spent my leisure hours in collecting bills & preparing for my departure, bidding the last farewell to a place that would have peculiarly pleased me had I been in any other situation. Northampton in point of locality is a terrestrial paradise — but discontent will shroud with gloom even an earthly Eden. In the evening called at Mrs. Barril's heard them recite & bade them a last farewell. On the 2 Saturday I collected my school for the last time & after deciding the prizes I dismissed them with a short address. The three candidates were *Elizabeth Dwight, Louisa Henshaw* & *Abby Price.* The majority of the votes had been given for Abby owing to the caprice of the boys but she was the poorest scholar of the three. I gave therefore the first prize to Elizabeth, the second to Louisa & the prize for improvement to *Alfred Edwards.* I bid them goodbye with a short sigh and left them with but one pang. In the afternoon about 5 I bade adieu to the place and arrived at *Suffield* about 11 — from which I started on Sunday morning about 5 & arrived at Hartford about 9. The road was very unpleasant, the river was very high — more so than has been known for a great while. The scenery was nothing to be compared to what it commonly is & I was very happy to reach Hartford where I was received with pleasure by my old friend *Henry Holmes* and I spent Sunday & Monday very agreeably with him. I saw *Ralph Wells Esq.* who is practising law there. We had a long talk about the times of 1813 —

On Tuesday morning I came out of Hartford. It rained very hard and we had a most terrible time. We got stuck in the mud & were two hours in extricating ourselves. We finally reached Litchfield about dark. Happy was I to be once more in those streets. I found all well & without much alteration — *Mary Clark, M. & C. Leonard, B. Bellamy* & *C. Stanley* are here — our boarders are *E. Dobbins, S.*

Everitt, P. Harwood, Misses Halsey & *Presby* nothing particular in them. The office not much altered. *Loring, Sprague, Low, Ber Greene, Head King, Nathan Leavenworth, Ogden Scudder, Ward* —— etc are the greatest beaux — Ann, Charlotte & Fanny are learning French of Loring who is their beau — of course, as usual, full of sentiment and enthusiasm — Sprague is Aunt Mary's beau and is still distinguished for that firm good sense that marked him last summer. Low, Greene & *Cambreling* visit Ann — Perkins & Tabor occasionally at Aunt's Sir Basilina Bullfrog is rather below par. No new matches indeed love is out of the question indeed it expired with the reign of Levi — The girls are more given to study than anything else.

Wednesday 6

Ran around town to see everyone and deliver letters. I find that Mrs. Judge Lyman has spoken very well of me in consequence of that literary conversation I had with her.

Thursday 7

Walked with Mary Clark. It is really gratifying to be among those friends again whose affection springs from the heart & does not appear, like that of N——n to be the result of politeness & good breeding alone. Called in the evening at *Judge Reeve's*

Friday 8 fast day — Attended meeting & conference came in with Mary Clark.

Saturday 9

Employed the day in reading Lady M. W. Montague's letters wrote to *Mosely Wright.*

Sunday 10

Was too unwell to attend meeting — went to Conference — went home with no one.

In the evening read history to the young ladies at Aunt's — Mary C. told me that *Mary Ann Lewis* told her that when she was in Farmington a young lady from Sheffield said that Huldah was continually talking about Mr. Brace and it was concluded she was in love with him. Such kind of evidence is not very good but "Straws show which the winds blows"

Tuesday 12

Wrote to Sarah Deming. In the evening Cornelia, Mary C. & *Betsey Bellamy* went up to *Mrs. Bull's* [1] — I went up in the evening and had a long & entertaining conversation with them — Got completely muddied coming home — Found Tabor with the girls at home . . .

[1] On Prospect Street.

Wednesday 13

Took a long walk early in the morning with Cornelia Mary C. & Betsey. In the evening began to read to the girls; they were called down by company — Perkins & *Clarissa Deming Mrs. & Fanny Lord & Sprague Betsey Burr* — Enjoyed myself conversing with the well informed Cornelia — went home with Fanny.

Thursday 14

Read to the girls in the evening.

Friday 15

Tabor & myself spent the evening at Aunt's the girls were not down, felt rather dull.

Sunday 17

Waited upon Caroline from Conference. A most vivid Aurora Borealis to night.

Monday 18

Played ball in the afternoon after having returned from fishing — Towards night walked with Mary L. & C. & Caroline. In the evening at Greene's room.

Tuesday 19

Played ball — In the evening *Fanny Lord* had a dancing party — *M. Leonard Mary Clark,* Caroline & Bellamy — *Ann Charlotte* & *Mary Deming — Loring, Sprague, Combreling, Greene, Ring, W. Deming, Head, Cook, Crosby,* & *Boffit.* This party was not intended to rival those of N——n It was merely a little dance and as such was destitute of stiffness or regularity those dampers of true enjoyment. The gentlemen however were rather too fatigued to enjoy themselves for they had all been playing ball — I was very dull. *Charles Loring* was in one of his melancholy fits — King had quarrelled with the girls & of course did not speak to many. I danced with *M. Leonard,* Fanny & Charlotte, Mary C. & Caroline *Mary Deming* looked as haughty as usual. waited upon M. Leonard home.

Wednesday 20 Read Southey's Thalaba am very much pleased with it. Tho' extravagant in its plot still it bespeaks that high poetical genius, that exuberant fertility of imagination and those exquisitely fine passages that have marked Southey as one of our best poets.

Thursday 21 Ann had a small quilting party — Aunt's girls Fanny & Charlotte — In the evening gentlemen came in. Loring Sprague King Green Head & Buffit The Evening went off very pleasant and everyone found means of entertainment except Ring who was quite unsociable — Went home with *Fanny Lord.*

Friday 22 Nothing new — Had quite of a frolick in the afternoon with Cornelia & Mary C. looking over charts.

Saturday 20

Cornelia & *Mary Leonard* heard to day of the sudden death of their father. Played ball in the afternoon.

Sunday 24

Wrote to Holmes in the evening.

Monday 25

School out today — Tho' I cannot decide upon the character of the winter's school, having not witnessed its progress still expect it was industrious & orderly — Cornelia Leonard has been marked as the best scholar in the school & deserves to be commended for the strength of her memory & her perseverance in her studies. Not choosing to have their journals seen, she & Ann Brace were struck from the number of candidates and the first prize was given to *Catherine Beecher* who had the next greatest number of credit marks to Cornelia & for a small girl shows great fertility of genius & strength of memory. Cornelia had the second prize and *Sally Cook* & *Margaret Dwight* the smaller prizes.
In the evening Charlotte had a party — Mary C. *Caroline* & *Betsey Bellamy* Ann B. *Charlotte Stone* & Fanny — Loring, Sprague Lowe Ring, Green, Cambreling Bassit Marsh & myself I enjoyed myself — was the master of ceremonies & arranged every body so they could talk and found no one a bother but Fanny who is so dull & silly that I could not make any gentlemen sit long by her — Waited upon no one home.

Tuesday 26

This is a most beautiful spring day — Before this we had very cold weather but to day was one of the finest days I ever knew. School being out and the girls at liberty — we all started for a walk and a large party of us went to Pine Island — Mary C. Bellamy. Caroline. Fanny. *Charlotte Stone* and Landon Loring and Sprague. Basset and Chester and myself — I went out with Caroline and came in with C. Stone. Had a delightful walk through that renowned spot and came back sweltering under a broiling sun in the evening Chester and Sprague, C. Stone and C. Landon at Aunt's.

I see by the newspapers that *Helen Mumford* is married — Wednesday 27. In the afternoon started for Catskill in the stage with Aunt and Mary C. who are going to Albany. *Mary Riley* rode as far as Goshen with us. She has been at school in New Haven. Her face still shows that sweetness and amiability of character that distinguished her. She is a very fine girl. Stayed at Lawrence's.

Thursday 28

Started for Hudson in the morning. Aunt and Mary for Albany. In the stage with me was a pretty little black eyed girl by the name of Hopkins from Hartford going to Hudson. She had a round face and fine complexion keen black eyes " a little pug nose that became her most prodigiously. I made her talk considerably — breakfasted at Sheffield at Ensign's. When we came near Hudson we passed some most elegant gentlemen's seats. *Judge Van Ness's and P. Van Renssellear* in particular. After passing through this delightful country we ascended an eminence and the city of Hudson broke upon our view while at its feet the river rolled majectically along bearing on its bosom the riches of New York while on its banks we observed a pleasing variety of villages, elegant houses and well cultivated grounds, while the Catskill range terminated the scenery and seemed by its towering ramparts to stand as a guard over the romantic spot.
Arrived at Catskill at about four — saw no one but *Sally Barton. Harriet Butler* they say has got to be quite a belle *Abbott* is here and highly esteemed. Wright and *Polly Bill* are married. *Maria Van Loan* is soon to be married and the rest have either died or run away. Hamilton is studying divinity in Athens — a pious priest!
Friday 6 I started for home with Abel — had a very pleasant drive through a delightful country by the Sheffield road and met with no accident except our horses starting and running away, breaking the waggon and detaining us an hour to repair damages — arrived at Sheffield at sun down.
Saturday 7 Breakfasted at *Lawrence's.* Arrived at home in the afternoon. Found a letter from Holmes.
Sunday 8 Attended meeting, in the evening wrote. I find *Harriet Talmadge* has returned — now for a scramble — I understand she has not been a very great belle in Troy — I do not care I shall not be in her way — I wish I could see her about five minutes to talk about *C. Dewey.*
Tuesday 10 The Governor escorted into town in great parade — in the evening Abel and I attended a party at Fanny Lord's. There, Charlotte, Caroline *Mary Ann Lewis* and *Miss Raymond* — Loring Sprague King & Green — Abel and Miss Raymond went away early — party rather dull.
Wednesday 11 rained — Law and Halsted went away.
Thursday 12 Attended a rather wooden party at N. A. Lewis' *Clarissa Deming. Hannah* and *Flora Catlin.* Fanny and Charlotte. Ann felt too unwell to go King. Fowles. Taber and myself.
Friday 13 Was informed to my satisfaction that Ann and Loring were engaged Charles is a fine fellow they are to correspond through me —

Saturday 14 played ball — Loring and Green go home on Monday rather unexpectedly. Had letter from Mason and *Moseley Wright.*
Wednesday 18 Began school and am to go thro' again another tedious six months of regular duty but this will be more pleasant than last for my boys are not so ugly and Aunt will assist me in the governmental part of the business had five boys Champion, William *Virgil Peck James Gould* and Timothy.

Friday 20

Maria Averill was married to *Samuel Starkweather Esq.* of Cooperstown in the beginning of this month. Ann had a piece of wedding cake by Miss Goodsell a new boarder for that quarter.

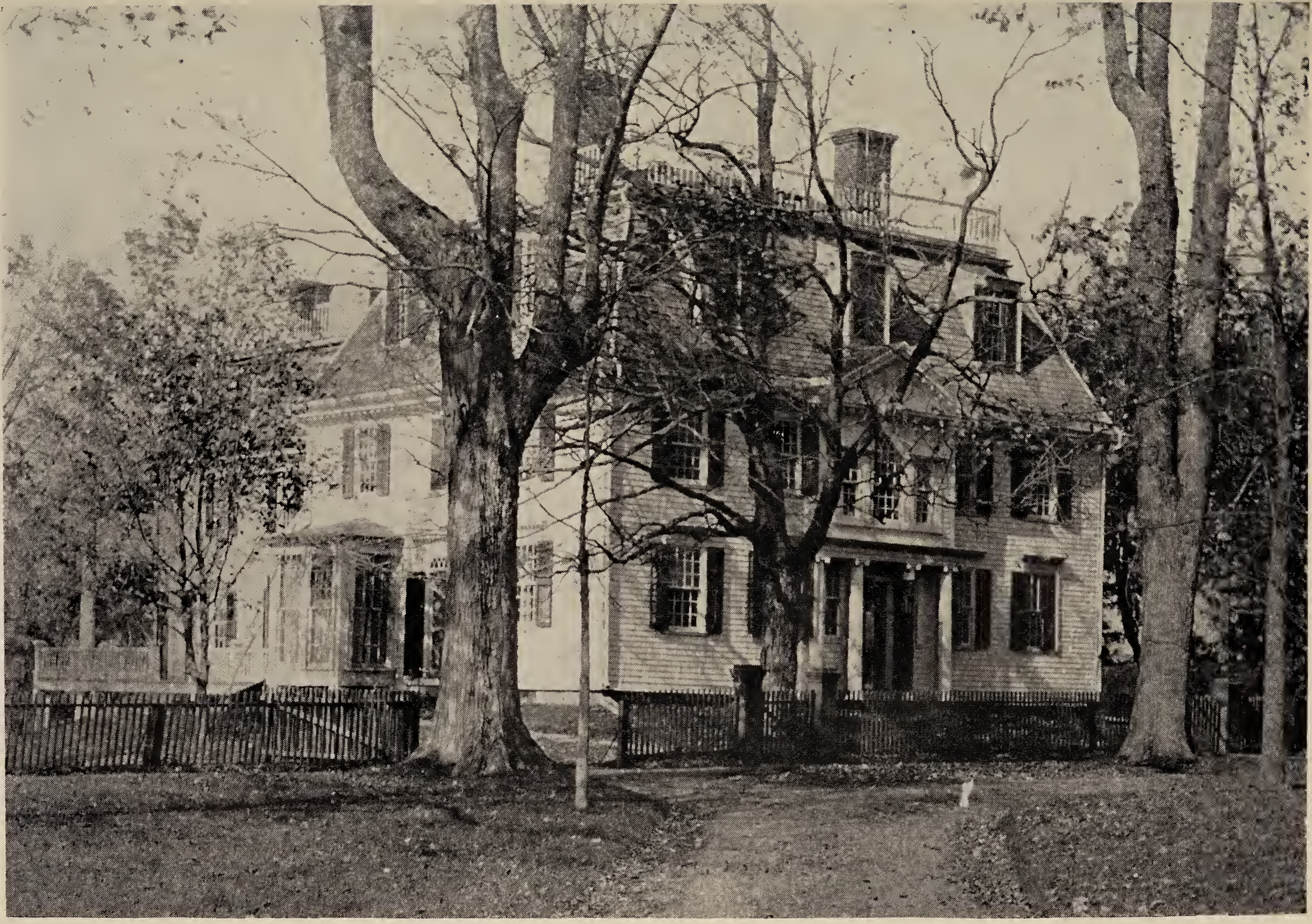
Monday 23

School increases fast I shall have employment enough some very pretty looking girls in school *Abbey Bradley* and *Minerva Pardee.*
Saturday 28 The school now consists of about sixty — Our boarders are *Sarah Everit Mary Goodsell Eliza Catlin Abbey Smith Charlotte Rockwell Ruth Benedict, Hannah Fish, Eunice Smith*
Mrs. Deveaux and Theodosia arrived on Tuesday night

"Oh the days that are gone
When beauty bright my heart's chain wove
When my dream of life from morn till night
Was love still love.
New hope may bloom
And joys may come
Of milder calmer beam
But there is nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream"
Moore

LITCHFIELD Wednesday June 1st 1814.

Such a motto is peculiarly adapted to close the month of May especially when "love's young dream" no longer employs my slumbers — No — Those pleasures that in youthful love I once enjoyed can never be retasted and they were "a light that ne'er can shine again on life's dull stream" — To be sure — I shall choose a wife but it must be a matter of calculation and regularly composed like an Apothecary's bill — ten grains of neatness Do of industry and do of amiability a tea cup full of "brains" acquired knowledge talents to be immersed in a silver cup — with a handful of the flowers of beauty flung in —
Thursday 16 Walked for strawberries after school.
Friday 17 Had a letter from Loring. *Aunt Mary* went to Boston to day.



Judge James Gould's House, the Home of Julia, Edward, William, and George Gould
Built by Col. Elisha Sheldon, 1760

Wednesday 22 *Tom Perkins* and myself called for a few moments at Aunt's to deliver invitations to July ball.

Friday 24 Attended singing school in the evening. Ann and I came up with *Miss Goodrich* and *Miss Huyck, Mrs. Bull's* boarders — had a letter from Judd *Electa Barrill* is married to a *Mr. Wilder.*

Saturday 25 — Heard in the course of the week that little *Martha Rogers* is married to a *Dr. Gilbert* so they go — wrote to Holmes and Aunt Mary.

Tuesday 28 — In the evening a few moments with Perkins at Aunt's — Cornelia made a number of severe observations and I retorted in all the bitterness I could; making Clark mad by laughing at a foolish letter she wrote and occasionally glancing a few sarcastic observations upon Cor but all in such a way that C—— did not know what they meant — at nine I called again and Cornelia commenced an open quarrel with me for my conduct during the evening, calling me all the opprobious titles her imagination could suggest — fool — ninny — impudent etc. I was just preparing to retort rather roughly — as Aunt came up and gave her such a trimming upon her bluntness and want of politeness in her speeches generally and particularly toward me that evening that answered all the purposes of a scolding on my part — Cornelia concluded her address to me by saying she had done with me and farewell Miss Prudence Positive let it be the last time we speak.

Thursday 30 Aunt had a party of old and young — I was determined to let the girls see that I could enjoy myself except in their rational society and so chattered with *Mrs. Beecher* upon literary topics and exerted myself to the utmost and to be entertaining and to monopolize the conversation until they separated into groups — I was highly pleased — the little poetess *Abbey Bradley* was there and I conversed with her I never spoke to C or M they appeared to enjoy themselves with Perkins in one corner — I found Mrs. Beecher a very entertaining woman and the hours glided merrily by —

Saturday 2 — Had a letter from Sarah Deming she seems to speak in raptures of those pleasant hours enjoyed last summer in Litchfield and to lament that they are past beyond recall.

Monday 4 — In the forenoon exercises for the celebration of independence commenced *Mr. Charles Perkins* delivered the oration it showed a lively imagination but no very great strength of mind — it failed in unity very much — its parts were disconnected and some things were foreign to the subject but generally the language was very good and the ideas were handsomely expressed — the gentleman then attended dinner I did not dine — in the evening of course *a ball* and of course I attended I assisted the manager in getting the girls there — went to Miss Edwards with Brooks to Aunts our house *Mary Ann*

Lewis and *C. Stones* Brooks King and Talia Fiero managers I first danced a volunteer with *Miss Woodruff* — a young lady I have mentioned before and who I think probable, would be my flame provided I felt any disposition to coquette this summer — but I do not — but as Lord Pedagogue I must content myself with mere admiration. I then drew *Hannah Catlin* — my number was one I had rather have drawn someone else tho she is an excellent partner — a good dancer a great belle and a very fine girl she feels so much above me that it is unpleasant I danced volunteer with *Eliza Mulford* who is a very pretty girl — *Betsey Cowles* of Farmington memory who is here on a visit — *Eliza Van Kleeck* and Miss Woodruff again and drew *Charlotte Landon* — I did not dance much I had so much introducing to do that I could not as I officiated in that business entirely enjoyed myself very well the ball went on regularly and agreeably — Mary Clark and Miss Huyck are considerable belles as well as Harriet T. and Ann Miss Huyck has very much pleased the gentlemen lately — tho in my eyes not very handsome and of course she was very admired at the ball but the admiration she recieved completely crazed her. Broke up at three I went home with Miss Edwards and Mrs. Bull's boarders — tho I did not enjoy myself as much as I did last year when I had the sweet Huldah to take care of still I was entertained beyond my expectations — Tuesday 5 — In the evening called at Miss Edward's — found I could not enter upon as familiar terms as I did last year and tho' I found the girls agreeable *Mrs. Woodruff* Mulford Atwater and *C. Buel* still I saw they felt a constraint that destroyed sociability —

Friday 8 — Was agreeably surprised by the appearance of *Mrs. Marcia Starkweather* and her husband — Marcia looked talked and acted just as she used to do when a member of the Tammany — was glad to see me — spent the evening with her at Aunt's I believe she is pretty well married — Saturday 9 Mrs. S. went out of town Sunday 10 In the evening on acount of the rain waited upon *Miss Ogden* home Tuesday 12 had a letter from Holmes and a short confab with Clark upon our quarrel she informed that Cornelia had made the resolution on account of the lecture Aunt gave her to treat me as she does every other gentleman — I thought so but she has over strained and has not treated me as well. Friday 15 — A cotillion party but I did not attend

Monday — commenced my labors we have 96 on our bills

Thursday Had a party at Aunt's *Caroline Shipman* and *Jeanette Bradley* being in town

All Aunt's girls Ann Charlotte and *Clarissa Deming Charlotte Bradley Eliza Mulford* and *Caroline Atwater* Perkins Chester W. Deming Steele Sheldon Jackson and myself enjoyed myself the most in hearing Clarissa play

Saturday 23 Spent the day in search of minerals
Saturday July 30 The beginning of the week was employed in my usual avocation and variegated by performances by walks for minerals being engaged in the study of mineralogy with Perkins and Chester — On Thursday night drank tea with a party at Colonel Talmadge's. It was the first time I was ever invited to Lady Harriet's of course I felt under the necessity of going tho' at the same time it was a pleasure attending. If Harriet did not feel so much above me I should enjoy myself very much in her company. She is extremely handsome in just that style of beauty I admire — the face of Roman outline marks how haughty the feelings are that reign within — but notwithstanding her haughtiness still she is beautiful extremely so — * * * * * it is a beauty that awes while it charms and dazzles like the sun beyond the reach of mortal touch or mortal envy while at the same time it is dispensing its rays upon all. Harriet treats her company well uses no partiality and is careful that all should receive entertainment — * * * Enjoyed myself very much conversed some with all was entertained by Perkins gaiety and King's eccentricities he is very entertaining —
The party consisted of Mrs. C. Deming Shipman Bradley M. Lewis M. A. Lewis Charlotte *Betsey Burr* and Ann — with *Mrs. Delafield* and Hallet who reside at the Colonel's. Messers King and C & T. Perkins W. Deming Longstreet * * * * Bruin Taliafiero Mason Brooks Halsted and Ward. On Friday evening attended a cotillion party did not enjoy myself much — too few ladies there danced with *Mrs. Woodruff S. Cook* M. *Jones C. Minturn* twice and went home with her On Sunday Mrs. Cornelia Tomeranchyke? was in town did not see her much —
August 6th 1814 have been too busily employed during the week in examination and making up credit marks it being the last week in the quarter to write journal — the examination commenced Tueday and was conducted in real college style the girls were all arranged in alphabetical order and I examined them — on Tuesday afternoon in America Wednesday afternoon same Thursday afternoon Europe Asia and Africa Friday afternoon in Grammar and English History Saturday forenoon in Latin grammar Friday afternoon in Virgil — girls and boys passed a good examination Ann *Catherine Beecher* and *Fanny Sherrill* got the most credit marks the evening spent in walking with Perkins and Chester — gallantry with me is about over — had a letter from *Professor Dewey* he represents College as flourishing wrote to *Charles Loring*. The school this quarter has been very industrious and orderly and I have been exempted from the repetition of last winter's painful scene — a look or word is all the authority I used this summer.

Abbey Bradley took the lead of the paper for the three months then Beecher Leonard Brace and *F. Sherrill. Thomas Perkins* has just gone and has written me once he was a fine fellow * * * * He had engaged himself very deeply at Aunt's and appeared to be quite smitten with Cornelia. His excellent taste his amiable disposition and engaging entertaining manners rendered him deservedly a favorite there and elsewhere. He was my most intimate companion in office and I shall feel his loss very sensibly. His letter contained an account of the attack on Stonington and came the day I was drafted from the militia to which I belong as one of the 90,000 men ordered out by the President I do not think there is any danger. (*Thomas Shaw Perkins* married Cornelia for his first wife she did not live long, but died of the consumption in 1844) *Mary Clark* has returned from New Haven where she made a visit of a week. Called on Sunday night at Harriet's with Aunt Mary found her cold and reserved.
Tuesday 22 attended this evening a party at Charlotte's Harriet Miss Delafield Clarissa Deming Maria *Mary Ann Lewis* Cornelia and Mary C. *Lucy Sheldon* and *Betsey Cutler* King Longstreet H. Sheldon W. Deming Brooks Halsted C. Perkins and Mason.
Harriet T. looked uncommonly elegant and showed off her superior charms to great advantage. Once or twice I met her eye It thrilled through me — I obtained a seat by her and so far conquered the reserve I felt in her company as to enter into conversation with her and *Henry Sheldon* upon the merits of some modern novels.
Enjoyed myself in a conversation with Betsey Cutler upon those times that are now sunk far back in the vale of years On Wednesday night we had a whimsical party at Aunt's a mixed up set of old maids and triflers — the Misses Collins who came into company in the old grandmother style and have all their notions as antiquated and all their manners as starched as the grograin gowns of their progenitors. Then there was Mrs. Deveaux with her very liberal notions respecting refinement who can't find anything sufficiently good for her ladyship out of New York *The Misses Pardee* and *Gracie* and *Mrs. Isaac Sheldon* and for gentlemen in the evening King Longstreet and *Isaac Sheldon* Had some sport with Misses Pardee and Gracie — On Friday evening attended a Cotillion party waited upon Ann and Cornelia and several of our boarders *Miss Goodsell* and Catlin *Ruth Benedict* and *Abbey Smith* — enjoyed myself tolerably well Danced with Ruth Price Goodsell twice Catlin and Abbey once and *Charlotte Landon* and *Hannah Wolcott* —

Ruth Benedict and *Abbey Smith* are two little girls from Albany that board with us and are two *as fine little girls* as any in school — Ruth is between thirteen and fourteen and at that age ranks among the first scholars in the school she being the fourteenth from the top on the paper in our great school she possesses a good mind, great application and a very aimaible disposition. Abbey is a good scholar for a girl of her age tho' not good as Ruth she possesses great amiability joined to a very interesting playfulness of disposition but she is peculiarly beautiful — regular features a fine complexion a good expression a keen black eye mark her as one of the handsomest girls in school. Monday evening took a long walk with Clark and ran over old times especially last summer when I was not obliged to preserve such a grave face and such an abundance of Dignity — but it is better for me — (July 16, 1850 Ruth Benedict lived *u*nmarried for many years, she at length married *Hon. Micah Sterling* who had a been a member of Congress from the state of New York and she is now a widow. *Abbey Smith* married *E. C. Delavan Esq.* of Albany and died in the summer of 1848 very suddenly at Boston)

September 1st 1814 At present our attention is peculiarly engaged by political affairs and the existing state of the country. We have just heard that a British force consisting of 6,000 men have taken possession of Washington and burnt it. Such is the manner in which the present administration have defended the country and such their courage and their conduct. Disgraced, ruined nation! the American name will be a by word of reproach among the nations. Friday 2nd Cotillion party but did not attend, it is extremely pleasant occasionally to unbend from the dignity of Lord Pedagogue and trifle a little with the only two girls with which I can trifle.

Monday 5th Training day chose a captain etc *Lieut. Charles Buel Capt. David Buel. Lieutenant* & *Norman Buel* Ens. I was run for corporal but did not get in In the evening read Schiller's Robbers aloud to Cornelia Mary and Ann they were very much interested. The play has great merit in point of composition but has a very bad affect I know of no drama that has scenes of a more truly tragical nature than this. It shows the author had a great knowledge of human nature. * * * Its tendency is to make us believe that we can excuse our wickedness because *fate* governs our actions.

Wednesday 7th In the evening a reading meeting at Miss Edward's. Read "The Unknown Friend" by Miss Edgeworth had a very full and pleasant evening

Friday 8th For three days past I had kept school alone with Aunt Mary she giving me absolute authority Aunt Sarah having been absent upon a visit — how totally different is last winter's school from the summer — then I had not sufficient authority to restrain those termigant spirits Now my authority is undisputed and feared. My boys behave well the girls all fear me and I have not that difficult task I had last winter which destroyed all my happiness and poisoned every enjoyment and made me wish myself at home again where I am now enjoying the sweets of reputation and employment. My exertions this summer will be blessed in such a way I trust, as will insure me a number of scholars next winter sufficient to support me — The summer is the only profitable time. Friday — two parties to-night at Aunt's and Mr. Collin's Saturday 10 Heard considerable news from Williams College that it was flourishing and would increase.

(July 16, 1860) *Caroline Dewey* married *Hon. Samuel R. Betts* judge of the southern district of N York. I believe she is yet living.)

I have just finished "Lady Morgan's O'Donnel" Irish tales have been rendered fashionable by Miss Edgeworth's success in that kind of composition.

Monday 12th In the evening read at Aunt's in Porter's Russian Campaign.

Thursday 15th Was called out in the afternoon to do military duty rather unpleasant in the rain In the evening a Cotillion party all the school almost attended — I managed — Rained hard in the evening so I gave my umbrella and surtout to Miss Edward's girls got them completely muddy and wet — attempted to carry little *Mary Jones* across the mud and stubbed my toe pitched down head first with her under me lost my hat and spoiled her silk gown. (oh it was a clean thing)

Abbey Bradley has the greatest right to be mentioned in these pages — the flashes of the greatest genius emanate from the finest black eye tempered by the loveliness of amiability. Thursday 22 A batallion review — quite a dispute among the officers on account of the appointment of *Isaac Sheldon* as Adjutant. They all refused to come out and we were commanded by our sergeants — the captains were all arrested.

Saturday 24 Went after minerals brought home a most superb specimen of sappur that would weigh several pounds with crystals of tate adhering to it — presented to Prof. Silliman Nov. 24, 1814 it was equal to any of his European specimens.

Tuesday 4th I heard that *Juliana McLachlan* was married to a Mr. Gardiner a lawyer of New York (Note: July 18, 1850 — Her husband was killed by the explosion of the cannon on board the Princeton)

Few know the share I had in forming the friendship after it was broken in the fall of 1812. I took a curious method by Juliana's leave of letting him know that he need not despair when he supposed all was lost by writing "nil desperandum" in the lecture room to him.

Monday 17th Holyday on account of *Gen'l. Smith's* funeral.

Wednesday 12th Heard that *Eliza Benton* was married to a physician at Hartford

Thursday 13th Commenced instructing Miss *Lucy Sheldon* in Arithmetic and Grammar shall be there every Monday and Thursday evening.

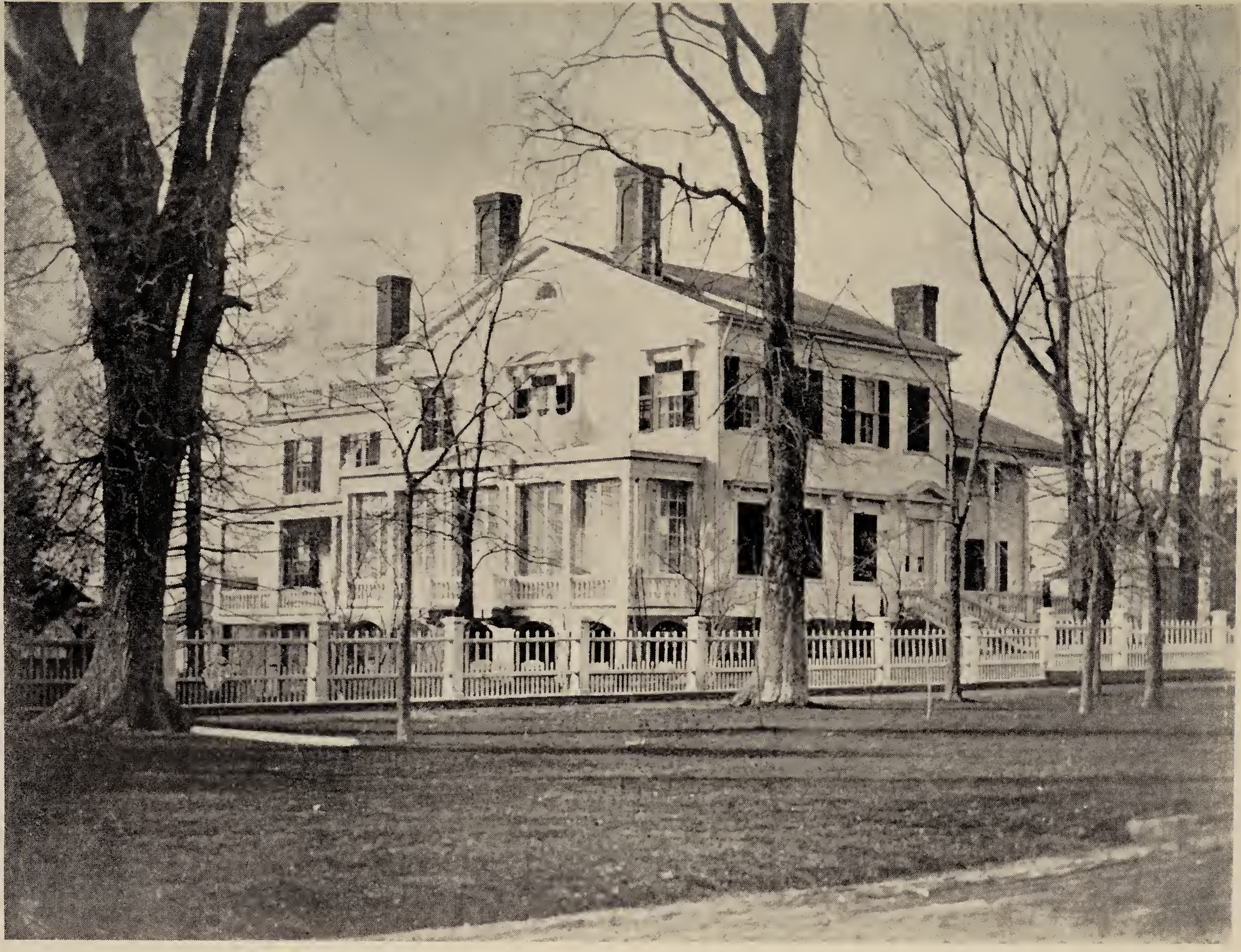
Friday 14th A party at Aunt's Ladies *Mrs. Lord* and *Mrs. Pierpont,* Frances Lucy Sheldon, Cornelia & Ann Hodges Torrey Jackson and myself.

Sunday 16 After nine *Uriel Holmes* and myself went up to watch at General Smith's he having lately died never watched with a corse (corpse) before but did not find it very unpleasant.

Great struggle at present to obtain credit marks Cornelia Abbey Bradley and Ann will be the three first candidates it is very certain and for the others there is much striving — it lies between Goodrich and Pledger — at present it seems most probable that Pledger will have it — *Mary Peck* and Ruth Benedict are striving for the second — if Mary had commenced her exertions half a month before she did she would have got it but she only commenced about a month ago and now has raised her name very high — Friday 28 English History class examined Ann Cornelia and Mary — they got a great many credit marks — Latin likewise — yesterday afternoon the maps and charts were shown to *Mr. Pierpont* to give their credit marks he likewise decided the prize of writing it was given to Mary Peck First motto for improvement to *Emmeline Minturn* second to Mary Smith third to *Nancy Mulford* and *Hannah Wolcott* — *Amelia Lewis* and *Mary Jones* had great praise for their improvement — Saturday 29 credit marks for industry * * the girls have exerted themselves a great deal examination in Roman History in which *Virgil Peck* took the palm — in the afternoon walked to the north for minerals * * * * * * * * Monday 31 examination in Mason on Self knowledge — credit marks reckoned up and then it was ascertained that Leonard Bradley Brace and Goodrich were the four candidates for the prize in the afternoon the prize was adjudged by a number of ladies and gentlemen at Aunt's Miss Bradley was distinguished for the elegance of her composition her journal showed that her genius in writing was of the first order — but Miss Leonard far exceeded her in her workmanship and to her the prize was unanimously adjudged — *Cornelia Leonard* deserves high credit for her great exertions for the last three months indeed her industry has been unparalleled in the annals of the school — The first three months she studied *Tom Perkins* more than any thing else and permitted Miss Bradley to get above but she and Ann had studied very hard for examination and Cornelia has passed a very good one — she had upwards of 300 more than Miss Bradley she received the prize for her uncommon industry and for mending her temper so much as she had — *Abbey Bradley* is a girl of uncommon genius her writings show her mind to have been formed in no common mould — She has great industry but cannot execute near as well as Cornelia with that degree of neatness she composes most beautifully perhaps with more feeling and genius than any other woman of this country then acquired her place by her good lessons and good and extensive examinations she is not naturally industrious but has been considerably so this summer but worked slow — *Cornelia Goodrich* is a girl of great industry of good talents and amiable disposition and well deserves the Fourth place in school spent the evening at Aunt's wrote until twelve — November 1st 1814 — In the forenoon closed the summer school some ladies and gentlemen called in to be present at the finish — the paintings were all exhibited around the school room and girls were all arranged in their best apparel those who were to receive prizes in one place after the ladies and gentlemen had looked as long as they pleased and the credit marks were read I delivered an address in which I gave the prizes — Miss Bradley had the second prize for composition — Ann and Goodrich mottoes — Pledger a prize for politeness Ruth Benedict in her class, girls between fifteen and thirteen, Abbey Smith and her class under thirteen Timothy among the boys writing has been mentioned Griswold for Arithmetic and Jones for Spelling. At the close of my address I had exerted myself considerably in the pathetic but did not succeed as well as I did last year circumstances were very different some cried but not many thus ends the summer school of 1814 one that can be described in the annals of the school as being peculiarly industrious and orderly, ambition has been raised to an uncommon degree and our exertions have been wonderfully answered — It is true that I have not enjoyed love and friendship nor did I look for it — I asked for respect it has been granted me — as a master I could not be a lover or a gallant — for the goodness of the scholars see the credit mark paper — The belles have been first Miss Huyck and then *Eliza Merkle* and after that *Miss Hoffman* was admired besides Ann Mary and *Cornelia Goodrich S. Buel Hale* Woodruff the Hunts Mulford Atwater and Pardee have had considerable attention — Wednesday 2 made preparations for my journey to the northward — went to singing school in the evening —

Tour to the Northward

(I took paper with me and rapidly wrote off the events of my journey — I give them without alteration tho' in many places I could wish to make some alterations) It was on Thursday on six o'clock in the morning on the third day of November I started from Litchfield to take a pedestrian excursion to Sheffield — But in such a journal as this I should begin with a rounder sentence and a better turn'd period in order to give an eclat to what follows — ecce signum — the sonorous bell had struck five strokes when I aroused from my "curtain'd sleep" (bye the bye a good way of telling that I had curtains to my bed) and having broken my fast I commenced my journey. (That is always the way I never can begin a round sentence but what I come out of



Home of Mary Peck, Where She Lived with Her Uncle, Dr. Abel Catlin

She was pupil and teacher at Miss Pierce's School. The house, which is unusual in its style of architecture for the period, was built by John Allen in 1800, who was called Long John on account of his height. Mary Peck married Edward Mansfield, whose father brought him to Litchfield to study law. Their son Charles Mansfield, paymaster in the U. S. Navy, gave to the Litchfield Historical Society his mother's wedding veil, which she had made herself, and her Album, which contains the autographs of most of the prominent people then residing in Litchfield

the little end of the horn — (what an elegant comparison) what an elegant sentence like Ezekiel' vision wheel within a wheel, parenthesis within a parenthesis, but it makes no difference. design'd for my own perusal and to enliven the dullness of a tavern forenoon I must write and I think even if I write pure nonsense — upon the term nonsense — I have often thought what it would be in the abstract — I made Miss Bradley laugh well at the abstract idea of a salt box and abstract idea of nonsense! but my head can't extend as far — where am I running to — well I was upon the point of giving *Miss Buel's* definition of abstraction — but to return, as *Parson Beecher* said the other day after having lost sight of his text for half an hour) The stones of Goshen have the same appearance that they do in Litchfield and the land until you reach the meeting house the same only more elevated and cold — The unlucky storm had decapitated the Goshen meeting house and left it and the cupola that remained looked like an inverted tunnel stuck upon eight legs. After I left the meeting house I entered a long low plain covered with large beeches and pines. The soil was thin but rich — so thin that the trees were frequently overthrown and show'd that they had not penetrated more than two feet beyond the surface. the rocks were all of gneiss and appear very white. at the end of the plain some fine rocks appear and large quartzose rocks encrusted with toumulite which I now think is composed of calcareous and silicious earth and sometimes one and sometimes the other. * * * * * * As I decended the hill that leads into Canaan hollow a furious snow storm commenced but I had "its pitiless pelting" in my back and walked on my way rejoicing — stopp'd at Hunt's to dine stay'd an hour land rough and woody — * * * * Passed by the rocky mountain south of Canaan's new meeting house. It presented a very singular appearance * * * * * North of the meeting house after a piece of low ground had been passed and I had entered a road at the bottom of another chain of hills. I found the lime stone country had commenced a part of that lime ridge that commenced in the western part of Litchfield county ran through Berkshire into Vermont. The lime was hard containing some silicious mixture and appear to be tolerably good — It was of a beautiful blue & * * * frequently some coarse marble might be obtained of a beautiful blue — a great deal of good lime made in Canaan * * * the lime continued thro' Canaan — staid at Lawrence's half an hour. The lime was still found in the sandy plains at the commencement of Sheffield but not in as great quantities Before I reached Sheffield I encountered a fellow traveller and we joined company — a mechanic a young man much given to talking. He told of a number of *curus* curiosities and especially of a drum major who had "*knitted*" at a quilting party the night before until amazement seized the whole at the astonishing power of his elbow. * * * * * * As I drew near to

Sheffield I grew most terribly fatigued — I could hardly drag one foot after another and would rather have died than talked but he inundated me with politics * * * * As I entered Sheffield I was so fatigued that even the idea of seeing Huldah had no influence on me and I had much rather have seen an easy chair * * * * * Reached Sheffield at half past four completely tired out after supper I saw Huldah Maria but we were both so dull that we had but little to say to each other — She had been up all night at a ball and I up all day on a journey so that we sat and gaped at each other and that was all. She knows everything about Litchfield I could tell her no news her correspondence must have been punctual and particular and I rather think my name has been mentioned once or twice.

Nov 4 Friday

Spent the day at Sheffield in the forenoon talked with *Wm P. Lee* about college affairs in the afternoon with Huldah Maria about my own affairs. * * * I had an inclination once or twice to have "popped the question" but could not summon sufficient courage. I cannot find out what she may think of me * * * * Took a walk before dinner to see the country not a stone in sight a long sandy plain. in the evening saw *Orville Dewey* who is teaching school here had a long amicable dispute with him upon the principle of exciting ambition in the minds of scholars held forth in great style in the bar room upon the subject. Ann would tell me it was on purpose to show myself and would call it vanity, but it was pure accident! in the evening in came *Judge Cook* of Catskill formerly a member of Congress while all at Ensign's were obsequious bowing around him I freely greeted him and finally entered into a long political confab with him quite to the astonishment of E's people — I would ask questions and make comments in my usual rapid way while he in the true style of consequence and "brief authority" would ponder for a time take his cigar from his mouth very deliberately (by the way he smoked a prodigious pile) and begin with "taking all things into consideration I give it as my opinion" * * * * * *

Saturday Nov 5

Early in the morning I started in the stage for Albany found *Mary Clark's* father in it who had been down to L—— He gave me a letter from Aunt Mary * * * * * Very stormy wet and rainy and the roads were muddy ill seeming thick bereft of beauty a few miles beyond Sheffield a quarry of handsome white marble a gentle rising ground composed entirely of it, is discovered in the midst of a sandy plain the quarry is very large * * * * Lime stone rocks continued several miles further but I was in the stage and whirled rapidly by them * * * * * Land very poor to Albany covered with stunted pine and oak. breakfasted at *Hatch's* * * * * On the road we took in a passenger of a singular turn of mind he had a great deal of dry wit about him and with a great deal of profanity made many shrewd remarks * * * * * arrived at the ferry at about four and put up at Mrs. C's too late to see much of Albany streets look whimsical in the evening, lighted up and have a very fine appearance

Sunday 6

Took a walk before meeting — visited the state house a spacious handsome building constructed of free stone obtained they say in New Jersey — some very handsome buildings of brick and others faced with white marble the most curious buildings were the old Dutch houses with the end toward the street constructed of brick imported from Holland — Attended church in the forenoon was extremely gratified by the organ the music was grand but some parts failed in solemnity — In the afternoon heard the celebrated *Mr. Bradford* I admire his preaching very much tho' I think him inferior to Mr. Beecher

Monday 7

In the morning called at several places to do business succeeded very well — the rain still continued and the weather very bad — About eleven started in the stage for Troy and Lansingburg — the weather very rainy — too much so to make any observations even upon the beauty of the places. After dinner called at *Mrs. Leonard's* was very much entertained Ann & Mary at home and very agreeable Mrs. Leonard likewise very hospitable — I represented Cornelia as so industrious that they contermanded the order for her return — I am very glad of it in the afternoon I visited the Diamond rock as it is called — rain poured down in torrents a very fine prospect but the clouds and fog obscured it. The junction of the Mohawk and Hudson the towns of Lansingburg Troy Waterford and I presume Albany in a clear day — the wildness of the neighboring woods — the wide bridge across the Mohawk and near the Cohoes (falls) and their distant thunder are the items of the description but I was too intent upon the rock to observe much * * * * * The hill itself is composed of a black slate — The people think there is coal to be found in the hills — it was so rainy that I gave up my idea of going to Williamstown and so must return by the way of Albany. Spent the evening and night at Mrs. Leonard's. Was very highly entertained by the conversation and music a very pretty girl there by the name of *VanBenscoten* Started in the morning for Albany in company with *Mr. Charles Marsh* who studied law last winter in Litchfield who boards at Mrs. Leonard's (he married one of the Leonards. July 1850) Left him at Troy took in a supply of women and children and much cattle with *J. P. Cushman Esq.* who married *Miss Maria Talmadge* We recognized each other and entered into a true and nosed conversation about the talents of different members of Congress. In Albany dined with *Mrs. Wm Marvin* at her boarding house "style as the learned Linhuem Fidelius says is style" was at the table an hour an a half a number of gentlemen from different parts among the rest *Pierpont Edwards* with whom I entered into conversation and *Major Huyck* father of *Angelica* a large fine looking officer, well given to Bacchus and one who was pleasant but positive, to appearance firm but irascible. He had good features but his countenance was too red — Edwards is a noble looking old man. he possesses one of those piercing black eyes that appear "to penetrate the deepest recesses of matter and existence" he had penetration and intelligence in his countenance but no dignity A very stylish dinner "the genteel thing is the genteel thing at all times, if to be a man he is in a concatination accordingly" In the afternoon found some grand specimens of crystalized Gypsum at *Marvin* and *Benedict's* store took some — bought some specimens of polished marble Italian French Irish and Philadelphian Drank tea at Mrs. C's. Thus ends my visit to Albany in which I have been treated with a great deal of hospitality * * * * * * To-morrow I start for the land of steady habits. "where hospitality as Judge Edwards said to-day is never found in their dictionary" whose inhabitants to use the expression of another never weep only when eating their onions or blushing only when plaining their till" but still it is the land that contains the ashes of my forefathers and will always be dear to me & I am rejoiced to return for I have seen enough of great houses, great people and grand beds made so high and elastic that there is infinite danger of rolling out oh! tho't I the first night I slept at Mrs. C's how Ann would laugh if I should roll out of the bed and make such a thundering noise as to rouse the whole people "away with grandeur I have enough of it" "pomp for a while may dazzle thoughtless man etc" At nine *Mr. Clark* and myself went and took supper at a merchant's by the name of *Spencer* he has a very pretty wife was highly entertained stayed until eleven.

Wednesday Nov 9

Started at four for Litchfield was stowed in with a whole load of passengers found when daylight showed the colour of our countenances that our stage, as they say of a box of thread "contained an assortment" military and *civil* characters — a lieutenant wounded his arm very lame "he told of imminent perils in the deadly *breach*" so could a woman who was with us, I presume provided she had been asked. A man with a white hat ignorant and mean * * * * * Another was a discharged sergeant from the U. S. Service. Such were my companions not one of whom knew a syllable of those studies and employments that interest me — but I found some entertainment in the officer's conversation about his service — I expect he is a pretty good officer He must have some keen fighting as he belongs to the 25th regiment I had considerable opportunity of viewing the country * * * Saw Huldah Maria one moment nothing particular had but just time to speak to her so the *experiment* could not be tried Shook hands with young *Wheeler* and gave him a specimen of my rock crystal. Came on to *Lawrence's* and took supper this written in his tavern while White Hat and *Sergeant Cole* are disputing upon the difference there would be between murder in the street or in the wars "both their brains buttered would not make a spoonful" Good heavens shall I steer clear of Scylla and Charybdis the prejudices of either — Why gentlemen it depends upon the justice of the war it is our duty to defend ourselves that pleased them — To morrow I am at home by nine or ten — Let them say what they will of travellers joys still home is the most pleasant and its joys the most satisfactory — There I can be at ease I hope to reach Litchfield before Cornelia goes home then I shall have sport —

Thursday 10

Started us by five The only passengers that came on this way were the man authority and the *woman,* his wife. Breakfasted at Buel's arrived at home by ten — Cornelia had not gone girls all glad to see me. [A list of minerals Mr. Brace brought home from the trip covers three pages.] In the evening of Thursday played with the girls received a letter from Judd * * * * Monday 14th Began vacation school which only occupies the forenoon — Town Meeting attended but saw nothing worth recording Spent the evening at Miss Edward's They had considerable to say about my journey to Sheffield I rather think they suspect that I went to *court* according to the old phrase

Tuesday 15

In the afternoon took a walk with father to quite the east part of the town had a very romantic walk — we went down on the side of a brook of very fine appearance sometimes murmuring over its pebbles, sometimes dashing over the rocks its water converted into white foam and dropping over the surrounding shrubs — leaving the champaigne it began to lose itself in high roads that bent their branches into the stream then burying itself into the ground it soon was concealed beneath huge precipices of rocks erecting a barrier on either side of 50 or 60 feet high the rocks were of the same kind as found here on the hills tho' sometime the chlorite would be so plentiful as to colour the clay green. * * * * * * * returned home by another way * * * * * Monday 21 Aunt Sally arrived from New Haven and by her account of her journey determined me upon going there immediately — Made preparations to go there to morrow in the stage.

Tuesday 22 About eleven started for New Haven — nothing very much out of the way or ridiculous in the passengers — driver almost turned us over two or three times — dined at Beecher's arrived at about dusk — The road was pleasant tho' the weather was cold * * * * * Called upon *U. Holmes* in college and gave some letters — put up at Butler's ate a grand supper (I have not written anything of my journey down except my moonlight walk to the wharf)

New Haven Nov. 22 Tuesday night 9 1/2

I cannot methodize as I did when at Albany so I must put down things as they strike me and arrange afterward. I have just returned from a walk to the end of the long wharf and so to take a view of the sound and of New Haven bay by moonlight but it was by the "dim light of nature" for scudding mists veiled the beauties of the moon. But the scene was beautiful I could have poetized there when the fit was on me but have lost all my ideas of the "sublime and beautiful" in my walk up. I wish someone would invent a machine to catch the idea "living as it rises" and "give it a local habitation and a name" now and then when I see such a scene where the plastic hand of nature with a pencil dipped in the colours of the rainbow or formed it when the grandeur ruled the hour and inspired the idea I feel a moment of inspiration strike across my mind — it's strings are gently touched by no human fingers but the harmony is but for an instant and the chords soon cease to vibrate — Such a time was to night I felt etherialized, carried beyond myself and if I could have transcribed the ideas as they arose in the mind I should have been satisfied * * * * * * The gentleman sitting by me with a gold star worked in his collar would laugh at the folly I am writing but every one must have some ruling passion. What if I am looked over in such a public place as this because I do not carry around with me "a fine new stamp of nobility" still there is a circle to which I am centre and there I may be valued. * * * * * *

Such was all that I wrote the rest I must supply by memory. After having written this I went to bed but not to rest. The genius of gambling had established herself in the next room "Let spades be trumps she cried and trumps they were" I was kept awake until twelve by them they were at it again at daylight To employ my time as I found I could not sleep I whistled out loud all the time * * * * *

Wednesday 23

In the forenoon walked around to different parts of the town in order to do business, I am very much pleased with New Haven — the streets are generally wide and well laid out. The houses are built of wood principally and in the old Connecticut style with large handsome yards before them. Some streets however are built in the modern style of cities of brick three stories and compact. There are more handsome streets in the neighborhood than in any city that I ever was in and I should suppose in summer it must be a very handsome place as most of the streets have large elms in them. Called to see *Dr. Shipman* who first put the idea of mineralogy into my head. He has a very handsome collection and gave me some very fine specimens * * * * * * * * * In the afternoon walked over to Milford seven miles to see the marble quarry * * * * * * Had a letter to *Mr. Solomon Baldwin* the owner & original discover of the quarry was attended by him to it * * * * * The quarry is very extensive the works very very good and tho' I am no judge of mechanism seemed to be peculiarly adapted to manufacture the marble with facility * * * * * * * *Mr. B.* discovered the vein of marble while he was a collegian during the numerous walks which he took in search of minerals. Returned about dusk well laden — drank tea at *Mr. Twining's* In the evening at *Dr. S's* store. Thursday 24 walked with Mr. Twining * * * * * About eleven was introduced to *Professor Silliman* and to his cabinet * * * * I could be almost tempted to fling my cabinet away it shrank to such insignificance when I saw the brilliant specimens congregated from all parts of the world. * * * * * *

Friday 25

Started for home at four in the morning — it was too dark to see the passengers — but the stage was full — * * * * arrived home at two. Saturday 26 Morse (*S. E. Morse* the telegraph man) *Dr. Cutler* & myself took a walk to Chestnut Hill.

Tuesday 29

Spent the evening at Aunt's This is the last day of vacation to morrow my labors commence

Wednesday 30

School began had 22 scholars expect I shall have a pretty pleasant school

Dec 1 1814

Thanksgiving Day — As usual *Dr. Beecher* gave us an excellent sermon a little dashed with politics * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * Friday 2nd Began to read Locke on the understanding In the evening called at Miss Edward's was quite entertained by *Misses Sanford* & *McNeil* specially the former she is a girl of artless character and expresses her opinion in an independent way that is very interesting * * * * * * * * In our small school this winter she will stand quite high perhaps one of the candidates * * * * * * * *
Tuesday 5 I am attending to Chemistry at present — *Catherine*

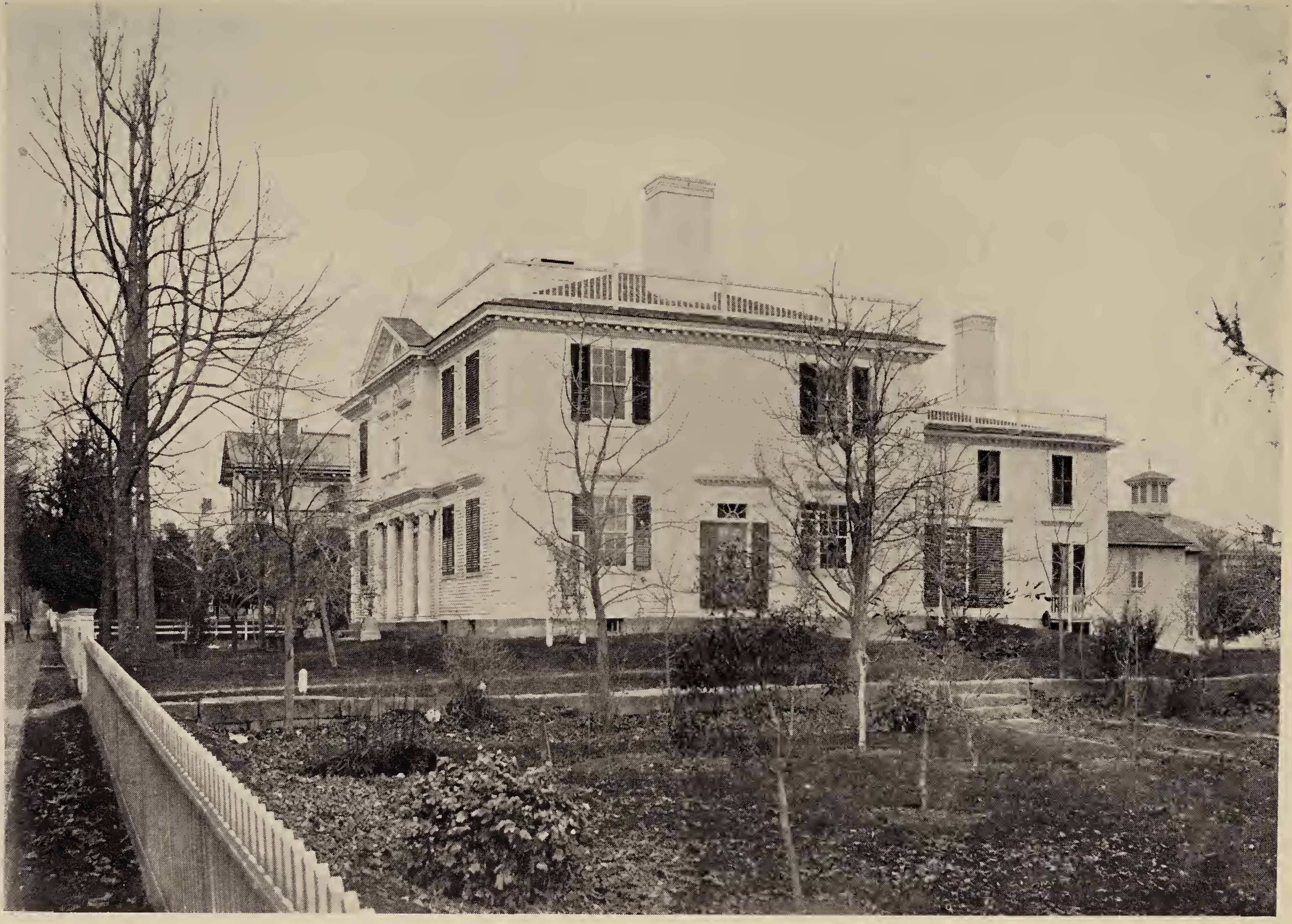
Beecher Leonard Landon and *Hale* are studying and I try experiments often as far as my home made apparatus of vials and tea pots will answer.

Wednesday 6 In the evening tried experiments succeeded very well in making hydrogen gas —

Friday 9 Attended a ball in the evening at *Phelps E. G. King Chester Ashley* and *John G. Mason* of Virginia managers — I was too lazy to dance so few girls there that almost all were belles Ann and Charlotte as much so as any *Mary Deming* likewise *Miss VanKleeck Miss Sanford* I danced volunteers with *Mary Clark Miss Sanford Holmes* and *Goodsell* * * * Was the most pleased with *Sarah Sanford* danced with her twice marched with her and waited upon her down to supper — * * * * *

Tuesday 13 visited Miss Pierce's *Bruen* and *King* were there * * * * after some desultory conversation by accident we commenced a warm dispute upon the question whether highly immoral poetry could possess practical merit *King* and myself took the affirmative in which we were joined by the girls — and *Bruen* and *Aunts S. M.* the other — I cannot conceive why any person can have any doubt about the question — The morals of poetry can have no more effect upon the figures used to ornament it than the moral character of a person upon the dress she wears and what are figures and harmony but the dress and trappings of poetry — To compare as Moore has done the seduction of a female to "stealing the sweetest flower that ever bloomed in any bower" cannot debase the figure — and the rose will still remain as an emblem of female loveliness altho when broken from its stem and stripped of its beauty it may be compared to the degradation of female excellence We all admire Hume as an historian — his detail of facts we consider as highly entertaining and instructive and we imitate his style as a model — tho' at the same time we despise the principles which he attempts to convey.

Thursday 15 A general concert of prayer on account of the setting of the convention at Hartford — *Mr. Beecher* had meetings in our school two of the best political addresses I ever heard — he ran over in a masterly manner — the causes of our misfortune — the dangers that presented themselves and the means of preventing them — and delivered his discourse extemporaneously in his usual clear animated eloquent manner — He pleased all his audience even to the Southern Federalists by his candour and reason — and appeared correct in all his political sentiments except one upon which he did not express himself with sufficient clearness — As some understood him — he declared that an offensive war could never be just — this I think wants proof — I am very ready to acknowledge that wars undertaken from motives of interest ambition or revenge cannot be justified — but still



THE HOME OF LUCRETIA AND WILLIAM DEMING
Built by Julius Deming, date 1799

I can bring cases where the nation can be justified, at least in my opinion, in declaring an offensive war —
Friday 16 — In the evening *King* read Hamlet out loud at Aunt's —

Monday 19 —

In the evening at *Dr. Sheldon's* cyphering in fractions after we had finished *Mrs. Sheldon* mentioned a sum to multiply three and six by three and six I did it by cross multiplication — After I came home and having studied an hour upon Locke began to try experiments in magnetism — the experiment of the other night.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Wednesday 21

In the evening *Dr. Cutler* and myself made some crystals of nitrate of copper

Thursday 22

In the evening at Dr. Sheldon's — Company there *Mr. & Mrs. Leavitt* she that was *Maria Lewis, Ann Cutler, Fanny Sheldon, Betsey Burr* and *Harriet Stone*

Tuesday 27

Called in the evening at *Col. Talmadge's* with *Ann* and *Charlotte* to see Harriet who has just returned from New York — *Harriet* looked uncommonly lovely She is a speciman, as we minerologists say of elegance and dignity — * * * * * * * * * *
I know of no character that appears more interesting lately than *Sarah Sanford.* Her mind is quite highly cultivated for a girl of fifteen and her inclination for improvement and information is very great.

Thursday 29

In the evening visited at *Mrs. Beecher's* in company with several old ladies — enjoyed myself very well went home with *Miss Nancy Edwards.* Had a long conversation upon the merits of her boarders at different times — she remembers well my old flames
Friday 30 In the evening visited at *Miss Esther Beecher's* — *Betsey Burr Cornelia Ann, Mary Frances L. Charlotte* and *Catherine* there — *Hotchkiss* and myself drank tea there *Torrey* and *Dr. Cutler* came in the evening enjoyed myself very well — rattled more than I have done before for sometime — It was one of those parties where conundrums and such emanations of genius were acceptable — came home with *Ann* and *Frances.*

Saturday 31

Toward night went over and drank tea at *Charlotte Stone's* with *Ann Cornelia Mary Maria S. Sanford* and *Hale* enjoyed myself quite well for the time I staid — came home with Maria and talked philosophy with her all the way — I have never mentioned *Maria Buel* particularly and her merits deserve that she should be recorded and remembered — She is a girl of about 16 or 17 years of age but quite small of her age — her person is not beautiful and pretty only through the sweetness of her expression and yet she is not ugly the irregularity of her features and that lassitude of appearance and delicacy of complexion that arise from ill health are quite interesting her mind has been cultivated, and living as she has been in the neighborhood of a college she has become a very little infected with college studies and has a very prying mind one that does not rest satisfied with seeing the outside of things — Philosophy has been quite interesting and she and *Sarah Sanford* have made it interesting to me to teach it —

* *

Thus ends the year — its rising beams were shrouded by gloom and clouds hung upon my path — but they have burst away and it has shone upon me with all that tempered happiness which employment and respect will create —

JOHN P. BRACE — PRIVATE JOURNAL VOL. 2

Private Journal 1815

Sunday Jan. 1 1815 Litchfield

Another year of my unprofitable life has closed and**************** In the evening called at Mr. Beecher's with Aunt — He had just returned from Simsbury and made me a present of a piece of carbonate of lime strongly impregnated and colored by copper ore — Monday 2 To day the Smiths of this town failed for an immense sum and dragged down with them a great number of poor people — I have avoided as much as possible entering into the contests between our village Yorks and Lancasters, but still I have inclined sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other — But it is a fine thing to have nothing and be below all this storm and hear it "idly rage above" — Wednesday 4 Began this evening with Judge Reeve to help correct a work for the press — after we were thro' played chess with Miss Ogden — Thursday 5 In the evening at Judge Reeve's after we were through went up to Miss Edward's found Aunt and Mrs. Reeve there. Monday 9 In the evening *Dr. Cutler* and myself tried chemical experiments — made some fulminating powder a compound of nitre — carbonate of potash and sulphur — it exploded with a terrible detonation much beyond anything I had expected — *********

Thursday 12 After I came from Judge Reeve's I went to Mr. Beecher's who gives a lecture every Thursday night beginning with to night, upon Theology to the students and other young men — I mean to arrange my business so as to go every night They are calculated to do considerable good for the students especially those from the South are very ignorant upon religious matters —

Frid 13

Meeting in the house in the afternoon we had a clear logical sermon upon the atonement — in the evening preaching at our school house by Messrs *Tyler Strong* and Beecher — The only ideas I brought away were that I was very tired — for they kept us a very long while
Monday 16 Party in the evening at Aunt's consisting of school girls principally — besides Aunt's girls there were *Mary A. Galpin, Sally Cook, S. Sanford, McNeil, Carrington, Betsey Beecher, M. Collins* — gentlemen, Collins, Averill Atwater Hodges Torrey Fowles Fuller (a brother of Gabble's) *Smith Ashley Mayson Dr. Cutter* ********* Saturday 21 Mr. Beecher in the afternoon, called to see me and examine my feelings it is now a fortnight since I felt that I had experienced a change of heart **** my understanding was first convinced and then my heart affected ******
Sunday 22 Spent the evening at Miss Edward's everything solemn at Aunt's the sermons of to day and evening and Mr. B's conversation afterwards has made them think —
Thurs. 26 In the afternoon a long lecture in philosophy upon the five senses and of course into light, colours, sounds etc — the philosophical doctrine that there is no such thing as colours, etc, only the effects of certain powers in bodies — startles the girls well —
Friday 27 In the evening a general sleigh ride to the farm — I did not attend —
Monday 30 Lecture upon the mind in the class. Among other of its powers I treated of volition —
Saturday 4 Attended the vendue of the Smith property — wrote for them — came home very tired — bought some articles — *******
Friday 10 On this day I complete my 22nd year
Monday 13 the news of PEACE to day reached the town. Tho' only a report it seems so well credited.
Wed 15 the Missionary society met to day. In the night about twelve we were aroused by an attack, made by some of the students who were in a drunken frolick, upon the house they rapped and hollowed — I sprung up half crazy and ran out into the street without any cloaths into the midst of them — They chased me back and knocked me down and bruised me considerably I exhibited some rashness — it was not courage in running out to meet them and see who they were — Father is very angry and having discovered a few of them will pros-

ecute them — Thursday 16 those who were discovered were to day called up and fined. The row of last night has engaged the attention of every one in town and the students themselves appeared to be ashamed of it.********** Wednesday 22 To day the news of the ratification of peace reaching us — the event was celebrated by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon — thanks were publicly returned to Almighty God. The treaty was read by Col. Talmadge. A splendid dinner was provided by Mr. Cook and a number of excellent toasts were drank — *********

Saturday 25

Reckoned the credit marks for the month — *A. Brace McNeil Bacchus Clark* Beecher *Walter Smith* etc — for the three months A. Brace Beecher Bacchus McNeil Clark Benedict & etc —

Sunday 26 Mr. Beecher gave us a peace Sermon

Litchfield March 1 1815 It is beautiful weather now indeed it has more the appearance of April than March . Saturday 4 This week have reached equations have had some difficulty in school this week have been obliged to punish Townsend severly but it has struck a terror thro' the rest and will be of service ******* Have nearly finished quadratic equations — they are very hard — I have never studied them before for they are not studied in our college ****************** Friday March 31 Exhibition in the spring has been determined upon and has proved a great excitement in the minds of the scholars — Saturday April 1 Reckoned up the credit marks Ann still at the head during the next week we commenced our thoughts of exhibition and it was voted to have one tho' much against my feelings commenced our examinations — Finished Quadratics and hope I have obtained sufficient knowledge of them . Saturday 8 Walked over toward Waterbury River supposed to contain the quarry of gypsum — found nothing that resembled it —

****

Monday 10 Was highly entertained this evening by attending an exhibition of the students at Phelp's — They performed The Rivals and Wags of Windsor — I was extremely gratified — no plays could have been better performed Their stage was in true theatrical style and their scenery elegant —

Wednesday 12 To day *Edward King* left the office — this departure will undoubtedly effect very considerably the present state of the office —

Friday 14 Examination — rehearsed some of our plays that had been given out ************** The week was spent in preparation for exhibition — built the stage and scenery ******* Monday 25 In the evening Exhibition scenery very handsome — The house was full —

number of plays and spoken well — *Wealtha Bacchus* took the palm this evening — *Julia Parmelee* did very well — Wealtha acted Tamar in David and Absalom and received great applause — the people were quite pleased with Ruth Benedict in Asenath and *Mary Welles* in Helen in the Linen Drapers — Among the boys Timothy in his prologue was clapt — *Champion L* —— did very well in Joab — Walter in David & William S. in Absalom likewise — Tuesday 26 Prepared for exhibition heard plays etc — Wednesday 27 Exhibition again — See play bill house very full *Abbey Smith* received great applause as did *Cornelia Leonard* in Jochebed in Moses in the Bulrushes and Ann— in Jeptha's Daughter C. Beecher in Jeptha's Wife Ruth Benedict in Bianca and *J. Erwine* were considerably liked W. Talmadge in Jeptha & V. Park in Waste not Want Not were praised. I felt very much rejoiced that the trouble and labour of exhibition was over and unless I saw the great effect it had on the manners of the speakers I should hardly think it repaid for the trouble it occasioned — it has learnt me the principle of speaking however —

Thursday 28 The forenoon was spent in making bills and seeing the departures — thus ends the winter school — the leaven that operated so forcibly last summer still continued its effect — and the industry of the last term was equal to that of any of the others for steadiness and sobriety the character has remained unaltered since the departure of the Tammany Society this Winter has drawn exertion even from Mary Clark and has succeeded in placing her as the second in the school — Ann P. Brace had the first prize she strained every nerve to reach it and accomplished it — *Harriet McNeil* the prize for improvement; her improvement had been astonishing and called forth unqualified praise these three were candidates for the first prize — Wealtha Bacchus was next on the paper and she had the prize for writing *Maria Carrington* and *Eliza A. Graham* had mottoes — William Sheldon the prize among the boys Walter a motto for excelling in Arithmetic — *Caroline Langdon* the prize among the little girls — Cornelia Leonard goes home not to return almost all the rest return — ********************

Monday May 1st Started at about half four on foot proceeded on in good spirits and reached *Hunt's* fourteen miles by nine o'clock — reached Sheffield at about half past one and dined there — ******** After dinner felt rather tired — but still went on about three miles went to Barrington — arrived at Barrington at about five — concluded I would go no farther — saw *Thomas K. Baker* — Monday 2 In the morning started by four with a resolution of going on to Lenox to breakfast weather cloudy — passage to Stockbridge mountain pleasant — Stockbridge mountain composed of white quartz compact fracture — In Williamstown they call these specimens hard heads —

when within two miles of Lenox was overtaken by *Dr. Hyde* who politely offered me a seat in his carriage he being on a journey to Williamstown to attend a meeting of the corporation ******** Stopped a moment at Pittsfield ******* Reached Williamstown at half past four — took supper at *Putnam's* saw a number of old acquaintances saw *Wright* who is a tutor here — Wednesday 3 *Prof. Dewey* took me to view the labratory which has been erected and furnished since my graduation ****** In the afternoon called at Esq. *Starkweather's* found Hannah at home she is tall handsome elegant agreeable girl — Mrs. S. very friendly after that went to Mr. Bulkeley — found Clarissa looking and appearing as formerly many altered considerably for the better I expect they have paid more attention to a cultivation of their minds than the girls generally in Williamstown — spent the night with Mr Wright.

****

Tuesday 9 At Williamstown

Dined at *Dr. Fitch's* — in the afternoon attended it was a very good junior exhibition, equalizing to any while I was in college — no ball in the evening — Judge Dewey taken very ill —

Note July 18, 1850 I have never (Caroline Dewey) seen her since. Her father died very soon after. She married *Hon. S. R. Betts U. S.* District Judge in N. Y. I believe she is living.

Thursday 11 About 4 left Williamstown the corporation have passed a vote to move the college into Hampshire County ******** Breakfasted about eight miles from Williamstown — it rained all day — I never stopped until I arrived at Troy. Roads almost impassable as I advanced to Troy on account of the clayey soil. Reached Troy at half past three and found a stage going to Albany, rode down through a most dreadful road — tho' covered with mud called at Ruth's and Abbey's — put up at *Cande's* but never will again for I was detained in bed until nearly eight by the negligence of the negroes who were cleaning my pantaloons

Friday 12 *********** At nine entered the steamboat for Catskill — as this was the first time I had ever travelled in this way it had at least the grace of novelty — the river as we sailed down was beautiful, presenting one "burnished sheet of living gold" as its calm waves reflected the sun beams not a ripple disturbed its surface except as the boat left a long distinguished impression — beautiful willow trees hung on either side and fringed the blue wave with green — but this beautiful scene did not long continue it soon clouded up and commenced raining and confined me during the journey to the cabin where I amused myself by playing chess and seeing the world arrived at Catskill in the mud at half past three — and was glad once more to rest found Abel well — that *Caroline MacVeagh* had been married a few days rested all the afternoon and evening.

****

Thursday 18 Having packed up my minerals to send by the stage at Hudson I went across the country to look at a *lead mine* on the Livingston Manor owned by *R. Livingston Esq.* to whose father *John Livingston Esq.* Dr. Croswell gave me letters ***** At five reached the mine twenty miles from Catskill (I had previously called at J. Livingston Esq. and been well received by his son) The mine was in a wheat field by the side of the road — they commenced work April 4 — it was discovered by the ploughs turning up the ore — seven veins had been discovered four or five of which had been traced down twenty or thirty feet crossing the rock in all directions to a solid block of lead several yards in extent and how much farther they knew not out of which they blasted almost pure lead it yielding from sixty to eighty-five percent superior to any vein in the U. S. ******* Mr. Livingston gave me specimens of every thing I wanted and treated me very politely he is a man of about thirty pleasant in his manners. *********** Went on to the Store House as it is called about seven miles farther. It was nearly dark so I could not see the character of the stones — but I expect it is primitive but I could not tell arrived at the Tavern at about eight — did not sleep very comfortably there were too many in the room — I had something of a fever and felt unwell — started at five on Friday 19th It commenced raining just after I started I found that last evening I had reached a primitive and I wished it had been day time and I could have seen the intermediary appearance — Micacious shystos made its appearance — Rained hard— reached Salisbury to breakfast packed up my lead into a little box and took it on my shoulder — it was very heavy and tired me very much — Leaving Salisbury Furnace the granular limestone commenced — In going up the mountain near the falls it looked quite like home to see the shore staurolites and garnets — On the top of the mountain rode, so that I did not examine the rocks near the falls ********** Was extremely fatigued before I reached home — arrived at Litchfield between four and five — Tired as I was by my journey I went over to see the girls at Aunt's and found a party there Several of new scholars in — Thus ends my vacation — and I am not sorry I have spent it in this manner for I have learnt considerable at college — Have been received by Prof. Dewey on terms of familiarity and probably — have established a friendship that will be lasting I have added considerably to my collection and left things in such a way as to add still more to it *********** Three boxes of specimens of minerals brought home ************

The school now consists of 54 — I am determined that *Hoffman* shall be higher on the catalogue this summer than she was the last She shall be industrious if I can make her —

****

Saturday June 3 1815

Reckoned credit marks *Farnham M. Peck F. Sanford* and *Clarke* the four first *Abbey Smith* would have been high but she lost her fifty — Welles fifth *Mary Welles* is the handsomest girl in school and withal artless and amiable — Mary Clarke begins a map soon that will raise her *****************

Monday 5 In the afternoon went over to Northfield to a meeting ******* Had a long tho' good meeting Mr. Beecher was excellent *Mr. Nettleton* tiresome ****

Mr. Beecher told me not to let my unbelief be in the way to a general revival in the school as he trusts there was one commenced at Miss Edward's *****************

Sunday 18 To day was propounded to join the church —

[Here follows an account of a period of suppressed excitement occasioned by revival meetings.]

Thursday June 30 the week has been spent as usual a calm seems to pervade the school.

Sunday July 2 A day long to be remembered for in it I made a public profession of my faith —

Monday 3 In the afternoon went with a party down to the Farms[1] to the Monthly Prayer Meeting — Both my aunts both the Misses Edwards — the *Misses Blauvelts* — *Maria Buell Sarah Sanford Miss Hale* in the carriage — the meeting was delightful oh! how thankful we should be for our merices.

Tuesday 4 Celebrated by the gentlemen in their usual style — an oration of an hours length by Smith "words, words," as Hamlet says — had a long conversation with Ashley. (note July 19 1850 *Chester Ashley* afterwards Senator in Congress from Arkansas. He died in 1848)

Thursday 13 Spent the evening with *Henry Holmes* who is in town.

Monday 17 This afternoon attended a party at Mrs. Sheldon's Sarah — Ann Aunt Mary Maria Buel and *Frances Lord* and Mr. Beecher there — enjoyed myself very much. We took a sail on the river in Isaac's little boat — I rowed Maria around the eddy once or twice and had full freedom of conversation — The scene was delightful the whole appearance to a high degree romantic — I never felt so little like a school master — forgot the town the school and everything but the pleasure of the moment —

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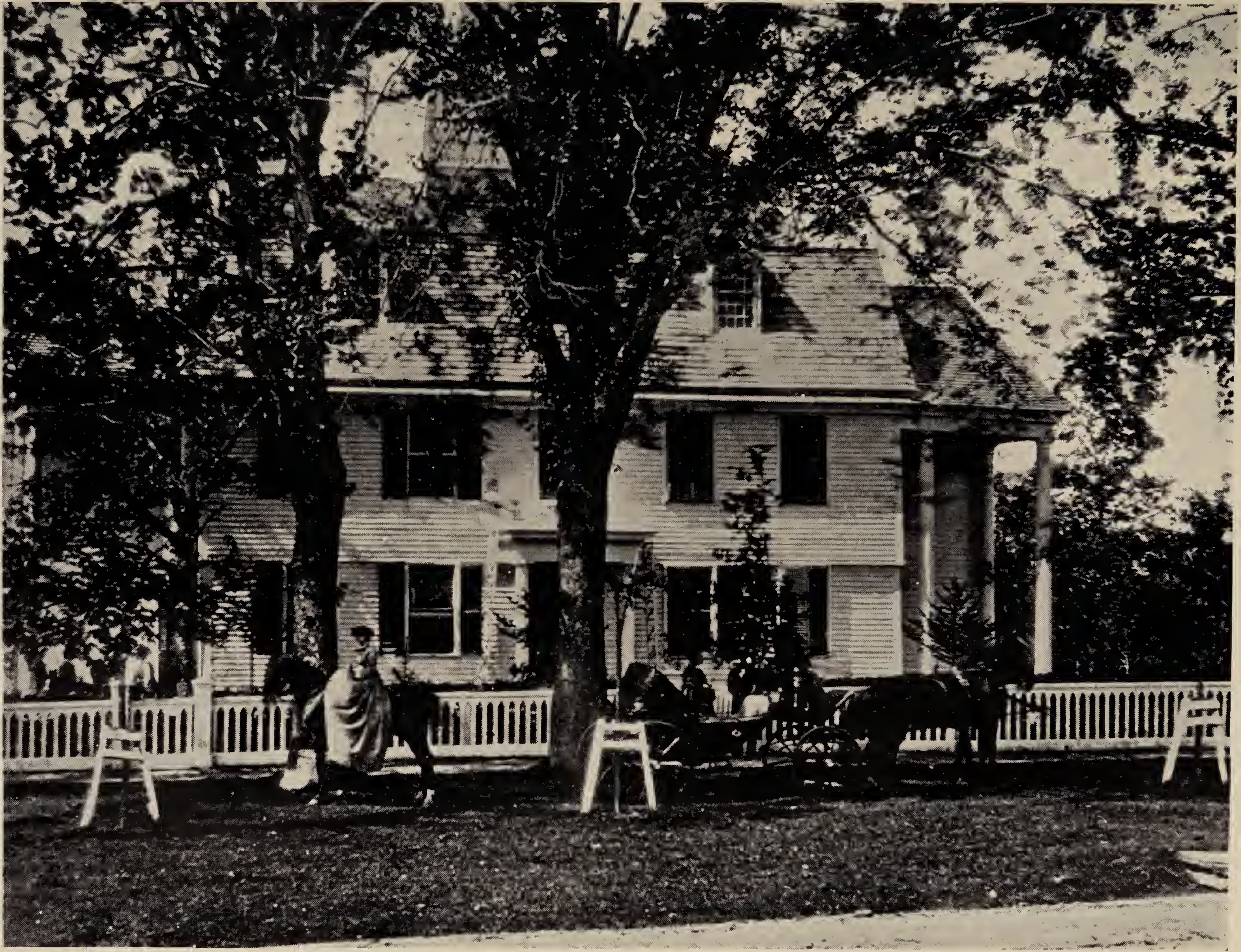
[1] South Farms, now Morris.



The Home of Harriet Tallmadge, Later Mrs. John Delafield

The main body of the house was built by Thomas Sheldon in 1775. The wings were added later by Col. Benjamin Tallmadge

Tuesday 18 A letter from Prof. Dewey, revival still continues in college.

Tuesday 22

The class in Logic commenced they recite in my room — Thursday 24 Lecture upon Logic lasted nearly an hour was very much interested by it tho' I exhausted my lungs completely ***********

Saturday Sept 9 1815

Credit H. Gould M. Clark T. Sherrill Jones *Blanch*
Eliza W. Jones is one of my best scholars she came from Stockbridge with *Abbey Bradley* and boards with us — she possesses a strong mind, that is not contented with a slight view of things — her imagination considerably vivid and she has great facility in writing — her memory is uncommonly quick and retentive and accurate and her reasoning powers are not surpassed by any in school — she came six weeks after school commenced —
Tuesday 31 The school had at length closed the struggle I mentioned continues and on Monday it was ascertained that Clark, Sherrill Jones and M. Peck were the candidates — for the prize — Tuesday the school were called together their things exhibited, my address delivered and the prizes distributed — they can be ascertained by a reference to that address — the general character of the school has been the religious feelings it has exhibited —

Wednesday Nov. 1 1815

In the forenoon the girls went off and everything was in confusion and in the afternoon started in the stage for the northward with a stage load of our girls we were stowed in so tight that we felt the jolts but very little — we had a jolly party — arrived at eight did not sleep well — the next morning left the stage beyond Sheffield and bade adieu to Mary Clarke and a number of others who will probably never return.

****

Walked to Stockbridge felt very tired and was quite sick with the influenza
Friday 3 Felt so unwell that I determined to give up going to Williamstown for I knew if I reached there I should be unable to study and so came back to Sheffield — but too late for the stage stopped at Ensign's Went to Dr. Buel's —
Mary Ann Griffin is married to a *Mr. Sparrow* — Cooperstown is a fine place to be married in
Left Sheffield at twelve hired a horse at *Pomeroy's* and arrived home about dark found my Mother very sick —

On Tuesday Nov. 28 Aunt Abel with a posse of scholars arrived in the stage Wednesday 29 commenced school had a great number of scholars For the first day about 42 This is about the last play day I have until next spring.

Friday Dec 1 1815

Our school increases fast we shall probably have more this winter than we ever had in the winter Monday 4 We have upwards of eighty in the catalogue Saturday Dec 30 The school now consists of upwards of eighty but the boys left to day to attend Mr. Weeks school much to my joy it leaves us only seventy — A tolerably good school the best scholars are McNeil Welles Blanch *C. Day C. Beecher M. Peck C. Blauvelt Sherry Deveaux* and *A. Smith*
(Note *Mary Welles* married *Alfred Kelley* of Ohio a man who has made some figure in the world)

JOHN P. BRACE

HISTORY OF MY POETRY

VOLUME I

(Begun after Mr. Brace was fifty years old.)

INTRODUCTION Sept. 2, 1850

I have commenced this labor from various motives. My poetry, good bad and indifferent, is scattered over various parts of my private papers. A complete collection of all that I thought then worth preserving was made in the fall of 1813, but the pieces, written since that period have never been collected. To bring them together, in one mass is, therefore, one object of this work.

It is my intention that these volumes shall contain *every article* that I ever wrote, provided it can be found. The very foolish rhymes of early boyhood will be no exception. I wish to trace the gradual progress of what poetical talent I may possess, from the mere use of rhymes without measure, through the first dawning ideas of rhythm or order, to the study of accurate versification, and thence to where the poetry consists in the idea more than in the construction. It will be a tedious process, and interesting to no one but myself. But as the work will never be seen as long as I live, and as one of the motives, for its accomplishment, and the principal one too, is my own gratification, and my amusement during the leisure hours of my present employment, the remark is hardly necessary.

Another reason for its commencement is that it will prove, so far as it goes, an *Autobiography*. The notes, which will accompany the pieces, will be as full and as copious as each case may require. I am limited to no time in its accomplishment. I shall feel no hurry in its completion; shall write only when I feel like it, and shall relinquish the task whenever it becomes irksome. As I have no one to please but myself, the prolixity of the accompanying memoirs and the dwelling at length upon the amusements and employments of childhood; upon all its sports and its business; upon its day dreams that formed my character, and influenced all my future destiny, can be readily forgiven. Whoever may chance to peruse these pages, after the eye that now inspects them shall be closed in death and the hand that now traces them shall have crumbled into dust, will find in them the germs of all that I was, of all that I have felt, of all that I might have proved. But let me not anticipate.

With the garrulity common to old age I may write much that no future eye will relish, but I write to please myself. You, Emma, had God spared you to us, would have appreciated these pages, more than anyone of my children, and to you, had you lived, they would have been dedicated. But your eye will never trace these lines.

No one event of my life has ever prostrated hopes and wishes aims and plans as your death. There is a vacancy in my heart that nothing on earth can ever fill. I cannot be reconciled to it. I ought not to be called to do it.

The power of writing poetry depends upon two things: an imagination to trace *unreal* and fictitious relations, an ear for time and measure. The one is the result either of innate temperament or of the effect of early sensibilities upon a quick memory; the other is more a consequence of education. My imagination was always luxuriant, and my memory always remarkable. At five, I read Rollin's Ancient History, and was delineating with acorn cups for soldiers the battles of Cyrus, upon the floor. At seven, I remember well being called upon by my companions every morning to describe my dreams of the past night, that were extraordinary & vivid beyond discription. At the same age, I became susceptible of the tender passion, and from that time, through the whole period of childhood can not remember the time when I had not a preference for some little girl. At eight, I was immersed in a continued round of delightful day dreams, the most exquisite creations of castle building not only the improbable but even the impossible became the subjects of these thoughts. How little did those who passed me as I was driving my cows to pasture, or weeding in my father's garden, imagine the train of vivid dreams that were passing through my waking mind, dreams connected with whatever I had been reading. I was with the Grecian heroes at the seige of Troy; standing on the heights of Thermopylae under the shadow of the persian arrows;

defending with Camillus the Rome of my worship, or combating the Indians by the side of Putnam. At nine, my brother, sister, and some other mates, girls of our age who boarded at my father's, formed a kind of association of castle building — "making plays", as we called it. In these imaginings, I was the chief performer; upon my invention they all depended. We assembled in some quiet place, generally in the dark, and there I would go through a romance applicable to them all, they seldom interfered with the arrangement which I carried on. Among my very oldest papers, I have yet some pen and ink sketches of the most villanous looking caricatures of these plays. No mortal now can understand them.

With this imagination and these susceptibilities, it is no wonder that I wrote rhyme very early. But still, my earliest versification took a satirical cast. That arose undoubtedly, from the political newspapers, which, from seven years old and upward, I continually devoured. The Litchfield Monitor by *Thomas Collier* and, especially, the Balance printed at Hudson, and edited by *Harvey Croswell* now *Rev. Dr. Croswell* of New Haven, which, were my weekly feast, caused the satirical tendency of my earliest essays. My father was a warm federalist and I entered deeply into politics very early in life, as will appear from my notes as I progress.

The characters of my mind, so far as they are connected with the subject of this work, will be gathered from the notes as I advance.

I would note here, that the pieces will occupy the left hand page with the date of their creation over the top. The right hand page will contain all the notes critical, biographical & explanatory that are to be made with the date of the day in which they were written over the top.

1805?

Acrostic

Louisa, I address my song to you;
Only hear me now, oh do!
Understand me now, I pray;
I will advise you now I say,
Sweet virtue let your model be,
And you will act perfectly.

When your bloom decays & your beauty's gone
Act then as once you would have done.
If you will remember virtue,
Then virtue will remember you.

Louisa Wait was a little younger than myself & had been at Litchfield School for some time. She was the daughter of *Capt. Thomas*

Wait of New London, who died not far from this time and left his family poor. Louisa was a slight little figure, pretty features, pleasant blue eyes and with an uncommon fresh blooming complexion. She was called very pretty. She left school soon after. On August 10, 1816 she makes her appearance once more in my private journal, she then came on to be Music mistress at our School. She continued in that station until some time in 1821. She became engaged to *Wm. T. Gould,* who was much younger than she. After leaving Litchfield, she taught school in Philadelphia. Upon Gould's desertion of her, she fell into a consumption and died. She passed through Litchfield when sick, in 1824 and died at her sister's in Burlington in 1826. She was talented, amiable, & a beautiful girl, a very great friend of mine and of *Lucy's.*

"Polly Wells", Mary Wells, a very beautiful little girl from Hartford, daughter of *Dr. Sylvester Wells* & sister of *Ralph.* She died very soon after this, of the Spotted Fever, very suddenly.

"Eliza Johnston", A native of Savannah, Geo. My flame in 1806, 7&8. For the history of this girl, see "History of Eliza Johnston," a long work written in 1811 with notes at the close of 1850. She is now living in Savannah, a widow of *James Morrison.* She is about two years younger than I.

Jan. 3, 1806

Osborne's Soliloquy

(written Feb. 10, 1806.)

To day I arose and told some lies,
And then beheld bright Phoebus rise:
He look'd upon me, in bright array,
To see what lies I'd tell today
He view'd me to the setting sun,
Until my lying work was done.
This Witness, see, you Feds,
And then take care for your heads.
Every lie here shall find a column,
But all my lies would fill a volume.
Osborne the great one I; by me the Federal dies.
Far fam'd am I for telling mighty lies.

Selleck Osborne was the Editor of the Witness, [published in Litchfield, Conn. for about six years] a most violent, scurrillous, and personal Democratic paper. He was a man of talents, but unscrupulous in his attacks on the Federalists and in the private scandal admitted into his paper. He wrote and published a volume of very respectable poetry. He was a Lieutenant in the war. He has been dead many years. The piece shows how violent my party feelings were. I suspect the first six lines were a parody; there is more *sound* in them than in my verses then.

Jan. 1806

Gun Boat No. 1
or
Jefferson's Philosophy
a poem
by J. P. Brace Esq. A.M.
Third Edition
carefully revised and corrected.

containing various stuff and things ridiculing the "The Scarecrow of the Charleston Cornfield" or Gunboat No. 1,

MDCCCXI Aug. XI

(First edition, Jan 1: second, Jan XIV

Satire II

Why, Jefferson, why, what is the matter?
You make such a confused spatter?
Oh ho! I see it, now it is done.
And so you are launching No One.
"Oh her," said he, "I've done it, I know,
"And you shall stay to see it go."
And so I staid to see it sail.
They said, it would go in any gale.
When lo, from the East arose a storm
And laid it in a cornfield, snug & warm.
Which show'd Miss Gunboat's proper station.
For she knew how to guard a cornfield better than a nation.
"Oh where's my Gunboat, does anyone know?
It is hid up in a cornfield for a scare crow.

Sept. 3, 1850

I insert here title page & all. Methinks a poem heralded by such a flourish of trumpets should have been rather longer. There is neither wit, humour, poetry nor sense in it. It was founded on the following fact. When Mr. Jefferson sold the American Navy, contrary to the wishes of the Federalists, he had constructed several gunboats, each carrying a heavy gun in the stern on a pivot. They were to be employed along the coast as defences of our harbors. In a violent storm at Charleston, S. C. Gunboat No 1 was driven up, high & dry, into a cornfield. It was made the subject of many epigrams & the only I can remember was the following parody of a nursery rhyme.

> Far in a cornfield, high & dry.
> Sat Gunboat No One;
> Wiggle, waggle, went its tail,
> And *pop,* went its gun.

Feb. 1806.

Satire IV

Roger Skinner, No. 2

Roger Skinner strok'd his hair
And then rose up to plead, Sir.
For no law he does not care,
While the Democrats he does lead, Sir.

Roger Skinner is a dunce,
As ever I did hear, Sir.
I never heard him plead but once,
And then he brought up the rear, Sir.

Roger Skinner rais'd his voice
To the Democratic side, Sir.
"Come, 'pubs,' come, rejoice,
"For now we shall abide, Sir."

Roger Skinner went on
With his palaver and stuff, Sir.
"Come, 'repubs,' come on;
"For we must have votes enough, Sir.

Roger Skinner was answered straight
By one of the other side, Sir.
"You need not go on to rate,
"For you will not abide, Sir.

Roger Skinner was rather mad,
And began to huff, Sir.
He began to be so very bad,
They had to be very rough, Sir.

At the session of the Supreme Court in Litchfield the February term of 1806, I happened one evening to say to my father that I never had

had an opportunity of seeing the proceedings of a court as some of the other boys had. Contrary to all my expectations, based upon his usual character, he said to me that I might go to Court and stay just one week. I need not study or go to school during the time. The conditions were that I was to bring to him every evening an exact account of all that had been done during the day. I suppose, he thought I should be sick enough of the plan before one day was up. Hardly any event of my early life took such strong hold of my mind. I gave him fresh every evening a long detail of all that had been said and done, which so interested him, that my permission was lengthened out another week. I watched, with the most eager attention, every case as it came up. I can remember them to this day. I have a vivid impression yet of the speeches of Daggett, Nat. Smith, Holmes, John Allen and other distinguished pleaders. Daggett and Nathaniel Smith saw how interested I was in each case, and took much notice of me. I can remember how proud I felt when Daggett sat by me and put his arm around me and talked with me. The effect this had upon my imagination was to create a new day dream. All the little quarrels among the boys; all the slight trespasses they committed were imagined by me as brought into a court of the boys and tried. I have now long written reports of these fancied trials where the evidence and pleas are all in full.

Among the lawyers was Roger Skinner, a young democrat, son of Gen. Timothy Skinner of Chestnut Hill. He had not much practise. Against him these satires were written in court and passed around among the lawyers.

Roger Skinner became a lawyer in New York, a friend of *Martin Van Buren.* His brother *Richard* was Governor of the State of Vermont. Roger held some lucrative office in some county between Albany & Lake Champlain. He died unmarried some time ago.

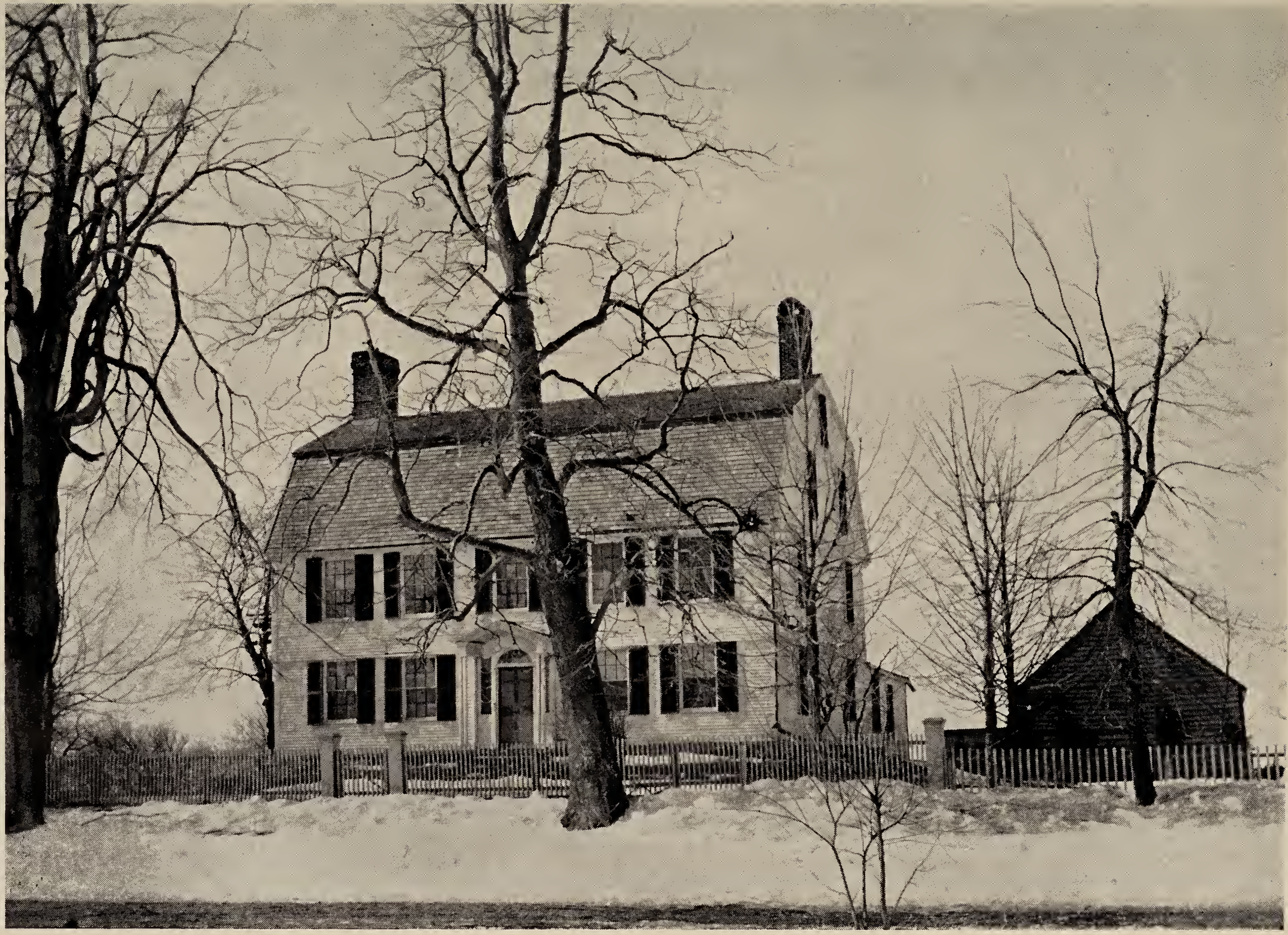
The two satires show nothing but political ill nature.

In those days, "Democrats" was a term of reproach given to the Republican party by the Federalists, similar to the word Loco Foco?, now & "pubs" means Republicans.

Respecting the characters.

Eliza Ely was some years older than I. She was from Lyme & was some connection of *McWilliam Ely* of Hartford. There is much said of her, through my journal of 1806 &7. I find an account of her death in 1808.

Anna Cutler was from Watertown, the daughter of *Younglove Cutler.* She and her older sister *Betsey* appear often in my journal. They grew up to be very fine women, but I believe are both dead.



Home of Fanny, Erastus, and Augustus Lord
Built by Lynde Lord, Sr. Date 1771

Maria & Fanny Goodwin were sisters from the Western part of New York. There subsequent history I do not remember. Likewise, *Esther Kissam* of New York, I know nothing of her. She belonged to the older set. The "Nathan" referred to is *Nathan Levenworth.*
I think the age of *Eliza Johnston* is underated. I believe she was then eleven.

In the Satire VII, *Present State of Affairs,* the Eliza thus deified and satired is *Eliza Johnston* who, without exception had more flames than any girl I ever knew, even from the "Sunny South". "Harry" — *Henry Sheldon,* a boy two years older than myself, a great gallant and a fine fellow. My journal of 1807 &8 is full of him. He lives on the Hudson River, now, in a beautiful villa. He never married. *"Sally" Ann Van Kleeck* was a bright black eyed girl from Poughkeepsie of warm temperament & fond of the beaux.
George Tracy, Robert Morris, and *Charles Butler* are next mentioned. George Tracy's now a broker in New York; the others I know nothing of. They were all older than myself. *Charles Butler* bore the nickname of Fiddlehead, by inheritance. "Charley & Maria" *Charles Baldwin* and *Maria Goodwin.* Baldwin graduated from Williams College in 1810: he became a distinguished lawyer, and died just as he was nominated for member of Congress. He was a fellow of most superior talents & *"William" — William Deming:* well known even then.

In reference to Satire VIII — *The Dancing School Class, Mr. Grey,* the French master had a very large school. *"David"* is *David Welch.* He and his brother *Hugh* came in from Milton to attend the school. They were sons of *Hon. John Welch.* He was a disagreeable boy, pompous and overbearing. He was subsequently, a Lieutenant in the War of 1812, and died soon after the peace.
Bard and *"Greene"* were *John Bard Pendleton and Nathaniel Greene Pendleton* who were at school at Litchfield. They were sons of N. Pendleton, Esq. a lawyer of New York, and second to Gen. Hamilton in his duel with Burr. Their mother was sister to my Uncle John's wife and hence the families were intimate.
Greene was a fellow of talents and has borne some distinguished office at Cincinnati since. Bard was a poor scholar. A still younger brother *James* was at school with them.

It must be confessed my youthful "satires" were bitter enough to deserve the name. I do not know where I picked up the idea of writing them or of numbering them in regular order. I was always remarkable, however, from childhood for a love of method & regularity.

In reference to Satire XII *Present State of Affairs.*

Mr. David Bacon, brother of *Asa Bacon,* Esq. studied law in Litchfield and room'd in the north part of his brother's office. He took a great fancy to me, and allowed me to read at his room whenever I pleased. I remember spending many Saturday afternoons reading in his room, the only time I had for amusement except evenings. He directed my reading much, and it was there I devoured Shakespeare I recollect his being surprised at the maturity of my taste, when I told him, I preferred Pope for poetry, and Goldsmith for prose. I showed him this satire, and he pointed out its errors of versification and taught me the syllabic formations of poetic lines. For instance, the second line was written "stuff'd with Latin" etc and he showed me how it might be beautified. This directed my mind and my ear into the right channel. I always felt grateful for this very valuable assistance. He is now living.

Jane Shedden had been here for some time and my journals are full of her.

Satire XIII — The occasion of this satire was a Camp Meeting held at Goshen, to which I was taken by my father. It was a period of the utmost enthusiastic exhibition of the religious peculiarities among the Methodists and when trances or falling were common. The satire is not in the least exaggerated.

Referring to the Epic Poem.
The leaders were *Jane Shedden and Rebecca Ann Davenport.*
Jane Shedden was about my age, perhaps a little older, She always went with the older set and in 1809 was called a great girl. She was from New York City and had lost both her parents when very young. She came to school at Litchfield in Jan. 1802 and boarded at my father's until 1805. Of course she was one of my earliest playmates. She went to Miss Pierce's to board, when her sister became music mistress there. She was a leader of the girls, had a strong mind. I find her as a scholar in winter 1809. The next I see of her is as Music Mistress in 1810. She was a very talented and accomplished girl, though exceedingly plain in personal appearance. She corresponded with me through the whole of my College Life, and was the most interesting correspondent I had. She gave me, always, the best and most judicious advice. She remained as Music Mistress until the Spring of 1813 when she went to Norwalk, Ct. to teach school. Her letters from there were not happy. I next hear of her as being at Marietta, Ohio, with her sister, who had married *Mr. Burr* for her second husband. They all three moved to Richmond, Va. where Mr. & Mrs. Burr lived until they died.

Jane's brother *William,* a lieutenant in the East India company's service then gave her an annuity and she spent some time with him in England. After his death she lost her annuity and went to teaching school. She has proved one of the most elegant, accomplished fashionable and polite teachers of the South, where her health has obliged her to continue. She is now in Natches, Miss. I have had calls from her several times at Hartford, and occasionally hear from her on business.

Rebecca Ann Davenporte was from Stamford, Ct. She was a very large girl of her age.

Doctor Fill is a nickname for *Henry Sheldon.* Son of *Dr. Sheldon* not only well known in Litchfield but all over the state.

"Miss Tracy" — *Caroline Tracy,* who was about my age, and for a long time a companion of mine. She was afterward music mistress. She has been dead some time.

"Marrelta" — *Marrelta Noble* — either of Milford or New Milford. She was very bashful and when any of the boys took hold of her arm to wait upon her home from Conference, she would twitch her arm away and run.

"Flora Catlin" — daughter of *Mr. Grove Catlin,* who kept the leading tavern in Litchfield for many years. He was a remarkably fleshy man. She was about my age, perhaps a little younger. I do not remember much of her until I left college. I then found her sharing with *Harriet Talmadge* the credit of being the belle of Litchfield. She was a very graceful beautiful and gay girl, a first rate dancer and dressed with a great deal of taste. She was engaged once, but the gentleman? very dishonorably deserted her, and she always refused all offers after that. When she became religious she became one of the most interesting young ladies of my acquaintance. For several years, I taught her in the evenings, Latin, Arithmetic etc. She was then Drawing Teacher in our School. In 1831, she boarded in my family during the winter, and was a very agreeable member of the family. The spring of that year, she came to Hartford, as teacher in the Seminary; she was here when I took it in 1832 and continued in it until 1842, when I was obliged to dismiss all the teachers, there were so few scholars. She now lives with her brother, here. At the age of 40, she was the finest looking woman in Hartford.

"Maria Milldollar" was the daughter of *Rev. Dr. Milldollar* of New York.

"Mary Davies" must be Maria Davies who was my flame in 1809.

"Polly Wildman" was *Mary Wildman* of Danbury of 1807–1808 pupils. I know nothing now of her.

"Harriet" is Harriet Whittlesay of Danbury.

"*Two Centers*" *Abby and Margaret Center,* two of the 1809 Oct.

"*Sally Hazard*" another of the set of 1808.

"*Charlotte Strong*" I have no recollection of unless she was a girl from Windsor.

"*Amelia Smith*" a beautiful girl from Fishkill that belonged to the older set. "*Miss Bellamy*" is *Bellamy Crawford Robertson* from Savannah, a cousin of *Eliza Johnston,* and one of the excellent of the earth. She married very late in life and is now living in Savannah. "The lofty town" of *Bracedom,* and "the cloud capt turrets" are rather extravagant expressions for *our old red house!* "Poetical illustration!"

"*Julia Smith*" — *Julia Ann Smith,* daughter of *Rev. Mr. Smith* of Stamford. She was a girl of good talents, and sprightly amiable disposition. In one of the bunches of L. C. I have a long "conversation book" between her and *Bell Robertson* which throws some light on the history of the times. She married *Dr. Milo L. North* and lived in Hartford when I came here in 1832. They moved to Saratoga, but I understand, are now living in New York with their only child who is a merchant, there, in good business.

"*Caroline Tappan*" was of Dutch origin. I remember but little about her. "*Adams' dome*" was a boarding house kept by Mrs. Adams, which *Miss Edwards* afterward kept and where *Mr. Charles Jones'* [1] house now stands. I do not speak very favorably of the quiet in that house. "*Margaret Bloodgood*" was from Albany; she was sometime at Litchfield. The subsequent history I know nothing of. "*Denison & Egberts*" I do not remember, except that *Susan Dennison* was one of the winter of 1808. "*Mary Shelden*" was, probably some connection of *Dr. Sheldon's,* but how I know not.

"*Maria & Nancy Butler*" were two daughters of *Charles Butler,* tailor, who sailed under the expressive cognomen of "Fiddlehead". The cause of that name is beyond my time and recollection. I remember there were there two girls in the family, and two boys, *Charles & William* The family moved to Poughkeepsie very soon after this was written. I know nothing about their subsequent history.

"*Clara Deming*", Clarissa Deming was always a favorite of mine. *Clarissa Deming* was a native of Litchfield. My private journal subsequently was full of her praise. I speak of her as probably destined to make one of the best wives in the world. I admired her character exceedingly. She married *Charles Perkins, Esq.* of Norwich; lived for a while in Rochester but removed to Litchfield, where she died, I think, in 1830 (1836) She left a number of interesting children.

The "*Colliers*" were daughters of *Thomas Collier* the proprietor of

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[1] Mr. Ludlow Bull's — North St.

the Litchfield Monitor, a warm Federal paper. I thought they had left Litchfield before that time.
"*Celia Cleaver*" is *Cecelia Cleaver,* daughter of *Tobias Cleaver.* She married a man of Vermont by the name of *Potter,* and died insane.
"*Susan*" is probably *Susan Denniston* who came from "Adams' Dome." And who "Susan Denison" was I do not remember. She is mentioned as one of my tormentors, winter & summer of 1809, but, I do not remember her.
Caroline Tracy was a remarkably cheerful girl, of a very happy temperament.
"*Harriet*" is probably *Harriet Whitlesey* of Danbury.
Note, Nov. 18, 1850
I perceive that History E. J.[1] 23 says that *Sally Ann Smith* was a beautiful girl from Poughkeepsie boarding at *Judge Holmes.* I have not the least recollection of her.
Stephen Dodge was a merchant of Litchfield; a man of piety, but one "who made his good evil spoken of." During the absence of his clerk I was with him, as a clerk, from Oct. 1807 to Feb. 1808, and then again Dec. 1808.

Monday, so called in P.J. l.c. The "Fanny" thus apostrophised, is *Fanny Merrick* the daughter of the then principal innkeeper of *Pittsfield,* Mass. who was then at school. I commenced quite a flirtation with her in order to excite *Marie Davies'* jealousy, as she seemed to be more pleased with *Erastus Lord.* Fanny was a little dumpy figure, with a doll face, blue eyes and brown hair. She was just romantic and silly enough to be pleased with my attentions. Fanny died early, I believe, unmarried.

Page 144 Referring to a poem dated April 11, 1809.
It may be that the "Delia" mentioned here is *Delia Mallory* from Milford who boarded at our house that winter. She was a young lady, that the beaux thought much of and she had beautiful teeth.

Sept. 17, 1850.
The design is a satire on the boys & girls that belonged to the "glorious times" of 1809. That period of my life seems, for many years, to have called out my most ardent feelings, and even now, it appears one of "the greenest spots on Memory's waste". I had overcome the hatred which my person and manners had created in 1808 and had

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[1] Eliza Johnston.

commenced the character for kindness which has clung to me thro life. I was look'd up to in my set, as being superior to them all in talents, scholarship, and genius, and I had shown how, without qualities of person or fortune, I could be acceptable to the female sex. *Maria Davies* a beautiful black eyed houri from Poughkeepsie, smiled upon me. The friends I had were enjoying the same blessing with me. We had all divided into pairs, and no one interfered with the other.

"*Mother Hoys*" was a house at the turnpike on the Goshen road, about two miles from the centre of the village. The old woman kept a very good cake & beer shop and her house was much resorted to by persons riding.

Oct. 4, 1809. SATIRE XV

Trip to Mother Hoys

Come, come along, my jolly boys,
Let 's take a trip to Mother Hoys,
And taste her cake and beer;
The girls shall go, to have some sport,
For there 's the place for us to court,
As is the custom here.

Come, *Talmadge*, quick, take up your Beau,
With *Abby Centre* you shall go,
The one you love so well.
How happy ye, if, for this life,
You should be joined, man and wife,
Would be, I cannot tell.

And *Henry Holmes* may, if he will,
Miss Randal's happiness fulfill,
By taking her aboard,
If he 's got o'er his jealous fit,
And thinks she don't love F. a bit,
And he 's alone ador'd.

You must be with us, Johnny Brace,
Come, lay aside your parson's face,
And let us have some fun.
Your Daddy ne'er will whip you for it,
If you do go the girls to court,
As you have often done.

And *Virgil Peck,* too he must take,
(If he don't fear his purse 'twill break,
To spend a dollar there,)
Eliza Johnston, for they tell,
He loves her most exceeding well,
That girl so lovely fair.

But I 'll no more tell who did go;
Suffice to say, 'twas every beau
And belle of Litchfield town,
Whose age entirely lay between
The years of twelve and of sixteen;
The Lords and *Lyman Brown.*

The chaises now, with rumbling noise,
Convey them up to Mother Hoys,
To cut a caper there:
The people staring as they go,
Old maids, and young, and married too,
And tho't 'twas very rare.

The chaises now stop at the door
Of Mother Hoys, who views them o'er;
Then runs to fix the bread.
"Excuse my trim; pray, take a seat
"Some in the chairs, some on your feet,
"And some upon the bed.

"I have not chairs enough — here, Jack,
"Run out and bring upon your back
"A monstrous shingling block;
"And bring some boards; we 'll make a seat
"Quite large enough these folks to greet;
"I 'll go and change my frock."

"Oh, no:" says *Holmes,* "'Tis clean enough
"Pray bring along, now, all your stuff,
"Your cake and wine and beer,
"And place it full before on view"
Says Bill, "A glass of rum or two
"If you can find it here."

The table soon was cover'd oer
With wine and beer, 'twas all her store;
With cakes of every kind;
All fruits that mortal man could wish;
And pies, heap'd on a wooden dish,
That sure would please the mind.

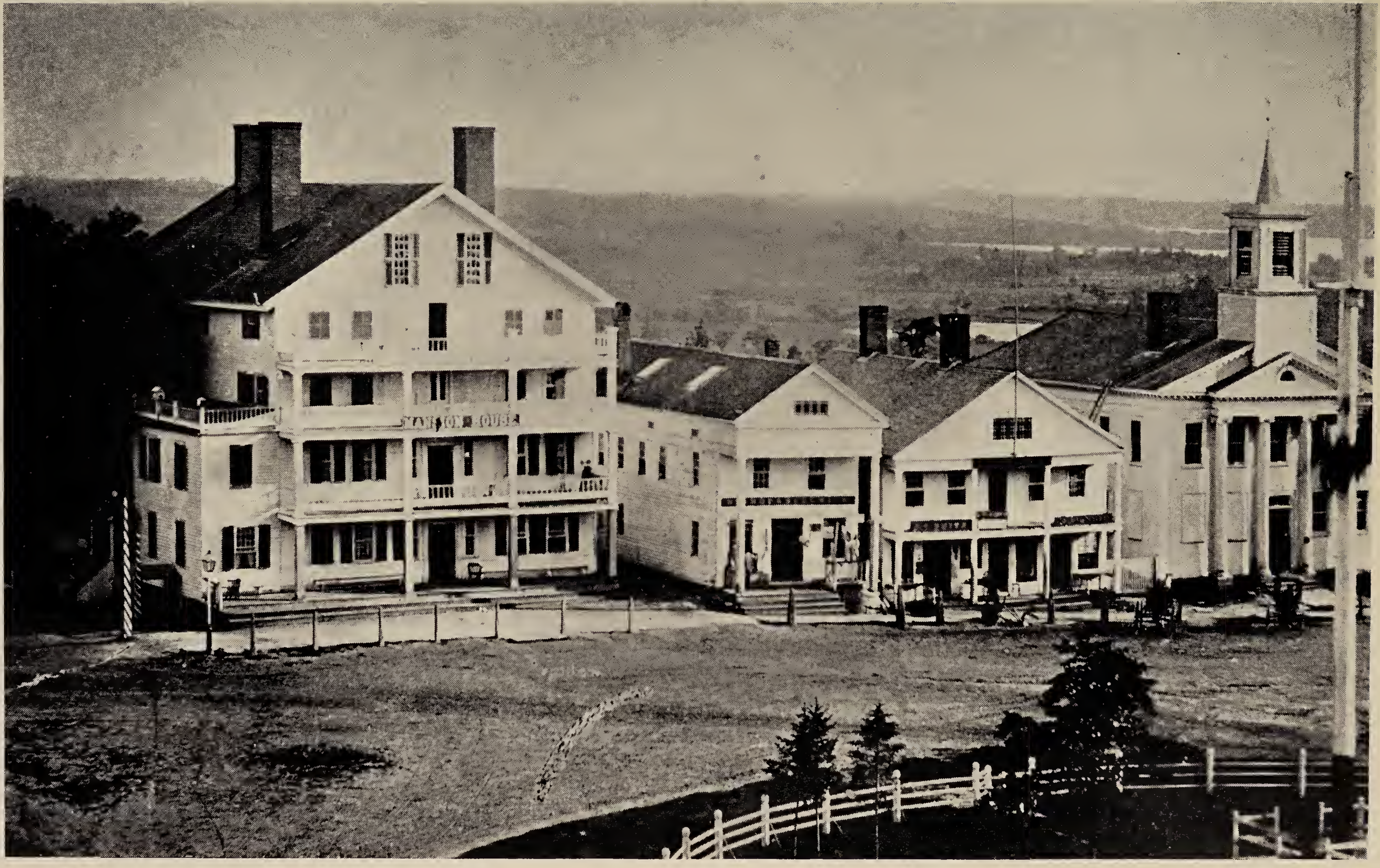
"Fall to, now, ladies," exclaim'd Bill,
"You now can have what e'er you will,
"For here 's enough to eat."
But *Holmes,* polite, reach'd round the cake,
That every lady might some take,
And still might keep her seat.

Then Bill yell'd out — "I say that pie
"Belongs to Marg'ret, Lamp, and I:
"Hand it: I cannot reach."
Then Johnny said, "Let 's have a knife;
"I 'll cut them all, and end the strife,
"And give a piece to each."

The food divided into shares;
The gentlemen now took their chairs,
While it was handed round;
The beer unbottled; wine turn'd out,
And then in glasses brought about;
The roofs then did resound.

Now every beau look'd out his dear,
And took his seat on bench quite near,
And talk'd of nought but love:
No wonder, then, they talk'd so fine,
It was the "rapturous" power of wine,
That caus'd their tongues to move.

While Brown sat squinting from the door,
And look'd the ladies o'er and o'er,
And mark'd their beauties all,
Thinks he, there is not one so fair,
As can with Marg'ret's form compare,
So graceful, *slim,* and tall.



The Mansion House

Built by Grove Catlin in 1801, on the corner of South and West Streets, burned in 1888, where Flora Catlin lived with her father, Grove Catlin, who kept the house. She was handsome and an acknowledged belle among the law students. Her father appreciated her popularity and said his daughter "was 'assasinated' most every night"

They all felt happy; all were glad;
And none had reason to be sad,
Except *Eliza Lamp.*
She mourn'd Erastus gone away,
Which did her pleasures damp.

The reckoning paid, the horses feet
Soon gallop'd down the Litchfield street,
And caus'd the dust to rise;
Old maids, and young, and married too,
Ran out to take another view,
Before they clos'd their eyes.

The girls were tir'd the muse is too:
She hopes in mercy we 've got through.
She thinks, she soon will die.
Poor jade, I fear I 've used her ill;
The road is bad across the hill,
Where Fancy's regions lie.

"Talmadge," *Benjamin Talmadge* Jr. in love with *Abby Center.* See P.J. 1809 notes. [B. T. entered the Navy, died and is buried at Gibraltar. — *E. N. V.*]

"*Beau*", the name of his horse.

"*Henry Holmes*" character is well touched off. His jealousy and his extreme and celebrated politeness are alluded to. He had been afraid that *Ann Maria Randal* loved Talmadge better than him, but without reason.

"Johnny" is myself, my love of order is touched.

"The Lords and Lyman Brown" ought to have been "*Bill Lord & Lyman Brown*", for I mention afterward, that Erastus was absent.

"Lyman Brown" is *Solyman Brown* [1] who was educated for college by the ladies of Litchfield. He was a man of genius but failed in stability of character. He went thro' college and became a preacher, was noted for his eloquence and his fine writing, but was subsequently silenced by the Litchfield county association for some irregularities of belief. See his vindication in one of the earlier volumes of my pamphlets. He then went to New York; taught school; published a volume of poems; became a Swedenborgian; established himself as a dentist etc. He is now there. A few days ago, he made a proposition in the public papers to republish the rejected Jenny Lind Songs.

[1] His poems in Litchfield Historical Society. — *E. N. V.*

Jack — the name of Mother Hoys' little boy.

"*Lamp*" *Eliza Lampson,* who was from somewhere near Utica. She and *Erastus Lord* were mates. Her subsequent history I do not know.

"*Margaret Center*" was a very large clumsy formed girl.

I entered College Oct. 1809; the poetry after that date was written in College.

Mary Starkweather was the daughter of *William Starkweather Esq.* with whom I boarded. She boarded at Litchfield in my room afterward. She had been a year at school at Litchfield, boarding with *Isaac Baldwin Esq.* the father of Charles, who was two classes before me.

Mary was a good girl; at that period rather rough in her manners but of good understanding. She was older than I, or at least went in an older circle. She married *Homer Bartlett Esq.* who resides in Lowell and is a man of some note. I saw her at Commencement 1849 and found her not as much altered as I should have supposed.

Satire XVI

The occasion of this Satire was the rustication of four of my class for playing cards, *Benjamin, Howell, Dickinson* & *Moseley.* They denied it, and as the Tutor could not find the cards, they persisted in the denial & were rusticated. The characters of all my classmates can be found in the *History of my College Life.*

"Smoking pipes" were universally followed instead of using segars.

"*Prophet Hopkin*" — *Hopkin Judd,* then unpopular in the class had told them that they would be discovered if they persisted in playing. He was called "the prophet" thru college.

Pres. Fitch was always partial to the religious scholars.

Russell, who kept the recitation room, was noted for having liquor.

James C. Allen's room was the place where the religious fellows held prayer meetings.

Rev. Mr. Packard of Shelburne.

Rev. James Beach of Winsted who died quite an old man not two years ago.

Howell was drowned at Shelburne before the close of his rustication. *William D. Howell* was the leader of all mischief in our class; a fellow of great energy, tact, and knowledge of human nature. He never appeared to study and yet always recited well. I found, afterward, that he studied late at night when all were in bed. His influence on the class was an unfortunate one. He was drowned just before the opening of the third term, Sophomore year. His place as second

Sophomore Exhibitor from our Society was conferred on me, a great honor for one who entered as Sophomore.

Caleb Huston came to college for the purpose of subsequently preaching. He was a Democrat, and as we graduated immediately after the declaration of war in 1812, the next I heard of him was his being employed by government at the West, to purchase Gunpowder. I have never heard of him since. The Triennial Catalogue of 1850 does not put "at Williams College", the Sophomores and Freshmen occupy one building, and, at some distance the Juniors and Seniors another. Hence, these two classes are more intimate. During my Sophomore year, there was a fellow, I believe from Albany, in the Freshman class, by the name of *Kilian Van Rensellar Lansingh,* who intruded into those circles of gallantry in which the Sophomores moved and by interfering with some of my flirtations excited my indignation, which I here let off.

"Caroline" — is Caroline A. Dewey, daughter of Hon. Daniel Dewey, member of Congress, judge & one of the leading men of Berkshire County.

I may as well say here at once, as it will appear very evident in the coming pages, that I was very susceptible of the "tender passion". According to the vow made in 1806, when the girls in the *Fanny Goodwin* frolic, taunted me with the impossibility of a boy of my looks etc ever creating love, I flirted whenever & wherever I could. These flirtations had nothing of heart to them, in many instances.

Sept. 20, 1850. SATIRE XVIII

The subject of this satire was the daughter of Dr. Benton of Catskill, at school at Litchfield.

Along thro' this and the succeeding year, the Itch, in all its virulence got into the school and was with difficulty check'd. The girls were sent when attack'd to a solitary house on Chestnut Hill (*Mrs. Harts*) to be "medicated". In 1812, they called it, "going into *sweet* retirement"! I presume *Miss Benton* had been to the Lazaretto and had been "discharg'd cured."

June 12, 1811.

The Sailor's Grave.

Beyond the reach of mortal eye,
Where angry tempests roar,
A sailor's bones neglected lie,
Upon the sea beat shore:
And dark and sad is ocean's wave,
That beats upon the Sailor's grave.

The sea-gulls scream is heard alone,
To soothe his sound repose;
O'er his remains, no earth is thrown;
His eyes no kindred close:
Dark and unlovely is the wave
That beats upon the Sailor's grave.

High are the rocks which build his tomb,
Which chance not art supplies;
While, on their top, in funeral gloom,
The wind-wav'd pine trees rise:
And hoarse below is ocean's wave,
That howls its requiem o'er his grave.

This sailor once in life's vain scene,
With merit play'd his part;
No youth so lively on the green,
Few had a better heart:
But, vigor, goodness could not save
This Sailor from his watery grave.

A very good piece, simple, natural, and touching. The union of the descriptive and sentimental was in accordance with the course of my then poetical reading.

This was the first piece of mine that appeared in print, and may be considered then as an era in my poetical career. I sent this piece with several others, to my friend *Judd* at Northampton in 1813, and he sent it to the Boston Centinel where it made its appearance.

"To a blushing, modest, beautiful girl by the name of *Charlotte Rose* — flung into the school house.

To Whom it May Apply.

Of all the flowers, the garden yields;
Of all the plants that deck the field,
I love but one; a sweeter flower
Ne'er bloom'd in hedge, or blush'd in bower:
Unseen, amidst its leaves it grows,
Nor, tulip-like, its beauties shows,
But blushing hangs its lovely face,
That no rude eye its charms may trace.

Hail, modest *Rose,* thou art the flower,
To bloom around my summer bower,
There from the ground mayst raise thy head,
And to the sun, thy beauties spread:
There, thou mayst live, from danger free,
Or seen, or lov'd, by none but me;
While thro' th' admiring fields is borne,
Thy praise, a *Rose without a thorn.*

The literary merit of this piece is very good. The versification is easy and shows that I had been reading Scott, whose poems were now appearing. I begin, likewise, to indulge in poetical figures. The article was much admired in Litchfield, and gave me much reputation among the students. I was then, home, in the winter vacation of Senior year.

Charlotte Matilda Rose became from this time a flame of mine and a very interesting flirtation was carried on between us, the rest of the winter. After she went home in the Spring vacation, it is difficult to tell which forgot each other the soonest. She was a pretty doll like looking girl, with blue eyes & cherry cheeks. She married a man by the name of Hawley, and has been dead some years.

JOHN P. BRACE

HISTORY OF MY POETRY.

VOL. II

Introduction

This volume commences at about the period when fancy and imagination take the place of satire; when I begin to perceive that the language of poetry consists in something else beyond mere rhyme, or the adherence to the rules of measure. Figurative language, especially personifications and comparisons begin, now, to find place in my poetry. They made their appearance in my prose compositions some time before I employed them in my rhymes, and their gradual progress can be seen during part of the last volume and the beginning of the 1. There is but one more stage to be noted, & that is the use of *strong language* that of passion whether literal or figurative.

Saturday 11 Sept. 23, 1850 From 4P. J. 7

Referring to the sleighride — Jan — 1812 —
To day, six or seven of Aunts girls went to the Farms for a ride in a cutter, with a lame horse. I expect something will happen. C.V.K. C.M. R.M.B. J.McL.&M.G. were the girls.

Sunday 12
"Terrible times in the "Jarsies". Last night about eight, there was a message came to me to go down to the Farms for Cornelia, Charlotte and Juliana who had staid there. Their horse had tired out, so that *Nancy Starkweather, Mary Griswold* and *Mary Bulkeley* who would not stay, came up, partly on foot, and partly in the cutter leaving the other girls at a tavern under the protection of *Alexander McLachlan* (a little boy) Father would not let me go. To-day I hear a vast many different stories that I do not know which to believe. Some say they wanted to stay & some say they did not. After meeting they came up.

Jan. 1812

Fragments of a poem on the "Sleighride".

FRAGMENT 1.

1
With steady course, the rolling year
Brought on December dark and drear;
Instead of mild and gentle rain,
The snow now cover'd all the plain;
And the cold wind, thro' Litchfield street,
Upon the houseless wanderer beat.
December, too, had slowly rolle'd away,
But, still, its ice and snow in Litchfield lay.

2
Now o'er the world, on Friday eve,
Did night her sable mantle heave,
And all was dark without;
When, in their rooms, soon after tea,
Miss Pierce's girls, from study free,
Had all assembled round the stove,
To mend their clothes, or talk of love.
Or chew their nails, or pout.

3
Oh! now, my muse, assistance bring;
Grant me to speak of every thing
That filled up the room;
Paint to my view the scattered shoes,
The table stained with different hues;
Their bonnets on the broom:

The looking glass, where secretly,
Beauty often stands herself to see;
The washbowl, plac'd upon a chair;
The trunks all scattered, here & there,
Contrive'd to pay a double debt,
To hold their clothes, and form their seat;
The coals all stre'd upon the floor;
The debt — paper near the door.
etc.

"*Bradley's*" — a well known public house about five miles from Litchfield, kept by *Aaron Bradley,* a great place of resort for sleigh-riders. The house is now occupied by a *Mr. Coe* as a tavern but the business that formerly centered at that corner has been transferred a mile or two nearer to Bantam Falls.
Nancy — *Nancy Starkweather,* from Williamstown. She is now living unmarried, with some of her sisters.
The three girls who staid at the Farms were *Cornelia Van Kleeck, Juliana M. Lachlan,* and *Charlotte M. Rose.* I find only mention made of two.
Cornelia Van Kleeck was from Poughkeepsie, a sister of *Sally Ann* she had a very bright beautiful face. Her eyes were black & sparkling, and the whole expression of the face that of good natured fun. She loved mischief however and was an imprudent girl. She was a great flirt. I was a very good friend of hers, and in her confidence. I corresponded with her for some time. She came to Litchfield Nov. 1810 and stayed two years. She married a New York man by the name of *Somervandyke* who proved an inefficient man. Cornelia became an energetic woman & supported her family by taking boarders. She lives now in Brooklyn, N. Y. with a married daughter. Her husband, I believe is dead. I have not seen her for many years.
Juliana McLachlan was a very beautiful girl from New York. She came to school in 1809 and left May 1813. The character is well drawn 5P.J. Appendix (1812) She married *Samuel Goodwin Esq.* of New York who was killed by the explosion of the large cannon on board the Princeton in 1844. Her daughter married His Accidency John Tyler Providential President of the United States. I do not know that she is living. I corresponded with her for some time. My attachment to Charlotte Rose did not blind me to her silliness, & I give her some good advice here.

Jane Shedden was the Music Mistress there, and quite the "arbiter morum" among the girls.

Jan. 1812

Cornelia Van Kleeck's Song before starting.

Miss Shedden, she preaches that maidenly pride
Forbids us to think of a frolicsome ride;
That young, modest girls will be never exempt
From censure, at any such reckless attempt.
But haste, boy, harness the sled on!
Hurrah for a ride, & a fig for Miss Shedden.

"Meetings" and conferences were the grand times in Litchfield for gallantry.

Song of Charlotte Rose, at the Tavern.

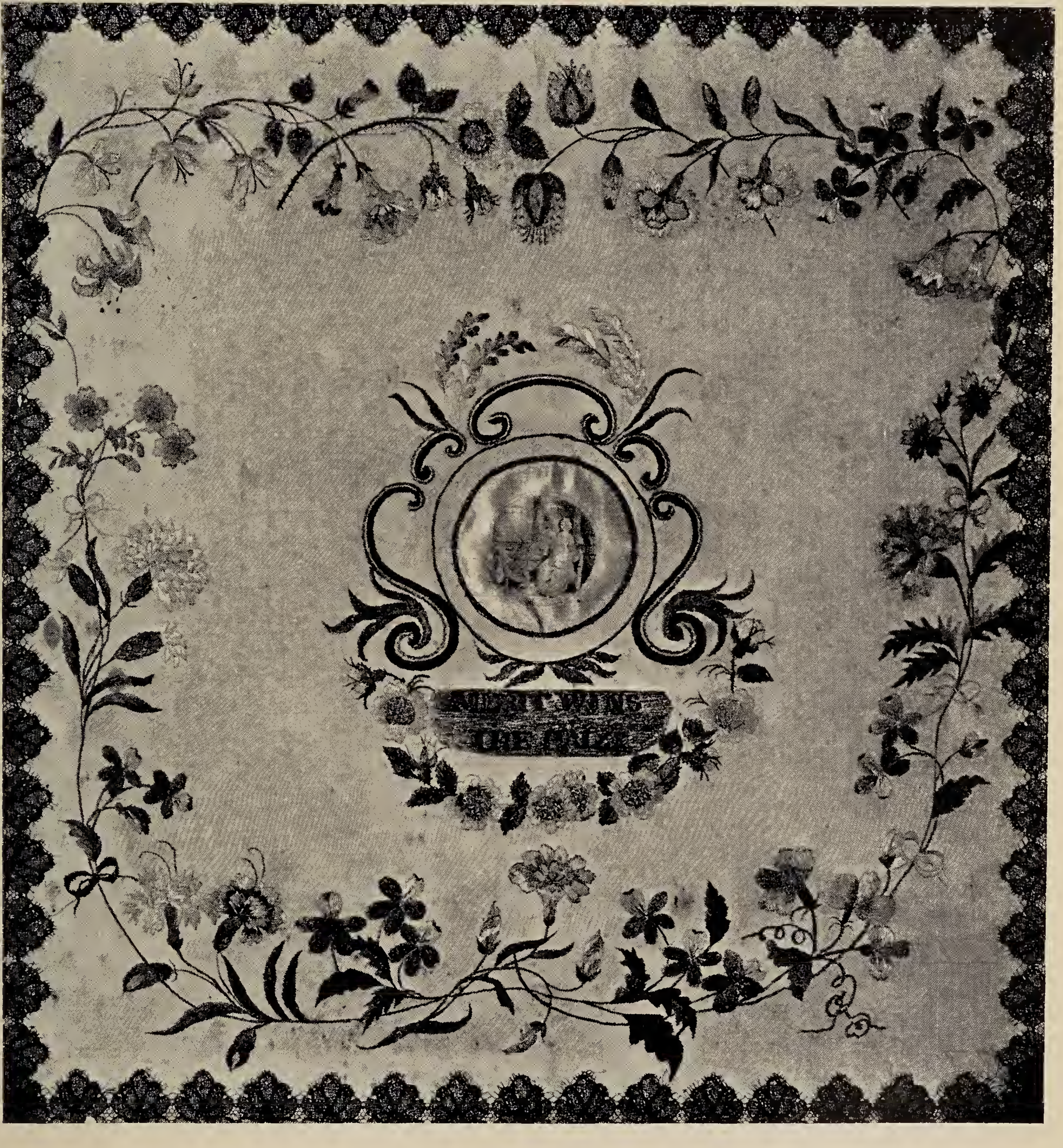
An inn, this night, must be my bed;
My lullaby the traveller's tread,
And I shall lose my gingerbread,
Far, far, from love & thee, Johnny,
To morrow, too, the bell will ring
That calls us up to pray & sing,
To me it will no pleasure bring,
It cannot reach me here, Johnny.

I may not, dare not, fancy now,
The grief that scowls thy wrinkled brow:
I dare not e'en imagine how
You'll scold & fret, my Johnny.
Ah! fond regrets are all I know.
Why did I tempt the treacherous snow;
And leave my house, and you, my beau,
My lov'd collegian, Johnny.

Re Poem "Attempts" — Sept 13, 1812.

A feeble attempt made to commemorate an attempted flirtation with *Mary Clarke*, which never amounted to anything. *Mary* was from Albany and was in school many years. She had a large figure, large fine features, blue eyes, rather pretty dimples and a fine complexion. She was an excellent girl, amiable, upright, and good tempered. She failed in energy, as most of those persons do whose large bodies outgrow their minds. She is known in "Traits of Ill Nature" by the name of Mary Amiable. She became a respectable scholar and an estimable woman. She was a good friend of mine thro' her whole school life. She is now living with her second husband, her name I do not know.

Dr. Bartholomew Ichobod is name belonging to my fictitious life, like Roger De Coverly to Addison. The name had its origin thus:



THE EARLIEST KNOWN DIPLOMA OF THE SCHOOL, ENGRAVED ON WHITE SATIN
This was evidently cut out, sewed under a large piece of satin, and decorated with embroidery and black lace by Charlotte Sheldon, daughter of Dr. Sheldon. Her diary is in the first Chronicles

Judd, *Stearns* and myself first term Senior year formed a plan to write a satirical paper as one often issued in Yale College. As we could not have it printed, we intended to write it & leave the copies in different parts of the town. It was to be called *the Briar.* It fell thru' however. When we were thinking of a name for the Editor, Judd proposed Dr. Bartholomew Ichobod. I assumed the name afterward & used it for a long time. He was the author of "Traits of Ill Nature". All that I say of the Briar in my journal is in cipher.
Huldah Maria Ensign who was my flame, summer 1813 but they do not apply to her. She was a thin pale faced girl, looking out of health. She had a large hazel eye with a mild sensible expression, beautiful auburn hair of the real purple tinge. Her face when animated was beautiful.

Page 51
In the summer of 1813, I was very industrious. I copied law lectures for *Judge Reeve* to pay for my law tuition of the winter before; I read every morning at Judge Holme's office, in which I was, and copied law papers for him. I went into school a number of hours in the day to assist *Aunt Pierce* & in the evening write my journal & letters etc. When I was ready for bed, the last thing I did was to scratch off some "Night Thoughts" upon whatever occupied my mind.

Parody on the "Vale of Avoca" — designed for *Huldah Maria Ensign.*
There is not in all Litchfield, a damsel so fair
As that girl with the dark eyes & bright auburn hair;
The last lingering pulsation of life shall depart,
Ere that maiden's image shall fade from my heart.

But it was not that beauty had moulded her face,
Where the white rose, and red rose, had mingled their grace
Twas not the soft glance of a wild beaming eye;
Twas something more lovely than youth's roseate dye.

Twas that virtue and feeling, commingling with truth,
Had added new graces to beauty and youth,
And show'd how the charms of the person increase,
When virtue and truth with the heart are at peace.

Sweet blossom of Litchfield, how calmly my life,
Would glide down in its channel, with thee for a wife;
Then the storms, that once lowed'd, forever would cease,
And our hearts, like thy virtues, be mingled in peace.

Re *Huldah Maria Ensign* in the above.

It is a very good description of her character. I thought of her seriously for a wife, but was too young to offer myself. I visited her often, after she left school, but either wanted courage or opportunity to "pop the question". I find, I accuse her of caprice in my journal, but it is more probable the caprice was my own.

There are none of my old flames that I look back to with so much esteem as *Huldah Maria.* She was an excellent girl. The parody was written when I was teaching in Northampton, where I staid from Oct. 1813 to April 1814.

Re "*Vale of Avoca*"

I say, at the close bequeathed to Northampton. The reason is, that some of my scholars found the parody among my loose papers, in my school drawer, and altered it to "There is not in New England", and "sweet flower of New England". It was circulated "all round town" as intended for *Eliza Henchaw* one of the "upper crust" of N——n. It is said that thirty copies were taken of it, and I abundantly blamed for daring to think even of one of the nobility. When the truth was known their mighty rage abated.

Sept. 30, 1850.

In the spring (1814) I returned to Litchfield, and commenced teaching there in earnest. My time, out of school, was fully occupied in reviewing all my old studies, the higher branches of mathematics, philosophy. etc I wrote very extended lectures on various topics for the school, which may be found in the first, second and third volumes of my Miscellanies extending from 1814 to 1817. One long prose story called Javan[1] was written the next year.

I now find my pieces of every description uniformly copied and bound in Miscellanies. The old Compendium of Misc. papers seems to have included nothing but the monthly record of *credit marks.* These were destroyed in 1832 when I came to Hartford; & I am afraid many fragments with them. The same was true in 1815. I wrote nothing but prose. The revival in school that year occupied my feelings. In 1814, I commenced the exciting study of Minerology which was then fashionable which led to the other branches of Natural History, with the hope of making myself a Professor. If I had adhered to poetry & the Belles Lettres, & concentrated my energies on fine writing, I might have been famous — but it was ordered otherwise, and it is too late now to launch.

I was, now, (in 1818) twenty three years old. My mind had matured by the stern discipline of study thro which I had proceeded, since, my return from Northampton, in April 1814, I had at once, determined upon making myself a teacher & studied accordingly. I cannot here stop to detail the steps I took to change the whole character of *female education.* It belongs to a more universal biography, this work being only intended to elucidate the character of my poetry. Suffice it to say, that I was one of the first, if not the very first to introduce a more scientific course in female education. I had, for this purpose, to prepare lectures on Philosophy, Rhetoric, Logic, the philosophical principles of Grammar etc, all of which may be found in my Miscellanies, there being no good educational text books then, and therefore I had no time for poetry or fine writing, except those prose compositions which I read to the school as models in composition. By the spring of 1816, the labor of these preparations was over, and imagination & sensibility began to resume their sway.

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[1] There is no record of this. — *E. N. V.*

In the meantime, a change had come over my own character. The foolish indulgence of morbid melancholy had become a habit & was almost periodical. I knew its folly; I knew that its causes were imaginary. I knew full well that I could resist its influence, and yet, I went into it with my eyes open, & indulged in all its excesses. It might have terminated in confirmed insanity. It did alienate many very valuable friends, & broke off an interesting engagement with a talented and beautiful girl. I was cured of it, in the winter of 1819 by the efforts of *Lucy Porter*[1] and *Catherine Beecher.* I mention these facts, as showing the light in which most of the subsequent pieces for 1816, 7&8 are to be seen.

My flirtations continued, but they frequently were merged in "attachments". My character was made up of susceptibility, excitability, romance, & imagination. The earlier slights I had received had given me a strong and enduring fondness "of being loved", and of not being happy unless I was surrounded by those who loved me. As my children grew up, that same feeling was confined to them, and in their society my happiness was too exclusively sought. Now[2] I am left a lonely weed rotting on the shore of the ocean of eternity, amid the wrecks of everything I valued in life strewed around me. But to return — In this period of my life, personal charms had not such influence over me as in those I have already commented upon. "Warmth of feeling and singleness of heart" were the idols I then worshipped in the female character.

The literary character of this period of my poetry must speak for itself, and will be developed as I proceed. Byron, Moore, Scot & Southey were the models at first, especially Byron. The influence of the Pope school had entirely ceased either in the satirical turn of mind it had created, or the smoothness it had given to my numbers.

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[1] Who later became his wife. — *E. N. V.*

[2] 1850.

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I was in the habit commenced this year & continued of giving my copy of the poetry I wrote to some one of my favorite scholars, on condition that she copied it in the form necessary to be bound up in my Miscellanies. This piece was copied by *Abby Marion Smith* of Albany, who was three years at school to me, and boarded in my father's family. I was exceedingly interested in her. She was a girl of first rate talents, whose education I entirely conducted and of whom I have always felt justly proud. She was an excellent friend of mine. She was small in figure, with a keen black eye, & rosy cheek. Her face was thin & nose long.

July 13, 1816.

I 've seen old Hudson's swelling pride,
As on he rush'd to meet the ocean;
No storms then lash'd his solemn tide,
No dashing waves made wild commotion;
While towering cliffs and tall trees, waving green,
Frown'd on the flood, the guardians of the scene.

I 've heard, when wandering on his bank,
The tide's low voice, while onwards creeping;
While many a bird the proud stream drank;
Or sooth'd with songs the seamen sleeping.
While, far as eye could reach, the gilt wave lay,
Bright as a virtuous life to memory's ray.

I 've seen Connecticut's fair wave,
Still, as he went, thro' rich fields smiling,
While the tall corn its bright green gave,
The river's darker hue beguiling.
Fair are thy fields, thy skies for ever shine;
"Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine."

But still there is a dearer stream;
Tho', on its breast, no white sails bearing,
Tho' rough its rocks, and cold its beam,
And dark the leaves its trees are wearing:
For in that stream's white foam, when life was young,
I, thoughtless, play'd, nor dreamt of future wrong.

Stream of my youth! dear is thy foam,
Dear as the friends who, with me, roving,
Have mark'd thy rocks with thot's of home,
And given all tho hast worth loving;
Dear are the pleasures I have felt by you.
Pure as the tear drops of the morning dew.

See p. 11

This piece was copied by *Henrietta Esther Sperry* of Owego, N. Y. She was an excellent girl, upright, intelligent, & faithful in all her duties. She married a printer by the name of *Leonard* in Owego, who, If I remember rightly, was subsequently a member of Congress. She was old when in school. I have heard nothing of her for many years.

The (following) piece is respectable. It has been printed several times. It was among those pieces that I had printed in the Catskill Recorder under the signature of "Traveller" when *Edwin Croswell Esq.* was its editor. Why I should write so much as if I was old & away from home, I cannot tell. One would think they were written in my old age.

July 27, 1816

I saw a flower; its gentle stem
Supported many a budding gem;
Soft were the hues that mingled there,
Like rainbow tints, as rich & fair;
So sweet its bloom, so soft its hue,
That nightingales might stoop to woo.
'Twas genial winds, in kindness, blew;
But should there breathe a sterner gale,
Its leaves would droop, its stem would fail.

I saw a light: it blaz'd in air:
Methought 'twas not a meteor's glare;
So mild the tint that struck the eye;
So, twilight like, the mellow'd sky;
It seemed to be a constant light,
To cheer alike the day and night;
To hold, while sun & moon should last,
While skies were clear, or were o'er cast;
To soothe me all life's journey thro',
And gild the close with radiant hue:
But 'twas a flash, a meteor flame;
Dark is the heart o'er which it came.

Oh! who can love the sweetest flower,
That only blooms and breathes an hour?
If it expire with one gay gleam?
'Tis not the intenseness of the light,
But *constancy* that gives delight.
I 'd rather have the hardiest flower,
That grows in Greenland's icy bower;
That breathes no fragrance o'er the snows,
But blooms untouch'd while winter blows.
Than all the charms that warmth can give,
If but a day the flower must thrive.

This is a fair specimen of my best poetry at that period.

The poem "Hill By The Bantam" was given to *Laura Farnham* of Cooperstown. She commenced school in 1815; she was a large framed, overgrown girl of fifteen, then, as big as any body. In consequence of the religious efforts I made for her, during the revival of 1815, she became most violently attached to me. She was a respectable scholar & stood high in school. She left in Nov. 1816. In the summer of 1819, she returned again. She had hardly commenced her labors, when she was taken with bleeding at the lungs, went home, died, in a few months.

The Blue Hills of my native state

How oft have I, in life's young morn,
Mounted those hills with boyish tread;
And seen the dark grey mists adorn,
In tresses gay, their sun bright head;
Nor thought, that e'er life's noon roll'd on,
Around my peace, the mists of hate
Would cling as those that hung upon
The *blue hills of my native state.*

Page 102 Aug, ? 1816.

Dear is the vale beneath their crest,
For home, and friends, and all, are there,
That give life's feast the sweetest zest,
And shade its cup from bitter care.
Hills of my home! where e'er he stops,
Such beams the sun can ne'er create,
As those that gild your cloud capt tops,
Ye *blue hills* of my *native state.*

The moon, as oft she sees yon lake,
Silvers its waves with hue as bright
As is the track that angels make,
Descending in a cloudless night;
Clear is that lake, as is the cup
That purest joys on earth create,
While it reflects thy long lov'd top,
Thou *blue hill* of my *native state.*

Cold is the world in which I rove;
For me, there beams no kindly fire;
But still, at home, the blaze of love
Burns bright, and never will expire.
What if, when toss'd on life's rude sea,
My bark is driven by storms of hate,
Yet one dear spot still feels for me,
The *blue hills* of my *native state.*

Page 103

It has been frequently published. First in Bigelow & Holley's American Monthly Magazine, & the Catskill Recorder etc etc.

Page 105 Oct. 3, 1850

"The little brown stone", as it has always been called, was copied by *Caroline Chester* of Hartford. She was a good scholar and quite a favorite. I speak of her "as much distinguished for fine taste and stubborness of character". She married, late in life, Hon. *Harman Knickerbocker of Schaghticoke,* who had been a member of Congress. She still lives in that place.

The piece was much admired at the time and published in many places. The friend, who gave the stone, was *Henry Sheldon* the Dr. Fill of early times. I have the stone yet in a little red box that contains the relics of my bachelor days.

It was considered as one of the best pieces I ever wrote, by many of my early friends.

Sept 4, 1816 3Misc. 169

To a stone from the Island of the Lady of the Lake, given by a friend who had visited Loch Katrine.

****

Thou little brown stone! oh what hast thou seen,
Since the flood roll'd thee up, on thy island so green!
How many vast ages have travell'd thee o'er,

But to the hill — On June 17, 1815, (while the battle of Waterloo was in preparation!) I found in my walks, a hill east of the Bantam, among the woods, with a beautiful quiet little prospect at its feet. June 23 a large party, with *Aunt Mary* and others, *Ann Brace* etc went with me to see the hill. Among the rest, was an uninteresting Dutch girl by the name of *Maria Hoffman.*

P. 101

It was copied by *Mary Sherrill* of Richmond, Mass. She was a good scholar & most excellent amiable and well principled girl. She married a clergyman by the name of *Dwight,* and settled, I believe, in Richmond. I think I had heard she was dead. The handwriting is very peculiar. It is in what was then called the "Wrifford" style, which consisted in taking off the pen at the end of every stroke. It was a very fashionable hand in 1813 and onward, but no one could write fast in it.

Oct. 3, 1850.

"Farewell to The Hypo" was copied by a very good and kind hearted girl from Albany, by the name of *Amanda Keeler.* I have no knowledge of her history.

The "October Evening" was copied by *Ruth C. Benedict* of Albany, who was two years and a half with me, and became a distinguished scholar. She was a large girl of her age with rather a plain appearance, but possessing all those qualities of "warmth of feeling and singleness of heart" which I then worshipped. She was the sister of *Louis Benedict* who has been quite a Whig leader in Albany. I have never seen Ruth since 1817. She continued unmarried for many years. Six or eight years ago, she married *Hon. Micah Sterling,* a widower of some twenty years older than she, who died very soon after their marriage. He was a brother of *Elisha Sterling* of Salisbury & *Ansel Sterling* of Sharon and had been a member of Congress from New York.
The poem "To My Sister on Her Birthday" was copied by Aunt Mary. There was quite a celebration of this birthday of Ann's and this was my tribute. My brother Abel leaving home when I was eleven and he nine years of age, it flung Ann and myself more together for many years. She was my confident & my sympathiser in all my troubles & joys.

Ann P. Brace's character was of very slow growth. When young and during my college life, she was indolent and seldom roused to mental effort. Her memory was poor, her mind slow, and her imagination feeble. When I took the school in 1814, she was then just engaged to *Charles G Loring* of Boston, whom she married, & was then taken under the immediate care of Aunt Mary, and resided at

Miss Pierce's. Aunt Mary's judicious training out of school, and the exertions of Aunt Sarah & myself in school, soon made her a good scholar, of uncommon strength of judgement and keeness of appreciation. She possessed an infinite fund of humour, was a capital comic actress, and had the keenest sense of the ridiculous of anyone I ever met with, save *Emma Brace.* Few could have recognized in the polished, quiet, rather formal Boston lady, the fun loving girl. She married in 1818 and died in 1836.

Mary S. Wells of Lawville, N. J. and *Ruth Benedict* are mentioned. He refers to his short engagement with the beautiful & talented *Mary W. Peck*[1] of Litchfield.

One of the marks of my life has been "kindness of character". My old boarders & other inmates remember that, even when they forget my instructions.

Eliza F. Wadsworth was in school during the summer of 1816 and the winter of 1818. She was an excellent scholar, sister of *James & Anna W.* She had the first prize, winter 1818. I do not know what became of her.

Referring to the poem "*From the Man in the Moon to one of his votaries*". This piece was copied by *Cornelia G. Lothrop* of Utica, N. Y. an excellent scholar and a very amiable and lovely girl. I do not know her history. She had a sister, afterward, in school by the name of *Frances.* They were connections of *President Kirkland* of Harvard College. There is a brother of their's now a preacher in Boston. A paper having been established in Litchfield, called the Litchfield Journal, I wrote very much for it. Among other things, I sent anonymously some articles signed "Horace in Litchfield".

"*America*"

Deep sleep fell on me, in the hour of night,
And with my sleep, the spirits of the dead,
In all their awful forms, were hovering near:
Shades that when living, held the helm of state,
In revolutions wildest, stormiest days.
With all the strength that eloquence can give,
They came t'unfold the future to withdraw
The curtain that conceals from mortal view,
Th' expected greatness of America.
Me thought, my eyes from every film were clear
And all my country splendors rose in sight,
Thro' the long vista of futurity.
At first, twas one confused blaze of light,

---

[1] Mary Peck married *Edward Mansfield.*

Like the reflection of a summer's sun
Upon the broken mirror of the lake:
Columbus' wand then calm'd the busy scene,
And show'd the limits of this wondrous land,
From moist Atlantic's early peopled shores,
To where Columbia rolls his western stream,
Who long had wander'd in the silent wood.

With not an eye to trace his dark blue path,
Amid th' eternal forests of his banks;
From Mississippi's mouth and Mexico,
To Winnipec's cold lake and icy hills,
Did one unbroken hum of voices rise,
And one continued, cultivated scene,
In all its variegated colors, bless the eye.
No more the Spaniard chaf'd our Southern coast,
The sea alone, there, dar'd to raise his arm,
But rais'd in vain, for calmly on his breast,
In conscious pride, one strong ship brav'd the storm
Britain, no more, upon our northern front,
Plac'd the red tomahawk in a savage hord.
Within the centre of a mighty state,
In peace, Ontario stretch'd his giant back,
Nor fear'd to be arous'd from sleep, by roar
Of British cannon, or of savage yell.
Upon Missouri's wave, the white sail gleam'd,
Frequent as now upon the crowded stream
Of busy Thames and Mississippi's banks,
Cover'd with cities, smil'd in richest dress.
No stream then boasted that its foam was free,
For all had felt the lash of trade's proud oars;
The rapid had been tam'd; the cataract
Now, feebly, pour'd its flood upon the plains;
The rocks were clear'd; the sandy bars remov'd;
And not a river dar'd to disobey,
Except Niagara; no power could tame
That savage king of cataracts, uncheck'd
He 's reigned for ages, on his rocky throne:
Gone, is the savage hut upon its brink;
The wild deer, too, that started at its roar;
And all those birds that flapped the fearless wing,
Amid the storm-like spray, are found no more.
Alone, it beats against its rocks, and stands
Like some huge column in Palmyra's streets,

Unperishing, 'mid universal death.
With all this great extent, stretching o'er half
The western world, how will our country wield
The destinies of Europe in her hands,
The sea, her empire; and the earth, her range.
The most, that holds her flag, could proudly tell
The native woods, firm as they stand, she stood.
Britain's "fast anchor'd isle", before our power,
Swong from her moorings, and was lost amid
The ordinary nations of the earth.

Nor did the trump of fame, in loudest notes,
Proclaim alone her greatness and her power.
"Mistress of learning" was the name she bore.
The silver sounds of poetry were heard
In all her groves, sweet as the nuptial song,
That birds of summer chant, in roseate bowers.
Learning, and art her handmaid, then, had left
The worn out coast of Europe, and had rais'd
Their empire in the western wilderness.
But still there was, a brighter, fairer tint
Which shone upon this picture, like the light
In Moses' face, that glow'd, where God had look'd.
It was the light the gospel sheds on those
Who have embrac'd and trusted in the Cross.
The rivers roll'd a purer stream; the air
A milder breathing gave; the earth with fruits,
In rich abundance, blest the laboring hand.
America! my dear lov'd country, hail!
The last and greatest empire of the world!
How will thy fame be echoed thro' the earth!
How bright thy name, on history's page, shall shine
'Till history's last page be finished
And Time's broad stream be stagnant in its course.

It is curious as a prophesy in 1819 of what the nation now is in 1850. I see there is no prophetic intimation, however, of railroads & telegraphs. The "white sails" of commerce are getting rather out of date and Canada is not annexed yet.

I was married Nov. 2, 1819, and from that time I became an everyday, domestic family man.
Towards the close of 1820, I began to write poetry again; and that may be termed the most successful part of my life in writing. It con-

tains all my long poems, and shows not that I tried to describe my own feelings, but to imagine others. This period extends thro' 1821, and occasionally little further.

Elizabeth Cooke of Litchfield was a great favorite. Her character is told in a few pages, in "Margaret Mix's farewell to Litchfield." She was one of the "Club" Quod vide. She married *Richard Stiles Esq.* and lives in Morristown, N. J. She was a daughter of the second *Mr. F. WolCott.* It was published in the *Atlantic Souvenir.*

M. Mix's farewell was written by request and copied by her. She had been some time with us and boarded at my father's with me and *Lucy.*[1] She was from New Haven. An amiable and excellent girl. I believe her mother removed to the West — I have never heard what became of her.

Margaret M Mixs farewell to
Litchfield Oct. 1820

Litchfield farewell! no more thy street
In broad expanse my eyes shall meet
No more thy hills of cheerful green
Or neat built houses shall be seen
Or sky of ever living blue
Or lakes that vie with it in hue.
No more be seen those friends that twine
Their merits round this heart of mine.
Farewell that *friend* that nearest seen
Who shares both waking hours & dreams
Whose unsophisticated mind
With strongest powers the heart can bind.
Maria too in whom we find
That inate dignity of mind
That mark her form with all that grace
That worth & innocence can trace.
And *Cooke* whose emblem is the stream
Whose surface shows no brightening gleam
But still whose . . . [torn page]
Calmly & sweetly far below —
Mary with feeling quick and bright
As flashes of the Northern Light:
Whose artless innocence endears.
More than the worth of riper years,

---

[1] J. P. Brace's wife.

And *Jane* whose promt & active mind
By talents vigerous shoots entwined.
Shows promise of the fairest flowers
And richest fruits in future hours.
And *Wolcott* o'er whose beaming face
Good nature sheds her sweetest grace.
Whose smile is like the glowing west.
When every cloud has sought its rest.
When balmy eve its softening blue
Has Mix'd with tints of amber hue
Where none can look & calm depart
Nor feel the glow upon his heart —
Friends of my heart tho' doubly near
Yet other friends are still as dear
And those now claiming warmer love
Which you & Litchfield ne'er can move.

Ann King Jones was a niece of Lucy's, a most amiable, prudent, worthy girl. She lives now, unmarried, in the family of *Dr. Edward Beecher* of Boston, who married her sister *Isabella.* I have not seen her for years, but I shall long remember the interest I felt in her.

"Maria" — was Maria Cooke of Litchfield. She deserved these encomiums, for she was very much of a lady. She married *Hon. Truman Smith,* Senator in Congress, of Litchfield. She died in 1849.

Cooke", Elizabeth Cooke whom I have mentioned. I cannot better give the peculiarities of her character than in the opposite lines. It is said, that her mother, upon reading it, burst into tears at the justness of the appreciation, as no one before had done her justice.

"Mary" — Mary Landon of Litchfield. She needs warm praise and a noble appreciation of her excellencies as she was subsequently. There was no one in Litchfield that Lucy & myself more valued. She married a teacher of an academy, Castleton, Vt. by the name of ——

Jane" — *Jane R. Lewis* is well described. She died young, a few years after.

"Wolcott" — Betsey Wolcott of Litchfield, a girl of the most sunny benevolence. She married *John P. Jackson Esq.* of Newark, N. J. and is still living there. I saw her in 1848, she told me she was then a grandmother. She had nothing of that bright beauty, but the blue eye and white teeth, and amiable smile.

The poem "Northern Light" was written for *Mary Landon,* and copied by her. It might have had some personal application, as, among "the Club" her appellative was "the Northern Light".

"To Disappointment" was written for *Jane R. Lewis* and copied

by her. The recollection of Jane Lewis is very pleasant to me She died in 1820

"To Mrs. —— on the death of her child" was written for *Elizabeth Cooke* and copied by her. It relates to her mother, *Mrs. Frederick Wolcott,* who had then lost a little boy.

"An Indian Ballad" was copied by *Susan Skinner* of Middlebury, Vt. daughter of *Gov. Skinner.* She was an excellent scholar and a great favorite. She is married; but her name I do not recollect. It was published in the N.Y. Mirror, in two parts, under the name of Nootonuc. Under date of Feb. 18, 1821, a letter from Edwin Croswell, Esq. then Editor of the Catskill Recorder, now of the Albany Argus, the following opinion is given. It is to be particularly praised for its correct delineation of the Indian character — a savage, unconquerable, unappeaseable love of revenge, which triumphs over and absorbs every other passion.

In copying "Altawmah," a Poem in three cantos I have been much assisted by a copy made by Miss Pierce of the first Canto. It is strange that Aunt Sarah has such an ear for rhythm in poetry, and writes tragedy blank verse so well, when she has no ear for music, and says she cannot distinguish one tune from another except as they vary in loudness.

The names are mostly fictitious, except the Scahticokes whose remnant still live in Kent on the Housatonic.[1] Bears were killed in Litchfield as late as my mother's childhood.

"Ramong Lake" [2] is situated in the town of Warren near New Preston. It is a large and beautiful sheet of water filled with fish, well cultivated and fertile banks.

"Isle of Pines" — the two Bantam Lakes are connected by a deep sluggish stream that runs its whole course thro low lands. It is filled with fish. About half a mile or a mile north of the Lake, the banks were a little higher, and of the shady character which supports a Piney vegetation. This large sandy track was slightly elevated in parts above the neighboring swamps, and, when I was a boy, being covered with large pine trees was called Pine Island. It was called an Island, because a ditch-like stream running into the Little Pond, encircled its Northern part, so that you entered on both its North and South sides over bridges while to the East and West were deep and almost impassable swamps. It was, in my earliest remembrance, a highly romantic place. Paths had been cut around among the pines and evergreens, so that carriages could pass. It was filled with red

[1] Indians still there in 1920. — *E. N. V.*

[2] Now called Waramaug. — *E. N. V.*

squirrels and partridges & small birds. It was ordinarily dry, so that a ramble among its immense pines and thick laurel underbrush was a favorite and fashionable resort. It was about two miles from the village. It is now all cut down and its beauty destroyed. There is no exaggeration in the poem respecting the gloom of the place.

The hill alluded to at the bottom of the page, is Mount Tom, a round eminence very conspicuous in all Litchfield scenery. Mount Tom! "Phoebus!" what a name for epic poetry!

Panthers were once common in Connecticut or at least, that large animal of the Cat kind, called Catamount or Wild Cat. I remember my mother's telling me that, when she was very small, she remembers her father calling her to the door (of the old Red House) one evening to listen to the cry of a Panther, as he called it, on the Northe-Eastern part of Chestnut Hill. This must have been before 1770.
"Marble seat" — The marble quarry of New Preston commences at not more than one mile from Ramong Lake. The Ashpetuc, its outlet, now moves the numerous mills employed in sawing it. It is a basin of primitive lime stone, lying between the granite hills, extending from Kingsbridge N.Y. thro' Connecticut, Berkshire County, Mass. & Vermont to the Canada line.

JOHN P. BRACE
HISTORY OF MY POETRY
VOLUME III

Page 23 Oct. 17, 1850

At the time I wrote this poem, I had some favorite theories about the expressions of the countenance, the influence of which I can trace, in my descriptions. It was before I meddled much with Phrenology.

Page 175.

In the summer of 1821 to please quite a literary, loving school, a school paper was established to be read every Holy-day afternoon. Very many of the scholars wrote for it, as I did myself, and it was very interesting. It furnished the model for one that *Catherine Beecher* established at Hartford, subsequently, which has since been imitated by all the great seminaries and Colleges. Of course, she ran off with all the credit. The paper was called the Holy-day Recorder.
The edition preserved and bound up among my miscellanies was one copied by some of the young ladies some two or three years after. The original edition was in my hand writing, and is preserved somewhere among my papers.

Page 179.

I cannot exactly ascertain at present when the Holyday was copied Most probably in 1823. Number one was copied by *Ann Maria Perkins* of Warren, Ohio. She was the daughter of *Gen. Simon Perkins.* She was a most excellent scholar and writer; stood at the head of the school, and bore off many prizes. She was a great favorite of mine She married *John William Allen,* son of the celebrated *John Allen* of Litchfield. He has been a member of Congress from Ohio. She died soon after her marriage and Allen married a *Miss Mather* of Lyme, who went to school to me at Hartford, Summer 1833.

1850

Dear Reader, sneer not! I am an old man sitting in cool impartial judgment on my early productions, and I believe I shall judge correctly.

Page 191

This number was copied by *Frances Ann Brace* daughter of *T. K. Brace* of Hartford. She was an excellent scholar, and what is better, a most estimable girl, upright, amiable, intelligent. She was a very good friend of mine. She married *James M. Bunce* of Hartford, and has been dead some years.

Page 205

Copied by *Martha Austin of Warren,* Ohio one of my especial favorites. Her subsequent history I am unacquainted with.

Oct. 29, 1850

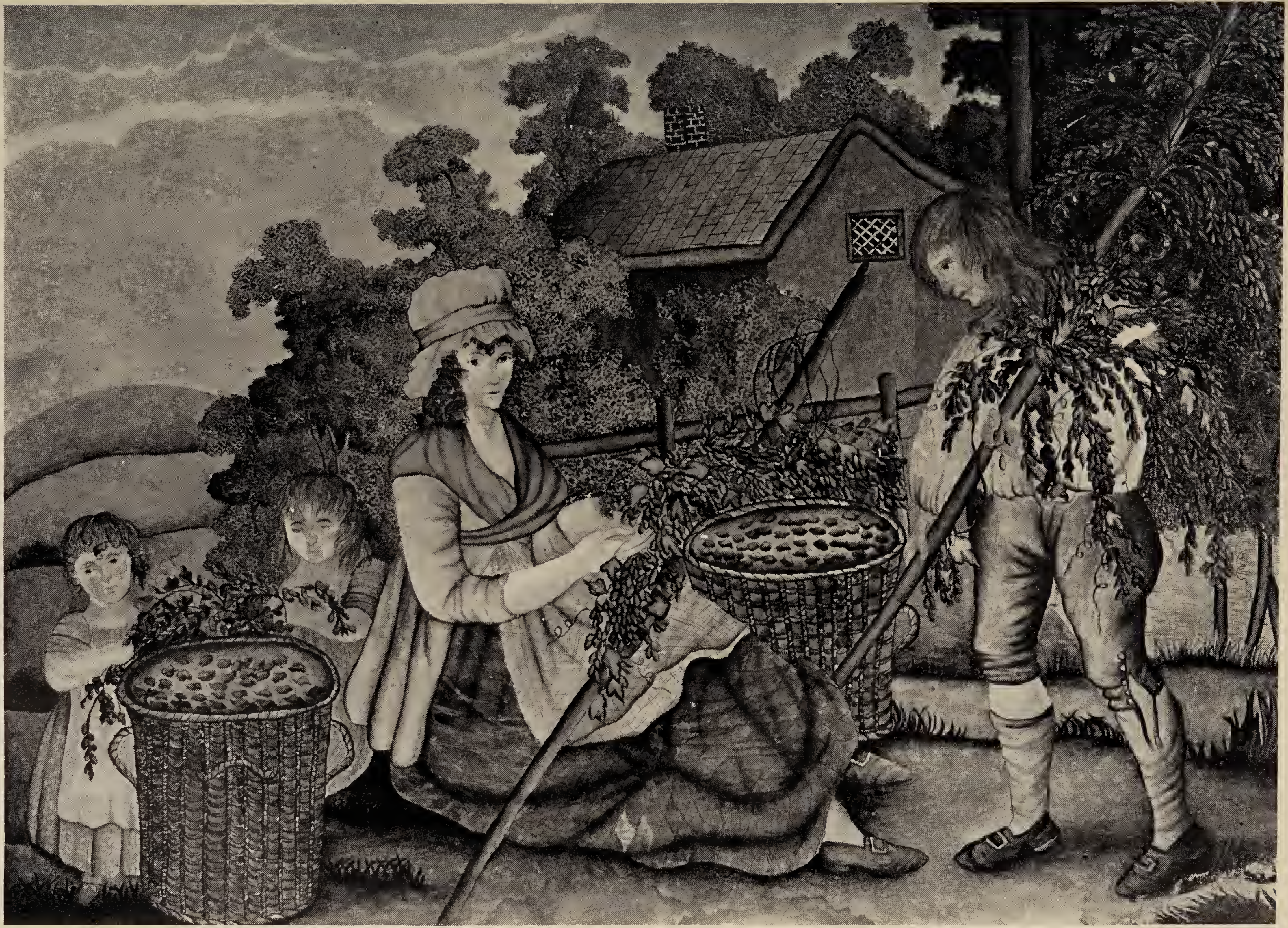
If ever a man died of love it was *Edward Morton.* The lady to whom he became early attached was married to another. Morton was present at the marriage, and was never seen to smile afterwards. The lady, it was said, was unhappy in her union, and did not survive, many years. Morton died at Corfu. A portrait of the lady was found in his portfolio, wrapped up in the lines in "Original."

Page 233

It is written to the Club, (Elizabeth Cooke, Betsey Wolcott, Mary Landon, and Jane Lewis) just previous to their graduating, and copied by Elizabeth for the sixth volume of Miscellanies.

Page 239

In the spring of 1823, I returned again to my father's to board with my family. I had not much care, out of school, on my shoulders and grew rather indolent. This lasted till the death of my mother in 1830 when the cares of the family & the farm came upon me. In 1822, I studied Entomology. In 1823&4 I renewed my acquaintance with minerology and altered my minerals to their present form.



(1) Lucy Sheldon's Picture, Painted in Water Colors: "Hop-picking"

Page 243
I do not know the hand writing that copied it, but it looks some like *Mary Ann Greenfield* of Middletown.

Page 247 Oct. 30, 1850
This sketch was copied by *Mary M. F. Betts* of Florida. She was an excellent girl and a great favorite. She married a *M. Lewis* of Huntsville Alabama and is I believe, living.

The satire and description were intended for *Elizabeth D. Homes* of Boston.

Page 249
The hand writing bears a strong resemblance to *Martha Austin's* who left school Oct. 1823.

Oct. 31, 1850
In my spring vacations, I staid at home to work and fish. In the fall, I journeyed. The fall of 1823, I spent four weeks in Boston copying works and plates from the Cambridge Library on Entomology. Charles' lived in Chestnut Street then. In the fall of 1824, I spent a week or two at New York, where I witnessed the political contests Recommenced my political studies. I was with *Charles King,* editor of the American who was a cousin of Lucy's.[1] In his ofice, I became acquainted with all the New York great men, and thro' the introduction of *Col. Gibbs* and *Torrey,* with the learned men. *D. Mitchell, Dr. Hosack, Le Conte, Morgan Lewis,* etc etc. In the fall of 1825, Lucy & I went to Boston & Portland, where I again saw *Dr. J. W. Webster* etc

JOHN P. BRACE

HISTORY OF MY POETRY

VOLUME IV

Oct. 31, 1850
There is some uncertainty about the date of this piece. It was copied by *Ann Eliza Bassett* of Bridgeport, who was in school for several years. She was a capital scholar and something of a favorite, tho' cold hearted & unamiable. She was a good looking girl much admired. She graduated winter 1824, but remained at school afterward. The catalogue of winter 1825, I find is gone from 6Misc. There being too many things bound up in one volume. I am uncertain whether it belongs to '24 or '25 — Eliza Bassett married a *Hawley* of Bridgeport, and now lives in St. Louis & I believe they are poor.

[1] Lucy Porter — J. P. B.'s wife.

Page 7

I do not remember that I ever forgave anybody anything, except *Sarah Brace,* the trouble she gave me about *John Comstock.*

Page 17

This piece is dated rightly. It was copied into the Miscellanies by *Laura M. Wolcott* of Litchfield, the youngest of *Hon. F. Wolcott's* children, by his first wife. They were decidedly the handsomest family I ever knew. Laura was as beautiful as the rest, and was a good scholar, an excellent and amiable girl. Her memory as a scholar is very pleasant to me. She married *Robert G. Rankin Esq.* who lives near Fishkill, as (I think) a manufacturer. I met Laura Aug. 1849 going to Williamstown with a son to enter college. She told me she had eleven children.

Page 33

To please the school of 1825, I wrote a monthly Magazine, which I composed and copied myself and gave to them to read that wished it. The original are in 6Misc. It comprised mostly interesting prose, articles, and it contains some of my best stories, and other miscellaneous matter.

Nov. 1, 1850

1825 seems to have been a writing year both in prose and poetry. I studied Chemistry about this time. I think winter '26: fished in the summer. In 1826 a few days before my 4th July Oration, Charles was born. In April 1828 Uriel died & Emma was born, the same day.[1]

Nov. 2, 1850

In 1828 and 29, I studied Anatomy, & read Good's Book of Medicine and other works upon that science by way of amusement. In Nov. 1829 I spent the vacation at Boston, after having gone to New Bedford to see Tim off on a whaling voyage. In June 1830, mother died and as father's health failed him, I then took care of the farm for exercise and amusement and worked hard out of school. In Oct. 1830, James was born.

Nov. 4, 1850

This piece was written for *Mary Caroline Tracy* and copied by her. She was from Troy N.Y. and boarded with me, the latter part of the time she was at school. She was an excellent scholar. a girl of great enthusiasm of character, tho' there was a streak of derangement about her that was unpleasant. Sometime after she left school, her father lost all his great property and died. The sister *Frances* who had been at school with us, and was noted for her scholarship, became a teacher. Caroline moved and settled I think in Mobile.

[1] J. P. B.'s children.

Nov. 4, 1850

This imitation was copied by *Ann R. Nestell* who was quite a favorite during 1830 &31. She was from Bloomingdale, Orange County N. Y. Her parents were both dead. She was no scholar. Everything was in extremes in her character. She was a great friend of mine, but it was hard work to accomplish anything of a reformation in her character. She married in 1833 a *Dr. Crane* of Newburgh, N. Y. I think I have heard she was not living. [In pencil] In 1857 I heard from her as still living. She has several children now grown up.

I spent the winter of 1832 in studying theology, and here I first began to be troubled with my heart complaint. I studied very hard with little exercise and compelled my mind every evening to grasp 50 pages an hour of metaphysics —— —— Edwards etc. occupied my mind and stored it with a new set of ideas. In Nov. 1832 I came to Hartford & here used the great stock of information I had been quietly obtaining since 1814. I do not mean to follow my history any further as it is no longer connected with the subject of these volumes.

Nov. 5, 1850

There is one thing quite evident from these volumes, and that is, I might have made a respectable poet, had I written for a livelihood and devoted my whole life to that one subject. There are, in these productions, sufficient indications of inventive powers, of imagination, of sensibility of an ear for musical rhythm of a fondness for nature and a power of describing it, to show what I might have made had I placed but one object before my mind in life. As it is they are merely now the employments of my leisure hours and are here collected for the amusment of my children alone.

They are here closed.

CAROLINE CHESTER'S JOURNAL

[By courtesy of her grandson, Mr. Seymour Cunningham]

In the "Chronicles of a Pioneer School" the journal of Caroline Chester, beginning Nov. 30th, 1815, is given. Since then the second part of that journal has been received. It begins on May 16, 1816. It contains so much of the intimate life of a girl at Miss Pierce's school that we give it entire. It has also a list of the pupils for that year.

Caroline Chester was born in Hartford, Connecticut, 1801, married John Knickerbocker, 1824, and died at Troy, New York, 1870.

CAROLINE CHESTER'S JOURNAL. MAY 1816

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news
The spirit walks of every day, deceas'd,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns."
Dr. Young.

On Thursday morning May 16th I bid farewell to my very dear friends at Hartford and cannot but agree with Mr. B. who in his beautiful piece on *home* says,

"There's no sorrow so great as its absence to mourn
No joy that's so bright as the hope of return."

I had a fatiguing ride but was very happy to once more see Litchfield and those friends who I became acquainted with last winter, it is with pleasure that I again resume my studies after a delightful vacation of three weeks which I spent with my dear friends at Hartford. It is my intention to attend particularly this summer to my studies and I hope that my improvement will be such as to gratify my Parents & Instructors. Many of the Young Ladies who attended school last winter have returned home and new scholars have supplied their places.

Attended school Friday May 17th, attended in the evening a prayer meeting at Miss Edwards, *Mr. Cornelius, Mr. Mason, Mr. Hooker,* & *Mr. Ingersoll* were present fervent prayer was offered up to him who has not said "Ye shall seek my face in vain" that there might be a revival of religion in the school. Saturday rose early, exercised & performed the duties of the morning. Mr. Ingersoll visited the school the afternoon was devoted to writing & walking — Sunday morning the text was in Mat. 18-3 "Verily I say unto you except ye be converted & become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" — In the afternoon Habakuk 3–2 — "Lord revive thy work" In the evening Mark 6–12. And they preached to every one that they should repent."

Monday May 20, 1816

Attended school and recited a lesson in Sacred History wrote my journal recited in Blair & spelt. After school took a pleasant walk with *Sally Sandford* and *Nancy Hurlburt,* the evening was devoted to sewing Tuesday morning rose earlier than usual exercised & performed the customary duties of the morning Mr. Ingersoll called & desired to see the Young Ladies whom he conversed and prayed with he then rose & went round the room affectionately bidding us farewell when he came to Nancy & myself he took each of our hands and said, "May God bless your souls" — then with his eyes filled with tears he exclaimed, Oh! Miss Chester! he said no more but left us — My time at school was employed in various occupations I recited a lesson in Morses Geography, Rhetoric, & ten pages in Rollins History — Parsed and cyphered — After school I wrote my journal but found my ideas did not flow very freely — Mr. Brace to day appointed me to write a letter but I am not fond of composing letters to show to anyone but the person to whom they are addressed — and would willingly were it in my power get excused . . .

In the evening attended conference, Mr. Mason and Mr. Cornelius were present — The latter informed those who were present that the National Bible Society was established at N. York and that *all* would have it in their power from this time to assist the poor benighted heathen. And he read us a letter from *Mr. Newell* to his friend it was an excellent letter entreating Christians in America to pray for him and all missionaries. In praying for them he wished them to pray for the poor benighted heathen — Wednesday was devoted to study.

Thursday at school wrote a long letter to *Lucy Fitch* recited as usual, I cannot say but that I do wish I might be excused from cyphering for I cannot *think* and as Dr. J—— says "He that never thinks never can be wise." it shows & proves that I am not *wise.* After school went to the Post Office with dear Eliza had quite an adventure which will make me remember my walk on Thursday May 23rd. The evening was part I fear wasted for I read a few pages in Disipline which I think very highly of, it shows us the ill effects arising from *PRIDE* and that peace of mind & humility are only to be found in a Christian. I intend for the future to make each day "a critic on the last" — and I *hope* & trust that the examination will teach me to know my many failings and be productive of many good resolutions —

Oh! upon our dying bed how heart rending will be the reflection that we have wasted our time & must answer for it at the bar of God —

> "What would we pay what ransom give
> For one short moment more to live,
> One hour to spend in thoughtful care
> In duty penitence & prayer."

UPON THE RIGHT IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

Time is a most invaluable blessing given us to prepare for eternity, and to improve it aright ought to be the great concern of our life. The space of time allotted us for to spend on this earth is so short that were we to employ every moment to prepare for the great and awful change which awaits us, it would be no more than sufficient, but how many hours and even days do we waste in idle conversation, frivolous reading and an unnecessary attention to dress not remembering that for all these things God will bring us into judgment." If we would only remember, That time once lost never returns the moments which are past are past for ever" we should surely be more deligent to improve it aright for it is incumbent on us to do that that when it is past we may have the pleasure of reflecting that it has not been misemployed. A just sense of the importance of time is very essential to the right management of it. I know of a young lady who rises before sun-rise and devotes every hour of the day to some particular study or employment when she rises she knows if her life is preserved what she shall do each hour of the day, she agrees with the Poet who says "Order is heavens first law" — It is our duty to remember that the fifty years of man must make provision for the last" and not postpone religion till old age for soon the night of death will arrive when no man can work."

Saturday my Dissertation was read and I regretted it was no better & felt that My time which I employed in writing it was wasted — At school Miss Pierce gave us some excellent advice — but I fear I shall not follow it but I hope to be enabled to. It hardly seems possible that another week is gone & past never to be recalled, it hardly seems possible that I who am a probationer for eternity should waste so many precious hours in vanity — when I ought to recollect how short a time I shall continue in my present situation how soon it will be gone that the consequences of my actions will remain & be remembered a *long long* time — As usual the forenoon was devoted to receiving religious instruction from Miss P. & *Mr. Beecher* who had not been in Litchfield for some time — Mr. Beecher visited the school he began by asking the divine blessing — He then read the 16 chapter of Acts commencing at the 16 verse — And it came to pass, as we went to prayer, a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination met us, which brought her masters much gain by soothsaying —

****

I hope e'er long to hear you my dear young friends asking with the same earnestness,

"What shall I do to be saved."

****

The afternoon was spent in various occupations — Mr. Cornelius spent the evening at Miss Edward's — And read & explained to us a chapter, I never knew a person who was more universally beloved than Mr. C. — and feel very sorry, that he so soon leaves Litchfield but I hope and trust that he will do more good in the places to which he is going, Oh! at the last day how many that he has fed, clothed & protected will rise up to bless him — He follows the motto he gave us last winter very strictly.
"And be ye not weary in well doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

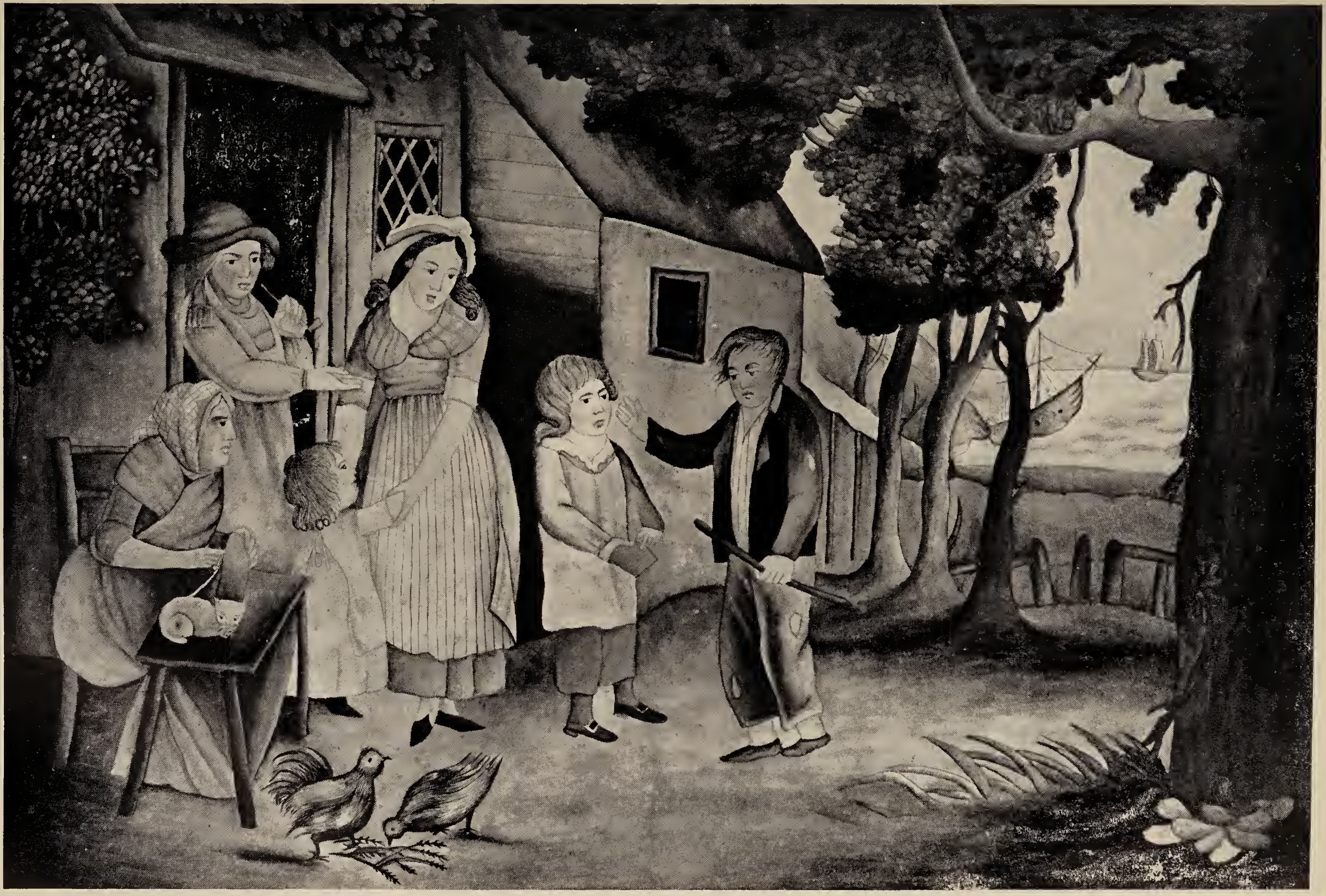
TIME ROLLS ITS CEASELESS COURSE."

Sunday morning I was disappointed when I rose to find that the day was unpleasant, but Miss Edwards permitted us to attend meeting — Mr. Beecher had been separated a long time from his people and when he entered many eyes followed him with pleasure to the pulpit — His text was in Dan 2–chapter 35–44 & 45 The verses were so long that I do not recollect them. He said that he was sure that Gods kingdom would come and his will be done on earth as it is in heaven — within the last fifty years many and great exertions have been made by Christians to have the bible sent to the heathen, I have always wished to have a National Bible Society established in America and now I have had my desire let thy servant oh! Lord depart in peace, the dreadful wars which have desolated our land have been in some degree subservient to religion but the bible informs us that "wars shall have an end" and this we have reason to trust will soon be accomplished — All nations are joining in the wish that Peace may cover the earth — A man is now in N York who has conversed with the Emperor of Russia upon this subject says he was willing to hear him and said he would do all in his power to prevent war — Geography is subservient to the cause of Christ and is studyed in all the common schools which are kept in our land — Kingdoms are established by men and distroyed — but those established by God will always remain immovable through out all ages — We have the pleasure of seeing Bible Societies in almost every place in the United States and many are supported by the greatest & most valuable members of society an example which I hope will be followed — Young Men are now educated in all the branches of science but especially in that of Geography that they may be acquainted with the situation of remote and distant countries but they are also instructed in the more important study of religion that they may be capable of teaching the uncivilized nations to whom religion has never diffused the happiness which it imparts to those who possess it — In the afternoon the text was in Isa. 55–10th–11th verses.

Monday was spent as is usual in writing Journal and reciting in Sacred History, I am sorry to write that my recitation was a poor one as I had no excuse whatever for not knowing it perfectly — After school one of the girls as I was walking in the yard said "I have good news for you" I found I had a letter from Louisa I regretted to find I must burn it & if I had time I would copy it word for word but as I have not I will copy some part of it. "Alfred has returned to New Haven in very good health he loves you very much & hopes you will grow in goodness every day and *cultivate* in the rich soil of a warm heart those flowers of virtue which alone repay the Parent above and the Parent on earth. Should I disappoint so good so excellent a brother no! it shall be my endeavor to do what I am assured it would give him pleasure to have me & oh! that I could but do those things which I ought — Another stimulus was this "we all join in best wishes for your welfare, improvement & happiness, our love too accompanies this united with the hope that you are seeking to merit our highest regard." Tuesday morning rose early exercised and preformed the customary duties of the morning at school recited a lesson in Geography and Blair cyphered I am sorry to say how very much I dislike this employment — as it is my dear Parents wish to have me improve *particularly* in Arithmatic — About five *Mrs. Sanford* arrived quite unexpectedly and selfish mortal as I am it was impossible for even me not to participate in the joy which animated the countenances of my friends. Mr. Sanford was detained by unexpected business in N York and their dear Mother was to stay but two days in Litchfield — I could not but reflect when seeing how happy they were that this joy this happiness would be felt by me in July when I expect *my* dear Mother but perhaps I may be disappointed if so I will endeavor to say with Sarah and Maria — That we ought not to expect all sweet and no bitter. Wednesday was spent as usual Mr. Brace was so obliging as to consent to hear the Young Ladies Journal but I was so lucky as to be excused and had the pleasure of reading mine to Miss Pierce.

Thursday May 30, 1816.

I rose early and exercised and obtained an extra it was a delightful morning the birds were carolling their morning song of joy and the



(2) Lucy Sheldon's Picture, Painted in Water Colors: "The Shipwrecked Boy"

glorious sun had risen in awful splendour leading the mind to reflect on *Him* who is far superior to all created things. As usual attended school my time was principally spent in committing to memory and reciting my lesson in Geography and writing — Received a letter and a loaf of cake both were acceptable but as the letter was from Cousin Hannah I could not but value it the most — Friday in the afternoon was examined in Blair & Geography in the latter Mr. Brace asked me what were the four grand divisions of the globe I misunderstanding the question answered the Eastern and Western. *Miss Staples* & *Miss Stanley* were so much gratified that they burst into a fit of laughing which was to me very embarassing and when Mr. Brace repeated the question I could scarcely tell him though I knew it perfectly — but I did not miss — in the evening I attended meeting oh! how earnestly did Mr. Beecher pray for us but I fear it will do me no good for I feel that my heart is hard as a stone and nothing but divine grace can ever change it. Mr. B. made an address to us at Miss Edwards & made an excellent prayer — Just after he left us Miss E—— came to my room and requested me to pray for myself and sinners for she said she hoped the Lord was in the midst of us —

Saturday June 1st 1816.

When I found what a delightful day it was a prospect of having, it recurred to my mind that it was the first day of summer oh! how imperceptible has the spring glided away, how has my precious time been spent? has none been wasted in idle conversation, frivolous reading etc? have I done anything to the glory of God? Can I answer all these solemn interrogations in the affirmative I fear not but I do hope when the next three month have expired that I shall be able to. Attended school Mr. Brace read the Dissertations On the advantages and disadvantages of war — All of them were written particularly well but I am sure those Young Ladies who composed them must have felt unpleasantly to have them read aloud — Mr. Brace then informed us of the proceedings of the crooked Society —

Voted unanimously that *Miss Abbey Lyman* who had done such great services and set such an excellent example to the members of said society should be reelected to the honourable office of *President* — *Cornelia Vanbenthuysen* — *Vice President* — And as Miss *Abbey Smith* still continued a fit member for the office of *Secretary* which she filled with such dignity last winter she was to be continued in her office during the summer — *Miss Van Slyck* it was thought would soon be qualified for admission into the Society as an honorouble member — the Directors were Miss *Sarah Sanford* — Miss *Abbey Lord,* Miss *Mary Beecher,* and Miss *Louisa Lewis* — I was disappointed at not being elected to some office in a Society in which I have always taken such a lively interest — In the afternoon Mr. Cornelious delivered a very interesting lecture On doing good —

Sunday June 2nd 1816.

Mr. Beecher's morning text was in the first epistle of John 2 chapter 2 verse "And he is the propitiation for our sins; & not for ours only but also for the sins of the whole world" In the afternoon Mr. Mason preached from 2nd of Cor. 8th verse — For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich yet for your sakes he became poor, that he through his poverty might be rich" — Mr. Beechers evening text was recorded in I know not where — As this day comes to a close let me take a retrospect of it and see how it has been spent I fear in a dilatory & negligent manner oh! how many sabbaths which have been wasted must I answer for at the day of judgment, many & almost all of the sermons I hear are a "savor of death unto death" & not of life unto life . . .

Monday June 3rd 1816

Rose with a determination to improve during the week in my heart, studies manners and conduct — the morning was pleasant & I often when admiring the beauty of the scenes which surrounded me wished my dear friends were with me for surely *then* to *me* the scene would have been doubly beautiful. I *do* agree with Mr. J. P. B. that

"Tho' the hills I now tread may be vivid & green
Still the hills of my childhood are brightest and best
And the friends of my home are the first in my breast."

At school my recitation in Sacred History was better than usual the rest of the morning was devoted to writing. The afternoon in writing, reciting cyphering etc. After school I took a walk with Nancy for winter greens it was late when we sat out and for fear it would be dark we were obliged to run & I was so fatigued when I did reach home that I determined *never* to go winter-greening again at such a late hour though it was ever so "refreshing" — Miss Pierce to day made a rule that we should not study our lessons in school.

Tuesday June 4th 1816

Rose early and studyed my Geography lesson with a determination if it were in my power to commit my lesson so perfectly as to be able to recite it without a mistake and I succeeded — Nothing to me is more unpleasant than to be obliged frequently to say "I do not know sir" an answer which I so often give that I fear it will never by me be forgotten. I am very much pleased with the study of Geography as it instructs us in the situation of remote countries & in the manner, customs & religion of its inhabitants — Miss Pierce requested the scholars to write down their faults & if they had good certificates, mine have since I have resided at Miss Edwards been very good — As to my faults it would almost be impossible to enumerate all of them I have so many, I feel that I waste much of my precious time & I fear I do not attend as carefully to Miss Edwards wishes as it is my duty to, or sufficiently to my studies forgetting the great importance of my improving my advantages aright while I continue in this school forgetting that as I now sow so shall I reap, forgetting how very anxious my dear Parents are to have me improve in *all* that is useful, how happy would it make them to hear that none surpassed me in, amiability, kindness, and learning — & oh! may I endeavor to pursue with ardour what I know it is the best of Parents wish to have me, never no never can I without I follow this course of conduct repay them for all their unnumbered kindnesses to me their ungrateful child — I do hope this summer to be more studies than I was last Winter and to show them by actions which speak louder than *words* how sincerely I love them.

Mr. J. P. B.

Extracts from the "Recluse of Norway" by Miss Ann Porter [1] — "Beauty! genious! fascination! what is your honour when compared with that of Goodness? We struggle against you all; but we yield without resistance to the charm of an amiable heart" . . .
(Liberty enobles the soul as much as beauty does the body)

The Lakes and rivers were as hard as bright as crystal the beautiful hoar-frost that sparkled from the sides of the highest mountains & hung every tree and shrub with brilliant festoons sometimes blazed with the meridian sun, sometimes reflected the tender moonlight or was successively illuminated & darkened by the flash & retreat of the auroraborealis —

Theodore compares the emotion which he felt on first beholding countess Anastasia to that which he felt the first time he saw the sun rise at sea — astonishment rapture, almost awe."

June 4th 1816

Wednesday morning school commenced at eight on account of a meeting, attended all day & heard two of the best sermons I ever heard — & excellent prayers — A number of ministers were present & I am sure it must have been a pleasing reflection to those Christians who were present that all of the ministers were Christians — Mr. Cornelius attended prayers at Miss E. I must not forget to mention that to day at school Miss Pierce put *Mary Elizabeth Cobb* a sweet little girl from Albany under my care — She is one of the most lovely children, I have ever seen. I hope she will be very industrious and improve in all her studies, that she may gratify her friends and Miss Pierce who is very anxious to have her . . . Thursday morning heard the girls moving about the room which reminded me that a prayer meeting was to be attended at sun rise. I immediately rose & went to the meeting house, four excellent prayers were made & several Psalms and Hymns were sung — Attended school but was so *cold* that I could not accomplish but little — Received a long letter from my dear Mama some of the good advice she wrote me was this — "You know not how anxiously my affection follows you & how much it depends on your improvement, in temper, industry & self-denying exertion, to gain the love of your companions you must yourself be obliging disposed rather to veil their errors than too readily mark them & to pass by observing or showing that you do their hourly actions — strive to gain too my dear child that *humility* which can bear reproof patiently and without a fixed determination to insist you are right. I know the strength of your own reason can never effect this, but you know where you may seek for strength — the *Spirit of God* can alone give that deep sense of *error* which will make you more anxious to correct your faults than to justify them & to feel the value of the affection which aids you to understand your own character."

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[1] Probably head of the young ladies' school at Farmington.

Saturday Mr. Beecher visited the school his address was solemn — in the afternoon accompanied by a number of Miss Edward's young Ladies I took a long walk to the celebrated Pine Island the day was delightful & the prospect beautiful Oh! had I the power & the pen of a Poet I would discribe all the various beauties I beheld but I have not the power to even describe it in prose and must leave it to the imagination of those who at some future period may peruse these uninteresting lines . . .

Sunday June 9th 1816

Attended meeting all day but the impression which Mr. Beecher's excellent sermons made on my hard heart were like the dew of the morning which quickly vanishes away, after meeting Miss Edwards sent for me to come to her I went & conversed with her on the important & interesting subject of religion oh! never will be erased from my memory what she said, I thought to myself that I would give the whole world were it in my power to be a Christian but oh! my wicked heart prevents how true it is that "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked" Monday morning we had a prayer meeting at Miss Edward's which was very solemn oh! that the angels in heaven and saints on earth might rejoice over me a repenting sinner; my dear room-mates appear much more concerned for their precious immortal souls, especially dear Nancy oh that she might cause joy

in a house where God's Spirit has frequently been, her dear Parents are probable in Heaven earnestly hoping she will follow them but if she does not they will own God *their* Lord & their Redeemer to be merciful just and Holy in distroying her soul — Attended school and recited a lesson in Sacred History and in writing my Journal — I could not but frequently think of this verse which is in Ecclesiastes 11 chapter 9 verse rejoice oh! young man in thy youth & let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth & walk in the ways of thy heart & in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things God will bring you into Judgment" — oh! dreadful words to a sinner but if we feel it to be true as surely we all must what will be our condemnation if we do not repent — would that I could say with the Psalmist — "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee oh! God — my soul thirsteth for God for the living God: when shall I come & appear before God?"
Thursday my recitations at school were as usual in Geography and Blair my new ideas obtained were that the lakes of Kilarney & Lough-Neagh are celebrated for their petrifying powers and are reckoned among the curiosities of Ireland — Wednesday as usual, Thursday & Friday were passed in attending to school employments and in learning to jump the rope a pleasure which I enjoy very much — Saturday attended school and heard the Dissertations read. "On good humour" They were as usual written very well, it is I will own very gratifying to *hear* Dissertations read but I will own that it is not a pleasure to write them especially when you cannot *THINK* — As usual Mr. Beecher visited the school & gave us some excellent advice Oh! that it my engraven on my heart & do me good, went into Miss Pierce's, never did I see so many affected all seemed anxiously enquiring "What shall I do to be saved" — but as I told Mr. Beecher my heart is hardened & I fear I shall always remain a *SINNER.*

Sunday June 1816

"Another six days work is done
Another Sabbath is begun
Return my soul enjoy thy rest
Improve the day thy God has blest."

Attended meeting all day Mr. Beechers sermons were particularly good, I was very happy in the afternoon to discover among the new faces those of *Mr. & Mrs. Mitchell* of Wethersfield for to see anyone from a place I love so dearly could not but give me pleasure I waited with Nancy & spoke to Mrs. M. who almost immediately recognized us and politely requested us to call & see her on Monday at Judge Reave's. In the evening attended conference Mr. Brace read us a most excellent sermon *extremely well* this compliment is superfluous as all who have ever had the pleasure of hearing Mr. J. P. B. read must know that he never reads otherwise — Monday morning accompanied by N. I called upon Mrs. Mitchell who informed me respecting the health of my dear W—— friends. I was disappointed at not seeing Miss O. garden but as the day was unpleasant did not like to request the favour of her with whom I was so little acquainted.

Inaccurate sentences for correction & criticism.

Metaphor
Steep me in poverty to the very lifes.
Shakespear.

To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early but mature the praise.
Addison.

In his dedication of the translation of Juvenal Dryden says — "I was sailing in a vast ocean without any other help than the pole-star of the ancients and the rules of the french among the moderns."
etc.

Monday June 17th rose at an early hour and passed my time very pleasantly in conversing and pretending to study as usual attended school and am happy to say that my recitations in Blair and Sacred History were better than usual — Tuesday was spent in various occupations but I hope profitably. I cannot but blame myself for not saying better lessons in Geography, though I must own Mr. B—— gives us quite long lessons — Wednesday was very much disappointed to find I had but one hours holy-day and more so when I reflected that it was owing to my *tongue* "that most unruly evil which no man can tame" for had I not spoken in school I should have had my extra which by taking off my misses would have procured me my long wished for holy day. After school went with *Miss Beebe* & *Miss Spencer* for strawberries and found some which were excellent — Thursday at noon went with Miss Sanford & *Miss Rockwell* to ride, we had reached Judge Reave's when I turning round saw sitting on the back of the carriage *Mr. Pitt,* I was astonished that a person whom I imagined possessed so much *dignity* would condescend to be seen in such a degraded situation, but what was my surprise when he cried out in a voice resembling some low bred country clown —

"Dont whip behind."

Miss R—— immediately stopped the carriage & he jumped off . . . Friday Saturday were spent in attending to school occupations.

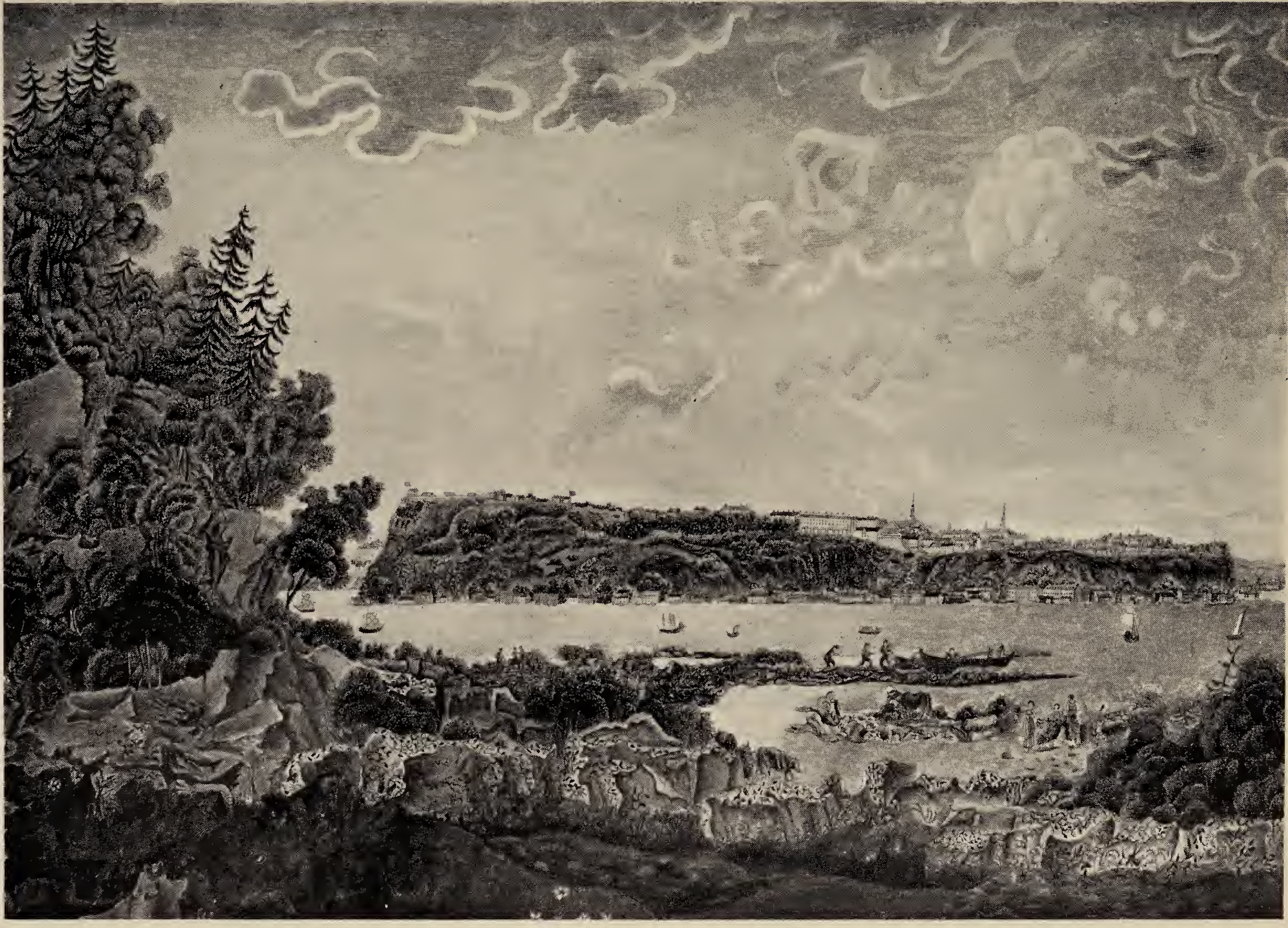
Sunday June 23 attended meeting all day and had the pleasure of hearing *Mr. Hewet* preach — Monday morning had a prayer meeting at the school house and though it commenced at the early hour of 5 — yet a number attended — it was a solemn season and what Mr. Beecher said I hope will not be lost upon stony ground but oh! may it spring up bringing forth fruit some an hundred fold some sixty fold some thirty fold. Tuesday & Wednesday attended meetings at Mr. Beecher's house — My time at school was spent very pleasantly & I hope profitably though I fear some part was wasted — Friday my examinations were much better than usual though I am sorry to add I missed — I have to day been afflicted with a severe headache but as to morrow is Saturday I must write down my new ideas or have a debt mark — The river Amazon in South America is the largest river in the world — to read an account of this *long* & beautiful river fills the mind with sublime ideas of that glorious God who has created all things oh! how much power must He possess who said "Let there be light and there was light" — after school took a walk with Miss Spencer and Mary we found some winter-green, honey-suckle apples, & strawberries, I did wish it was possible for my dear Mother to partake with me a bunch of beautiful ripe strawberries, which I found but I supposed she has many more at Hartford than it is possible for to procure here in *cold & dismal* Litchfield . . .

Saturday June

Rose at an early hour and attended prayer meeting at the school house, it was very solemn and Mr. B. seemed to feel the great importance of the soul's being saved. after breakfast he called at Miss Edward's and conversed & prayed with me in the most solemn manner, he told me the worth of my never dying soul, that I must give up the vain and unsatisfactory pleasures of this world before I could repent he wished to know what idol was between me and God I did not answer though I well knew it was the *World* — never in my life did I hear so excellent a prayer as Mr. Beecher made with me — oh! how vain does this world appear when we reflect upon eternity can I dwell forever & ever in everlasting burning! Can I spend a *never* ending eternity with *devils* & the spirits of the damned! Oh! may I reflect seriously upon these things before it is too late may I remember my creator in the days of my youth while the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when I shalt say I have no pleasure in them" Just as I was opening the door to go to school Miss Nancy called me and requested me to this afternoon remain at home "Commune with my own heart and be still" she said light & trifling conversation was often the means of ruining a soul she said Heaven, Hell & Earth were anxiously waiting for the Young Ladies in our chambers to decide betwixt Life & Death. As usual attended school the rules were asked and the certificates were generally good — Miss Pierce told us that we were not willing to leave this world for Christ, that she trembled for us for fear some of us should go down to distruction, for if we would attend balls & fill our minds with vanity the world will snare you for my dear Young Ladies" it is impossible to serve God and Mammon, serpents have it in their power to charm birds & men and so has the old serpent which is the Devil he does not look to you like a deceiver but he is and you continue to serve him you will surely go down to distruction — Since I commenced keeping school 150 young Ladies who have attended have gone to their home and are laid in the silent grave . . . In the afternoon I attended a meeting at the school house — It was very solemn and I was very much pleased with Mr. Nettleton —

Monday July 1st

To day being the first of July I will make a few resolutions which I hope to be enabled strictly to observe — I will endeavor to rise much earlier & perform much more than I have during the last six weeks, and will commit my lessons to memory when I study not permitting my thoughts to rove to the ends of the earth — I will improve my temper, oblige all my companions & by my sweet and amiable deportment will endeavor to gain their esteem & love. Whenever I think of my ever dear Parents it shall stimulate me to improvement in all useful and ornamental knowledge that their expectations for me may all be realized. At school in my morning lesson did not miss as much as usual after school took a pleasant walk with a number of Young Ladies and found a profusion of field straw-berries — Tuesday was a very pleasant day, all nature both animate and inanimate seemed to be imployed in praising their bountiful Creator while I remained in stupid inaction — At school recited my lesson in Geography without a mistake our class I hope is improving as well as progressing — Wednesday had two hours of my holy day but as it was my dear Mama's wish to have me improve every moment of my time to the best advantage to gratify her whom I love so dearly I staid in school and endeavored to improve — Thursday morning rose early and studied my difficult lesson in Geography and recited it pretty well — In the afternoon accompanied by Eliza I went to Mrs. Wolcotts the party was large and pleasant in the evening Mary Ann came to the door and said "Papa the curtain in the next room is on fire" I was very much alarmed when I first saw it but by the exertions of the gentlemen it was soon extinguished, but many of the Ladies things were burnt, I had a long silk shawl entirely burnt up . . . Friday was spent as usual, we had radishes to day for the first time this year . . . July 5th 1816. Saturday morning was devoted to picking green currants



The City of Quebec, Painted in Water Colors by Mary Ann Bacon, of Roxbury, Connecticut.
She Married Chauncey Whittlesey, of the Same Place

for pies a very pleasant employment — Mr. Beecher visited the school he took for his text "The harvest is past the summer is ended and I am not saved" — it was one the most solemn and affecting discourses I ever heard — Miss Pierce kept school in the afternoon for those Young Ladies who did not attend meeting on Tuesday Nancy & myself went though we were not of the number who were obliged to come, we enjoyed ourselves very much and I cannot but wish school was kept every other Saturday. Sunday attended meeting all day seven persons were united with the church — Monday morning was spent very pleasantly though a small incident took place which for a few moments made me feel a little unhappy though it ought not to have had that effect. At school recited my lesson without a mistake, I am determined if it is possible this week not to miss in one of my lessons, Mr. Brace gave me permission to return home and write my Journal, I was very glad for I esteem it a great privilege to compose in *silence* — Wednesday had three hours holy day but attended school, after tea took a walk with Eliza and called at Mr. Brace's and spent an hour very pleasantly, and heard a compliment for *Nancy W. Hurlburt* which I do not think she or myself will very soon forget — Thursday rose early and spent the morning in study at school recited a lesson in Geography which was very interesting as usual I missed — Miss Pierce informed Miss E. boarders that they must return home to write or draw no more I regretted it very much as it is so very warm in the school house.

I was very happy when I returned home from a pleasant walk to find a large box of most excellent cherries which my dear mama sent me by the stage. I wish it was in my power to express how very much I was obliged to her for kindness — Friday as usual was examined and as usual passed a poor examination. Saturday was spent as customary in receiving religious instruction I never knew any person more calculated to advise others than Miss Pierce & happy would it be for me were I to follow what I know I ought too — Saturday evening's reflections — another week is gone, another of those limited portions of time which number out my short life, let me stop here and consider what life is which glides so very imperceptibly away — it is but a vapour which vanishes never to return, if then my life is but as a dream what solemn interrogations are these — How have I spent my time the week past! have I employed a due proportion in acts of devotion & in performing my duty both to *God* & *man* — have I been kind and obliging to *all* around me (according to my dear mama's request) consulting the happiness & care of my companions giving up my own wishes to theirs — I cannot but answer many of these in the negative — Sunday morning 9 o'clock — I cannot but ask myself as this morning passes away what subjects have occupied my thoughts since I first arose I blush when I reflect how many very idle thoughts have passed through my mind on this sacred morning when I ought to have been thinking on those subjects which would have a tendency to prepare my mind to repell the temptations which I am liable to meet with this day — I attended meeting & among the new faces was very happy to see Mr. Ingersoll's . . .

Summer 1816.

Monday morning was devoted to reading an amusement which I think is very instructive we owe much of our happiness to books, for by their assistance we are made acquainted with the events of ancient and modern times, and it is to them that we are indebted for all that distinguishes us from the savages, by them our understandings are enlarged our memories strengthened, and by them we learn how to live & how to die, they, inform us of all important events which have taken place since the creation of the world and of the observations of astronomers which have a tendency to convey to our minds the most elevated ideas of creation and that *being* who by his great power upholds all of them. At school I recited a lesson to Miss Pierce in Sacred History, it was very interesting; My time was principally employed in writing Journal in the afternoon recited in Blair and thought I had used all my endeavors to commit it to memory, so perfectly, as not miss yet miss I did — parsed — the Division chose for their subject — *Prejudice* — Mr. Brace gave us a *very* difficult sum in *Multiplication* and said we were all capable of doing it & should stay (were it till morning) till we did — I thought I should stay all night & often told Mr. B. it was impossible for me to do it, but about sun-down to my great joy I finished it never shall I forget as long as long as memory holds her seat in my breast this day or what occurred, I shall for the future *try* before I say, what Mr. B. does hate so very much to hear I CANT. Tuesday morning rose as usual early and studied my Geography lesson which was quite long and tedious; at school my recitations were in Blair & Grammar Mr. B—— permitted me to put out the spellings — took a long and pleasant walk with Miss Rockwell & Spencer and returned home quite fatigued and on that account did not attend meeting — Wednesday morning attended meeting at the school house Mr. Ingersoll was present — the morning was spent in study. I cannot but reflect how very necessary it is for me to improve in all the studies I pursue when I read this elegant sentence; "If the spring put forth no blossoms in summer, there will be no beauty & in Autumn no fruit so if youth be trifled away in indolence, maturity will be contemptible and old age miserable" Recited my lesson without a mistake had my three hours holy-day and as Nancy was unwell and wished me to remain at home to oblige her I consented — we spent our time very pleasantly in writing, sewing and reading. Thursday was spent in school employments, did not miss in my Geography lesson — after tea went about a quarter of a mile to meet the stage accompanied by Nancy & Eliza on our return we called on the *Miss Newcombs* & at Dr. Catlin's, Mary showed us her large map of Asia which she had just finished & one of the United States both showed how much persevering industry joined with a large share of *Patience* will accomplish — Friday did not miss in my morning recitations — was examined in Blair & Geography in the afternoon Miss *Catherine Webb* from New York commenced school. I was very much pleased with her countenance and her name I love most dearly — after tea called at Mrs. Gould & at *Mrs. Aaron Smith's* — Saturday can it be possible that to day closes another week! it seems scarcely a day since I answered to the rules, I have heard it remarked by many that if our time passed quickly it could not but be past pleasantly but I do not think so, though it has not been spent *very* unpleasantly yet when I reflect how it has been spent it makes my guilty conscience say some hours have been wasted — Monday was principally devoted to *fretting* I blush when I think of *Monday* — because it was not a very pleasant employment or one becoming a *Lady* & though the sum was very difficult yet I must own it did no good to fret & try persevering I should have obtained the answer much sooner — The rest of the week was spent much better, had a perfectly good certificate as usual (for since this term commenced I have always had) & I was happy to find that almost all the scholars had the same.

Saturday July 27th 1816

Another week has glided almost imperceptible away and I have not written any Journal therefore this afternoon must be devoted to that employment — Monday was very pleasantly spent as was Tuesday — Wednesday attended the funeral of two persons who were very suddenly drowned in the river Bantam — Thursday & Friday did not miss in my Geography lesson; Friday afternoon was spent with friend Nancy at Mrs. Aaron Smith's very pleasantly indeed. The evening at home had quite a repast of some fine currants — Saturday as there was no school on Friday afternoon we attended all day was examined in Blair & Geography & passed a pretty good examination, had a perfectly good certificate it gave me much pleasure to day to hear Miss Edwards remark that she had never had a family before this summer to whom she had *always* given good certificates — Monday morning was spent in various occupations — At school recited in Sacred History my lesson was much more interesting than usual wrote my Journal and read it to Miss Pierce — After school went to walk for exercise with the girls and enjoyed myself very much — Tuesday was spent as usual for nothing scarcely ever occurs worth noticing. I always attend school and my studies are the same to day Mr. Brace gave the Division a sum in Division which I did without fretting — Wednesday as usual — Thursday after tea went to the Post Office & received a long letter from Jane & a short one from Louisa accompanied by a box of fine cherries — Eliza also received a letter which informed her that she might return home on Tuesday of the next week this was sad news to me for dear Eliza is one of my best friends and I shall feel very sorry when she leaves us I never have felt so *home sick* as I did to day it almost made me sick but Nancy's lively spirits kept me well, for I was determined not to let her know how sadly I felt . . .

ON PREJUDICE

Prejudice is defined (by Mr. Walker) prepossession, hurt, injury, it is the effect of preconceived ideas or impressions acting on the mind and blinding every view opposed to those impressions. A person who is prejudiced cannot but judge partially he sees with wrong eyes, he hears with wrong ears and judges with wrong feelings, he is so much biassed by self love that he would be willing to condemn the person against whom he is prejudiced without hearing his discourse — Prejudice cannot with propriety be called the error of *weak minds* since many persons of strong intellectual powers are often swayed by it; though doubtless there are some who will not let their feelings lead them to deviate from the right paths — Prejudice is but another name for Party Spirit and has proved the greatest foe to national greatness and glory; its blighting influence has even reached the social circle and chilled many a heart open to affection and truth, for prejudice is ever opposed to truth and too strongly biassed to allow of free enquiry. We often let the "eye of our mind" prejudice us against others if the countenances are not prepossessing but this is wrong as we can scarcely ever judge of persons by their faces and we frequently read in History of persons who were very beautiful & yet possessed cruel capricious & tyranical dispositions, & we ourselves have seen those who at first sight have by their beauty prejudiced us in their favour but upon acquaintance we have found to possess very bad dispositions, we have also known others whom we were prejudiced against but when we had been in their company a short time we found to possess a most excellent understanding and disposition these examples clearly prove that we very often judge erroneously & therefore ought not to form hasty opinions . . .

Of the terms *Prejudice, Bigotry, Candor* and *Liberality,* Dr. Aikins in letters to his son give a happy exemplification — "When Jesus preached Prejudice cried "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth! Crucify crucify him exclaimed Bigotry, Why what evil hath he done remonstrated Candor & Liberality, drew from his words this inference "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

Friday August 2d 1816

Attended school and was examined missed the last question which was provoking, after tea accompanied by May, Eliza, Nancy & Susan I went to a spring about three quarters of a mile from Miss E—— the water was very clear & we stopped and drank freely which was very refreshing; we then crossed several green pastures & went to the river Bantam which is situated very pleasantly between two hills which are covered with many of them we soon discovered to be apple trees, the green fruit was very inviting but for some time the fear of debt marks restrained us from taking any but at last we gathered a few. We then followed this beautiful river to a very romantic bridge where the water was so low that we easily crossed the river on stones we could had we followed our inclinations remained in this delightful spot much longer but the setting sun reminded us that we must return, therefore, after presenting each other with a stone to preserve so as to remember our pleasant walk to the *Bantam* at the spring recollecting that soon our *dear Eliza* was to leave us we stopped and drank her health all of us wishing her something which we thought would add to her comfort & happiness in future life one that she might long live & be useful to society & a comfort to her friends another that she might find all her friends well on her return & have a pleasant Journey. To finish we broke the cup and walked with haste so as not to be home late — we had a delightful walk home guided most of the way by the light of the moon — Saturday was afflicted with a severe headache which prevented me from attending school, Mr. Cornelius dined at Miss Edward's — The afternoon was not spent very profitably for I did not feel able to work — took a ride on horseback . . . Sunday Mr. C. preached all day morning text Ps–14 — 2 & 3 verses — afternoon Rev. 2–4 Monday, today, I had my feelings very much hurt indeed by Nancy I think she is sometimes neglectful of the feelings of others & often very often she wounds mine most deaply, and yet I cannot but pardon her as I know it proceeds from inadvertance . . . Tuesday commenced the Elements the lesson was very difficult it was a general view of Asia it informed us that the chief inland seas were the Mediterranean, the Baltic the Euxine, the Egean the Caspian and the Red Sea, it told the length & breadth of all of them; Gulfs, bays etc were noticed — the lesson was very instructive — the afternoon was spent in drawing on my map, reciting in Blair and cyphering. After tea went with Nancy to call at Mrs. Wolcotts we had a great supply of strawberries, raspberries & courrants — oh how frequently has Eliza been in my mind to day, everything reminds me that she whom I loved so dearly is *gone* but why should I repine Eliza is happy and this pleasant thought ought to make me so . . . Attended meeting at the West school Mr. B. took his text from the 25 chapter of Matthew, and explained the few last verses — He described the joy of the Christian at the last day and the misery of the sinner when the Judge should pronounce the awful sentence "depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil & his angels", the irrecoverable sentence is past and oh! what are the feelings of those wretched persons to whom this was addressed — Wednesday morning was spent in committing to memory a lesson in Blair & Elements — the morning at school was devoted to drawing on my map an employment of which I am very fond — had my three hours holy-day attended a meeting of the association a very venerable old gentleman preached he took his text from Heb. 6–19 — In the evening attended a meeting of the Society & chose the officers which were as follows

Miss H. Sperry — President
Miss H. McNiel — Vice President
Miss Mary Peck — Secretary rec — Miss Breck — corresponding
Miss Mary Sherrill Treasurer.

Directors — Miss Mary Cornelius
Miss Nancy Farnham
Miss Charlotte Smith
Miss Zilpha Wakeman
Miss Eliza Erwin . . .

Librarian — Miss F. Whittlesey

Thursday rose early it was a most delightful day and as I cast my eyes to the Eastern Hills I could not but sigh "oh that I had the wings of a dove there would I fly, away and be at *home*" . . . The morning was spent in study writing and conversing — I do wonder & I wish I could know what my dear frineds are doing at Hartford probable my ever dear *Miss Laight* is with them — to night that stage which has so often made me happy will come in and I hope will bring poor home-sick Nancy and myself a large *bundle* of letters — I cannot but think that a contented mind is one of the greatest blessings which we can possess, I read to day what I know to be true "that the chearfulness of a well regulated mind, springs from a good conscience, and the favour of Heaven & is bounded by temperance and reason — It makes a man happy in himself & promotes the happiness of all around him — It is the clear and calm sunshine of a mind illuminated by piety & virtue — It crowns all other good dispositions & comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart." At school my recitations were better than usual, after tea went with Nancy to the Post Office and received a letter from my dear Mother she wrote me that she did wish I would appreciate my advantages aright — oh that I would but consider how necessary it is to the right management of time to be impressed with a just sense of its value, the wisest man that ever existed has informed us "that to everything there is a season & a time for every purpose under the heaven Friday morning was devoted to study in the afternoon was examined in Blair, Geography & Elements of useful knowledge — when I returned home I perceived by Mary's sorrowful countenance that something had occurred which distressed her, & one of the young Ladies informed me that she had just received a letter which informed her of the death of her dear Grand-mother. after tea went to walk with *Emmeline Beebe* she purchased a variety of eatables and generously gave me more than half — Melmoth a celebrated writer says that he considers a generous mind as the noblest work of the creation & is persuaded that wherever it resides no real merit can be wanting — The evening was spent very pleasantly at home — Saturday morning as I have no lesson to learn I will write what I recollect from a character of Alfred which I read yesterday — It said that he was a complete model of goodness that he knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation he was not only virtuous, benevolent & just — but he possessed dignity of shape & air & a pleasant engaging & open countenance . . . From this sentence "Learning is like the mercury one of the most powerful & excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful most mischievous," this conumdram might easily I think be made — Why is Learning like mercury? . . . Saturday morning was spent very pleasantly all alone in my little arbour about this time last week I was walking with my dear Eliza — *Miss C. C. Webb, Miss C. Conklin* & Miss W—— commenced boarding at Miss Edward's — Sunday morning attended meeting several bills were read while Mr. Beecher was reading the last for a family who had lost a Father one of the young Ladies who was daughter to the deceased went into a fit & groaned most dreadfully Mr. B. made a most excellent prayer, he took his text from Mat — "Weep not for me but weep for your selves" — he first explained why we should not weep when our Christian friends die, he said that they left a world filled with troubles and crosses to inherit one where sorrow & sickness was unknown though they might have been happy here below yet they are now much more happy in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity, we are not forbidden to weep, for our blessed Savior when on earth wept but we are forbidden to suffer excessive grief to predominate in our hearts, it is our duty to feel that the Lord both of heaven & earth cannot but do right & bow submissively to his will, 2ly we should weep for ourselves, because we are left to travel alone through this world we must suffer all the pain & sorrow to which human nature is liable without a friend perhaps to guide and direct our wandering steps — Our text was six years since chosen by the wife of the deceased for her husband & childrens comfort when she was laid in the silent grave but God has graciously seen fit to prolong her life and unexpectedly to take her husband who now if he could speak would say to her & her afflicted children "Weep not for me but weep for your selves". the widow has many things to cause her heart to acke & many to make it rejoice — Our friend Mr. Peck dyed at sea & was buried in a watery grave; he was far distant from his home and friends . . . we have not cause to mourn as those that have no *hope* for we have reason to trust that our deceased friend is now enjoying that happiness which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive".

Monday morning was devoted to writing a letter to my dear Eliza — At school in the morning recited a lesson in Sacred History in the afternoon did not attend school as it was very warm and I had the head-ache worked & wrote a letter to my dear mother — after tea went down with the girls in the lot & we had a very pleasant dance though poor music, in the evening attended a meeting of the Society, Miss Pierce requested me to read aloud a piece about Sokol or Sokool a heathen who became pious, lost his cast, was baptized in the river Ganges not to wash away his sins but to show that he was a follower of Jesus in being a Christian the heathen lose their cast which is very much esteemed by them and are laughed at by all their companions, but they receive in return peace of conscience joy in the Holy Ghost increase of grace and perseverance unto the end.

Tuesday morning rose with this determination that I would not this week miss in Elements, for this purpose I spent an hour and an half in studying all alone by myself in the lot back of the house protected from the rays of the sun by a large willow tree. Attended school and did not *Miss* in my Elementary lesson — read the following anecdote yesterday which pleased me very much & I will commit it to writing.*********** This anecdote is one of the most interesting ones I have ever read it shows the noble minds which the Lacedamonians possessed and the respect which is due and which they showed to old age . . . Miss Pierce requested us yesterday to write an idea which we acquired during the day in our Journal. Mine for to day are first that glass was invented in England by Benault, a monk — secondly this that pins were first used in England in the year 1543 before this time the ladies used skewers — thirdly that in the year 1756, 146 Englishmen were confined in the black hole at Calcutta in the East Indies by order of the Nabob 123 died before morning, this is one of the most cruel things I ever read of in one night to distroy so many persons . . . My time at school in the morning was devoted to writing — Wednesday morning was spent in study, at school did not miss in my recitations had but two hours holy-day, staid in School and worked on my map till four then accompanied by Nancy called at Mrs. Bulls had a fine swing — Thursday did not miss in my morning recitations, had my feelings very much hurt by —— she spoke in a very disrespectable manner of my very dear Uncle Chester who who was a most excellent Christian & universally beloved by all who knew him & we have now reason to trust that his spirit is in heaven with the spirits of the just made perfect — She also spoke in a very disrespectable manner of my dear Parents & although what she affirmed to be true was false yet it could not but have the effect which she desired that of hurting my feelings — but the next day she told me she was in *fun.* Friday missed for the first time this week in Elements I was very sorry for I have recited without since Tuesday & had hoped to during this week — was examined in Geography, Blair & Elements — Mrs. Sheldon gave me a perfectly ripe peach & pear which came from New York both looked very tempting but I thought of old Mrs. E. & was determined to suffer some self denial & therefore gave both to her she appeared so grateful that it fully repaid me for losing the good of them myself — In the afternoon *Mrs. Johnson* of Stanford & her two daughters & sons drank tea at Miss Edward's with several other Ladies, the party, was very pleasant — Miss Pierce gave us Saturday morning the word Play to define, one wrote thus ——

'Why should you ask for a meaning to play
When it is what I think & do every day,
"To play" is to act what my nature desires
"To work" is to do what my faculties tires" —

All were read loud & many were very good, mine was in prose and as follows *Dr. Walker* defines *play* to be sport, amusement, play at school is not attending to what is necessary to sit idle, move or speak; play, at meeting is having idle thoughts, for surely the most wicked persons would not openly, play laugh or talk when in the house of a holy God many are apt to think that if they do not commit these sins they do not play but I assure them that they are mistaken. To play in hours when we are permitted to have recreation and a relaxation from study or work, may be termed amusement sport for in those hours we do any thing which will add to our pleasure — Play on instruments is using them in such a manner as to sound agreeably to the ear this also is an amusement and an elegant accomplishment — Play in itself when used aright is no sin, the most wise person that ever existed informs us that, "There is a time to every purpose & everything under heaven" — Miss Pierce gave us the word *Lying* to define next week & I hope to succeed better in the afternoon called at Dr. Sheldons with Miss Webb and saw some elegant prints, one in particular interested me very much it was the likeness of the Abbe Sicard . . . after tea took a walk and called at Mr. H—— *Miss Breck* took me in the garden and I had as many courrants as I wished — Sunday morning as I sat at my window which faces the West these reflections past in my mind. When I look around me and see trees birds fruit & etc it naturally leads to the reflection, what a great God must he be who has created all these things, how far superior to man who is not able to imitate a single leaf which the Creator of the Universe has made and how good must he be who had done all this for guilty rebels Who can look around & see the works of Providence & say "there is no God" many may say it, but none I am sure can believe it for all nature both animate and inaminate shew and clearly prove to the contrary — The day has again returned which God has blessed and hallowed & commanded us to observe, yes the anaversary of that day when Christ arose from the dead "leading captivity captive" had it not been for this day how many would have perished, but the SAVIOUR of the world condescended to take upon him our nature and suffer the ignominious death of the cross that we might *live* & yet how many choose *death* in preference to *life* — Attended meeting morning text Ex 34 & last part of the 7 verse — afternoon Ex 20–5–6 he spoke principally of the duty of Parents he said that their example would if correct be followed by the fourth and fifth generation and God would bless them, he spoke of the bad consequences arising from improper management of family's & of the reward which good Parents would receive at the last day, my heart throbbed with joy while I heard him for I thought this reward is for my dear Parents the guardians of my youth oh! how often have they with Paternal affection reminded me of my duty both to God and man how often advised guided and directed me, may my heart rise in grateful praise, thank & adore my bountiful benefactor for giving me the best of earthly blessings Parents — Monday morning was devoted to study at school my time was spent in writing Journal and reciting afternoon in work — after school took a long walk and found a profusion of bilberries a fruit which I do not recollect ever to have seen in any place but L—— in the evening attended a meeting of the society Miss Pierce requested me to read a sermon written by *Mr. Milldoller* for the society in N. Y. established for the relief of widows & fatherless children in that city the sermon was very elegantly expressed and in a most forcible manner urged us to give to the poor he said that a person when upon their dying bed made this remark

"What I have spent is lost, what I have will be lost to me, but what I have given away will remain *forever*" Miss Pierce told us several ways to do good and closed with a most excellent prayer — I have not spent so pleasant an evening since this quarter commenced — after my return home I read in the Cottager of Glanburnie, I was very much gratified with the character of Mary Stewart & Mrs. Mason Bell made me look at *home* and think that it was very much like me when I read this (a remark her father made) "Oh that she were not too headstrong to take advice & too self-sufficient to think that she stands in no need of an advisor" — I thought perhaps my dear papa has said this of me — Tuesday did not miss in Elements or Sacred History after school took a walk & suffered very much with the cold when I returned home I was rejoiced to find Catherine's friends had arrived from New York — Wednesday did not miss in my usual recitations — had my holy-day and spent it at Mr. Braces very pleasantly, was very much gratified by reading Miss *Abby Smiths* Journal I think she possesses a very superior mind and an excellent understanding — In the evening attended a meeting at the school house *Mr. Fraser* a very interesting young man from Charleston S. C. preached his text from Ex 11–9 "Rejoice oh! young man in thy youth & let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth.

Thursday Catherine took me & all the young Ladies to ride we who went first went to South Farms and rode through the celebrated Pine Island & dressed the coach with Pines I never had a more delightful ride every heart throbbed with pleasure and all were made happy to see others so, the prospect was very delightful and the gardens looked very flourishing but as always I am discontent I must mention that to day I was not at all so once indeed I sighed oh! that I was going home but I suppressed the rising sigh by reflecting that all was for the best — In the afternoon at school recited my lesson without missing attended a funeral Mr. Fraser addressed us, he said the scene was truly solemn and impressive that she who was now a breathless corpse proved the assertion to be true "That man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble, he cometh forth like a flower & is cut down he fleeth as a shadow continueth not" — we are also mortal but a short time and we shall bid adieu to all things here below soon will our spirits take their flight to the world above and we shall have to answer for all we have done here below. To those who are particularly interested in this affecting dispensation of God's providence I would say a word, you are sorely grieved God has removed from you a near and a dear friend but blessed be his holy name we do not mourn as for those who have no hope our sister died rejoicing in the hope of going to heaven she met the tyrant with a smile no fear pervaded her breast for she was willing to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death knowing that he in whom she had trusted would never leave nor forsake her; if like her we would die like her we must live, this scene were our hearts not formed like stone would never be obliterated from our memory, let us all return to our chamber and examine ourselves & "Prepare to meet our God" He called at Miss Edward's after the funeral & desired to see the Young Ladies, he told us he should ask each one of us this question "*Have you ever repented*" and we must answer it as in the presence of God, never in my life did I feel so much fear in the presence of a MAN. I thought if I dread so much to answer this question now, what will be my feelings at the day of judgment when before an angry God & ten hundred millions of Spectators it will be put to me and if answered in the negative oh! what will be my condemnation — he asked five and all answered NO is it possible cried he that five immortal souls will perish forever is it possible that my coming here this afternoon will be a "savor of death" unto any of these never dying souls but I must do my duty yes I will warn & beg of you to flee from the wrath to come & if — If I should at the judgment day see any of you at the left hand I shall remember that I warned beg'd & intreated you to repent and I will wash my hands of your blood; oh! what depraved and vile hearts must you possess who though invited to come to Christ that you may live *still still* remain stupid refusing to ever repent choosing death rather than life oh would to God that you could for a moment feel how depraved you are the thought for an instant would overwhelm you with sorrow, but I must bid you farewell oh! may not the separation be for ever. In the evening attended meeting Mr. Fraser preached from Isa 53 All we like sheep have gone astray we have turned every one to his own way and the lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all".

Friday morning Mr. Fraser called at Miss E and conversed with us in a manner which ought to have melted us, but oh! my wicked heart what but the power of God can break it — at school was examined in Geography, Blair & Elements in the latter I had not missed during the week — In the evening had a meeting at Miss E—— for sinners Miss Talmadge was very much affected oh! what precious privileges do I enjoy and are they not a savor of death unto death" Mr. Fraser seems very much interested for us oh! with what earnestness did he beg of us to "flee from the wrath to come" he said he had followed the pleasure of the world he had not left a stone unturned but all he found was VANITY & he had experienced more happiness in one moment possessing religion than in all he had ever felt from the world — Saturday morning Mr. Fraser called again he asked us if we would not come to Christ for he was ready to receive all that would come to him though the worst of sinners he said if anything he could do would save our immortal souls he would do it whatever it was, but he could do nothing — Attended school and answered the rules and was sorry to find under how many I was guilty. Mr. Fraser visited the school and urged us in a most affectionate manner to turn from the evil of our ways unto God" the afternoon was devoted to sewing. In the evening attended a conference at Mrs. Lords Mr. Fraser preached.

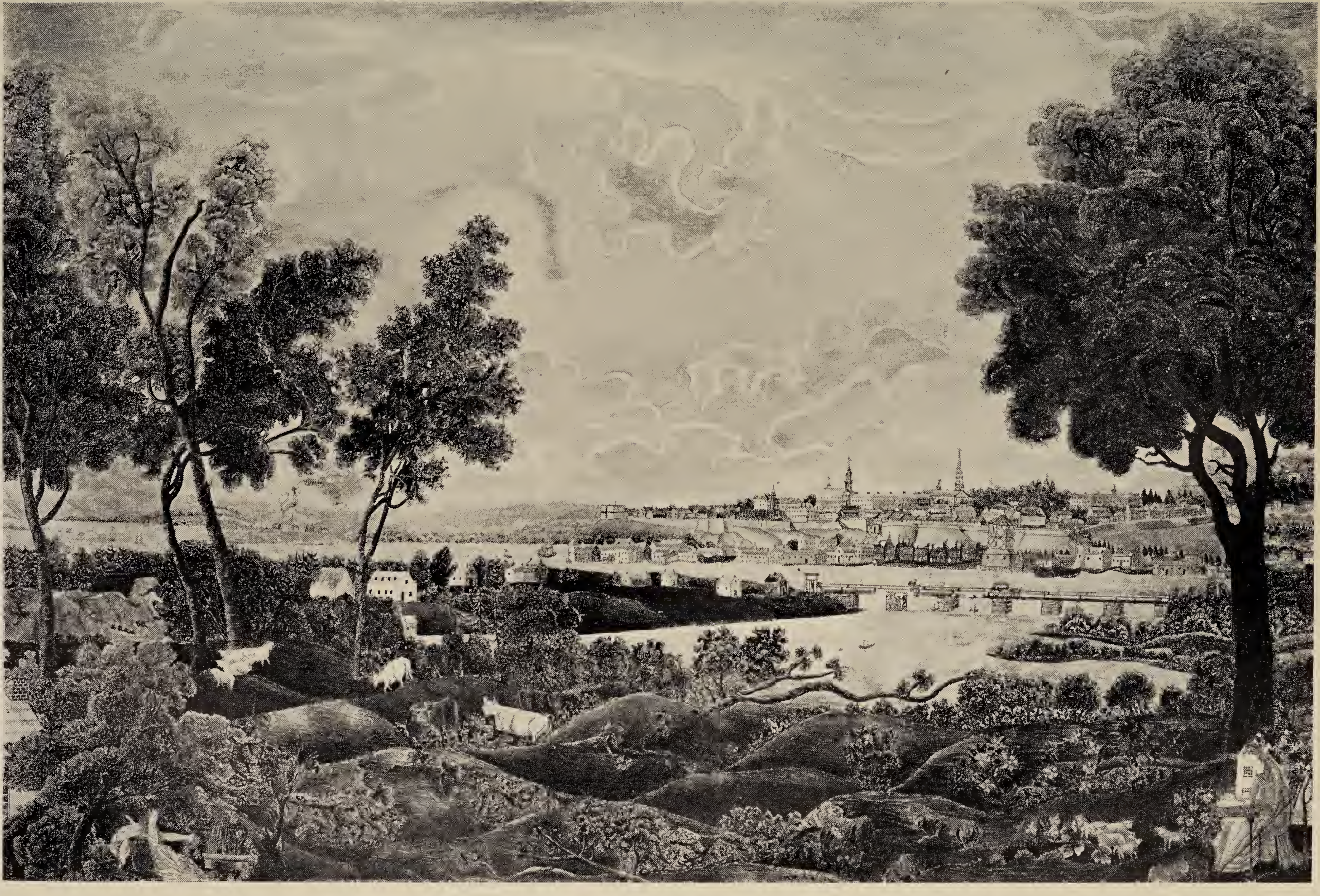
Sunday August 28th 1816 — The morning was spent in reading in the life of Miss Fanny Woodberry I was very much pleased with it, her style is superior I think to Mrs. Newells and her piety was such as becometh a follower of the Blessed Jesus, she did not live a long life but we may well say with Dr. Young "That life is long which answers life's great end" . . . Mr. Fraser preached from 2 Cor 7–10 in the evening Eph 3–8 after meeting he called at Miss Edward's and bid us farewell perhaps never to meet again till the judgment day, he parted with *Miss Dwight*" he said with pleasure because what he had said to her was not lost for she had come to Christ & he had graciously received & pardoned her sins, her hope was founded on the rock of ages and he said he had reason to trust she had been received into the ark of safety" He also spoke of Miss Talmadge & told Miss E that she said she wished her heart was as large as creation that she might praise GOD aright that she was very happy in her mind & though she had thought "her day of grace was past" yet now she hoped God had graciously forgiven her sins and accepted her unworthy as she was . . . I parted with Mr. Frazer with sorrow for he has seemed so interested for the school & I rejoice that many have turned from the error of their way to serve the living and true God "though I remain hardened in my sins, when he affectionately pressed my hand & said "may GOD bless you" my heart replied the same — Monday morning was examined in Sacred History — new ideas obtained this morning were that in 1446 the sea broke in at Dort in Holland & drowned 100,000 people, it must have been almost as terrible as when the flood was — I also read that in the 557 a plague was all over Europe, Asia & Africa which continued nearly 50 years — Every day reminds me that I am *mortal* yesterday *Mrs. Clever died,* I recollect reading sometime since that Philip a Macedonian monarch ordered to be pronounced in his hearing every morning — "Remember thou art mortal" I think it must have had great effect upon his conduct & influenced his actions. . . . In the afternoon wrote cyphered & parsed — after school took a pleasant walk — In the evening attended meeting at Miss P.'s house Mr. Beecher explained the parable of the Prodigals son it was very interesting — Tuesday morning rose early and after completing the habitual duties of the morning prepared to study my Elementary lesson which was quite difficult as usual I missed — worked on my map, wrote parsed & did a sum for which I obtained 12 credit marks — Wednesday had my holy-day in the morning did not attend school but spent it with *Mrs. Smith* of Wethersfield — Thursday received a box of pears and a letter from my dear friend Eliza I cannot tell how much I feel indebted to her for all her numerous kindnesses to me oh! happy thought that when eight weeks have elapsed I shall probably embrace my *dear dear* Eliza and my other friend who are so dear to my heart — Friday morning as usual did not miss in my usual recitations — In the afternoon *Mr. I. Marsh* called — then accompanied by Miss C. C. Webb — Nancy Mary & Emmeline Beebe went to *LITTLE ISLAND* as we were crossing the river on Stones (for the water was quite low) Catharine's foot slipped and she fell into the water but providentially received no injury from her fall, we were very much gratified with the ISLAND which is quite small but the Bantums surrounding it made it look delightfully, some one proposed as it was so retired a place (for we did not then know how much it was visited) that we should wash our feet, and as Miss Webbs frock was wet she took it off & put it on a bush to dry & one of the other Young Ladies did the same, but hardly did it touch the bush before we perceived two gentlemen on the hill about a quarter of a mile distant we immediately put them on again and the gentlemen did not come within some ways from the place where we were — after we saw they were gone we crossed the river with our shoes off (except Nancy & Emmeline who went home alone by themselves) after tea attended a meeting of the society and read aloud at Miss Pierces request a letter written by the minister of this place when the revival was here in the year 1808 — Saturday morning Miss Pierce called to see those Young Ladies who went to Little Island for she had heard our conduct had been improper and universal tremor pervaded my whole frame though I knew I was perfectly innocent of the fault of which I was accused, before Miss Pierce left the house *Timothy Brace* called & said Mr. Brace wished us to come to his room for he wished to converse with us — Miss P—— said she would see him first and tell him what she was very happy to find that we had been unjustly accused. In about ten minutes Mr. Brace sent over the following note directed to Miss Chester etc — "Mr. Brace having been informed by Miss Pierce that the Young Ladies he had sent for had been *careless* only & not improper is extremely gratified at the termination of the affair that had given him several hours of great uneasiness — The Young Ladies can have no conception how much the intelligence that he received from authority he at that time could not doubt distressed him — It was represented & is now represented by some as a most flagrant breach of propriety & delicacy: of that propriety which he had always supposed these young ladies possessed: of that delicacy which is the crowning quality of a woman's character: The young ladies must remember that reputation can be distroyed even by *carelessness* and that a woman's fame may be tarnished even by the breath of unfounded reports; Let them be careful then never to approach the boundary line of propriety — let them like Caesar's wife beware of being even suspected. He is extremely happy to say that an attendance at his room this morning may be dispensed with and he hopes that by future carefulness they will restore themselves to the former very high opinion that he entertained towards them" — August 30th 1816 — all the Young Ladies names who went to Little Island were signed — I felt much happier after reading the billet. I am sure were I to stay in Litchfield 100 years I would never, never walk to Little Island. How little did we think that such a story would be told but I rejoice yes heartily rejoice that we all possess clear consciences — Attended school was examined in Elements, Blair and Geography in the latter did not miss — As Miss Pierce did not keep school on account of a meeting we went in the afternoon, Mr. Brace conversed, he told the school that they had gratified him very much by their attention to their studies, & the instruction which they had received from time to time. But he said there had an event occured the past week which had given him much uneasiness, he said a womans fame was easily tarnished & we all ought to be extremely careful not to approach too near the boundary line between *VIRTUE* & VICE that our Reputations were of more value than any wordly possessions, you ought like Caesar's wife to beware of even being suspected" Mr. Brace said a great deal to us but he did not mention any names or for what he blamed us — I was surprised at his saying so much after having heard the Story was false — at tea Nancy's text quite amused me it was — "Behold how great matter a little fire kindleth". Adieu to "Little Island". Monday morning I rose with new vigour to pursue my studies with avidity the summer is past it is probably the last I shall spend in this school and as I look back upon the time which has gone I cannot but wish that my exertions for improvement had been greater but as the wish must prove vain let it stimulate me to exertion while I remain — Long after I have left school will memory delight to recur to the happy *year* which I spent with Miss Pierce and ever shall I remember with affection her numerous kindnesses to me, her advice her repeated instructions — And not to her alone do I feel indebted for my lessons have generally been recited to Mr. Brace for whom I feel that *RESPECT & GRATITUDE* which is due to an instructor who takes so much pains, and feels so much interested in the improvement of those under his care as Mr. Brace. We are not apt to feel aright how much we owe INSTRUCTORS and how impossible it is to repay them only by paying that respectful attention to their advice, instructions & commands which is due to them — The happy the delightful reflection that in eight weeks I shall be at HOME causes my heart to throb with JOY and though I shall leave those friends I love yet I shall go to those who are much dearer oh! how true it is that —

"There's no sorrow so great as its absence to mourn
No joy that so bright as the hope of return."

The sorrow in the first line I have felt by "sad experience" the joy in the second I now feel — but I must leave the delightful theme relating to home and return to school — Monday at school was examined in Sacred History wrote and drew on my map — I once heard a gentleman remark that he had seen patience advertised for sale and if ever I have the pleasure of seeing him again I will petition him to purchase me a large quantity for I know no person who stands so much in need of it as myself — In the afternoon attended a meeting — In the evening Nancy received some FRUIT and as usual she gave the largest half to me, if it is true that actions speak louder than words I have reason to think Nancy agrees with those persons who think that "Whatever they possess becomes doubly valuable by sharing it with others" — I saw a few lines to day which pleased me and I will copy them —

"Pleasures are like poppies spread
You seize the flower its bloom is shed
Or like the Borealis racer
That flit, e'er you can paint their place
Or like the snow falls in the river
A moment white, then melt forever
Or like the rainbows lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm . . .
Burns

Tuesday at school did not miss in my daily recitations *Mr. Woodbridge* from Stockbridge drank tea at Miss Edward's, he at an early age by too close attention to his studies had the misfortune to lose the use of his EYES but he preaches frequently and in a manner very solemn and impressive I was surprised to see how easily he ate his meals — Wednesday my Elementary lesson was in SPAIN I could not but reflect how thankful I ought to be to HIM "who has made me to differ" from the poor Spaniards who are entirely under the control of the rich who reside in palaces of marble while the poor labourer whose toils serve only to pamper his masters luxury resides in a mud hut inferior to the Stables in the U. S. Those who had their holy day had not the privilege of taking it as their was no school on



The City of Quebec, Painted in Water Colors by Mary Ann Bacon, of Roxbury, Connecticut

Monday afternoon — My time was spent in drawing on my map cyphering & parsing — Tuesday Wednesday & Thursday were spent as usual I am quite tired of drawing on my map I fear a love of novelty (one of the most predominant traits of my character will be the means of preventing me to improve in what I undertake for if I work steadily one hour on anything whatever it fatigues me and I wish I had never began it, but as I know it is a fault I hope by a determination to conquer it I shall be enabled to — Friday morning in writing, afternoon was examined in Elements, Geography & Blair in the latter did miss — Mr. Brace once told us that if we began the week with a determination not to miss in our lessons we should not, probably it is true but for two weeks the resolution has been made by me & yet once both weeks I have missed, but I will not dispair for I have been told & by my beloved Mother also that "persevering industry" will effect any thing. A week to day & where was I? . . . Saturday morning we defined the word Sensibility mine was — It will be necessary in order to define the word sensibility to consider in the 1st place what true sensibility is, & in the 2nd how we can distinguish it from false, true sensibility is that acuteness of feeling which is natural to those persons who possess the finer perceptions of seeing, hearing & feeling — It may very easily be distinguished from false as the former has effect upon the heart while the latter only effects the nerves. Miss Pierce read and explained the 1 & 2 chapters of Eccl. — Mr. Brace closed with prayer — In the afternoon I attended school and passed my time very pleasantly in sewing, reading but principally in conversing . . .

Saturday September 7th 1816.

LIST OF GIRLS — JUNE 1816 FROM CAROLINE CHESTER'S JOURNAL

		ages
Ann Bates	Durham	16years
Ruth Benedict	Albany — State of NYork	
Maria Blake	West Springfield	14 —
Sarah & Harriet Buel	Litchfield	S–17–H–13
Amelia and Caroline Cleaver	do —	A13–C–8
Mary Beecher	Do	12years —
Mary Elizabeth Cobb —	Albany —	12thyear
Caroline Chester —	Hartford —	15years
Mahala Christian —	Pekskill —	14 —
Mary & Betsey Cornelius —	Somers-town	B–18 M–17
Rhoda & Abigail Chamberlin —	Dalton.	R19–A18
Lucretia Deming	Litchfield	12 years —

Mary Elizabeth Denison —	New Haven —	13 —
Eliza Dederer —	Clarks-town —	
Caroline Delafield —	New York	15 years —
Theodocia Devaux —	Do —	16years —
Eliza McBurney —	Painted Post —	15 years
Eliza Erwin —	Do —	15 years
Margaret & Adalaid Hopkins —	Philadelphia —	M14–A 10
Helen & Catharine Kirby	Litchfield	H–16–C14
Amelia and Louisa Lewis —	Do —	A15–L13 —
Ann Eliza Landon —	Do	12years —
Abbey Lord —	Do	11years —
Louisa Seymour —	Do	15years —
Grace Peck —	New Haven —	15years —
Julia Starr —	Do	7 ——
Catharine Staples —	Do	16 —
Lucy Tuthill —	Do	13 years
Catharine Townsend —	Do	13years
Ann C. Goodwin —		15years
Lucy Hedge	Montreal —	
Harriot Hale	Sangersfield —	18years
Harriot McNeil —	Paris — New York State	19–years
Mary W. Verplank —	Verplankspoint	14years
Eliza A. Verplank	Do —	11 years
Catharine L. Webb —	Cooperstown —	16years
Emmeline Beebe —	Do —	13years
Nancy and Laura Farnham —	Do —	N–18L–17
Pamelia & Elanor Ellis —	Saratoga	P12E14
Maria B. Elting	Paramus	
Mary Ann Galpin	Litchfield	
Laura Gold —	Cornwall	
Susan Gregory	Milton, N. Y.	
Susan Haynes —	Montgomery	16years
Nancy W Hurlburt	Weathersfield	14years
Rachel Kellogg	Clinton, N. Y.	18years
Eliza Logan	Roxbury —	18years
Abbey Lyman —	Norwich — Mass.	14years
Louisa & Emma Marvin —	Albany —	L14E10
Mary W & Helen Peck —	Litchfield	
Matilda Robinson —	New York —	
Elizabeth Rowland —	Fairfield	
Sarah J. and Maria A Sanford	Janes Ville — N Y —	
Esther Sanford —	Litchfield —	
Abbey M. Smith —	Albany —	

Julian Smith —	Albany —	
Amanda Keeler —	Do	
Esther M. Sperry	Oswego —	
Mary Eliza Stanley —	New Hartford —	
Charlotte Storrs —	Middlebury — Vermont —	15years old
Elizabeth Van Slyck	New York —	12years —
Mary Ann Wolcott	Litchfield —	14years
Hannah H. Wolcott —	Do	13years
Martha D. Wood —	Onondago	16–years
Phoebe Wood	Montgomery	
Fanny Trowbridge —	Roxbury —	19years
Nancy Johns —	Kingston UC	
Eliza Pitkin —	East Hartford	13–years
Juliet Wadsworth —	Montreal LC	13years old
Laura Spencer —	Colebrook	16years
Susan Rockwell —	Do —	14years
Mary Smith —	Berlin — Conn	14years
Harriet Breck —	Goshen —	18years
Harriet Hale —	Sangersfield —	18years
Eliza Brodhead —	Clermont — N. Y.	
Cornelia Vanbenthuysen —	Red Hook — N. Y.	
Betsey & Mary Cornelius —	Somerstown —	B18M17
Huldah Hyde —	Lee — Mass.	18years
Nancy & Zilpha Wakeman	Balstown	
Abigail Smith	Washington — D.C. N. Y.	13 —
Charlotte Smith —	Cambridge — N. Y.	
Caroline Boardman —	New Milford —	
Margaret Bolles —	Litchfield —	
Caroline Hunt —	Canaan —	
Sophia Dewey —	Sheffield —	
Clarissa Ayres —	Clinton N. Y. —	
Betsey Griffin —	Do	
Sarah Marsh	Dutton	
Louisa Hayden —	Saybrook —	
Caroline Marwin	N. Milford	
Charlotte Beekman	Coemans Albany Co — N. Y. —	
Elizabeth Lee	Salisbury —	
Mary D. Newcomb —	Pleasant Valley.	
Margaret Newcomb —	Do	
Sarah M. Arden —	Rhinebeck	
Maria Storrs —	Mansfield	

Harriet Baker	Albany	
Eliza Judson —	Lansingburgh	
Mary Sherill —	Richmond	
Sally Ann Maria Vanderheyden	Troy	10years
Lucy Cleaveland —	Madison — MC — N. Y.	
Phoebe Conklin —	Amenia N. Y.	
Charlotte Platt	Owego N. Y.	
Eliza Camp —	Do —	
Emily Butler —	Tompkins —	
Eliza Ogden —		
Frances Whittlesey	Washington —	
Clarissa Ely	Seabrook —	

JULIA ANNA SHEPARD

Extracts from a Sketch of the life of
Julia Anna Shepard
who married
George A. Perkins.

Contained in a book written by her
Early Times on the Susquehanna.

Published in 1906 by
The Herald Company of Binghamton
Second Edition.

The book contains a copy of Miss Pierce's Rules and a list of the pupils of 1818, both written in Miss Shepard's fine handwriting. The list of the girls is given earlier in this volume.

FROM
"A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MRS. GEORGE A. PERKINS."

(Julia Anna Shepard.)

It has been well said that the lives of those only should be written who have contributed to the well-being of mankind; who have by precept and example endeavored to elevate, and influence for good, any coming within their reach. Surely those who have led lives of devotion to others are well worthy of commemoration. Few, if any, have lived in as small a degree for personal glory, or for self adulation, as did she whose memory it is now our happiness to recall.

Anna Shepard, daughter of John Shepard, was born in Athens township, November 11, 1799. Her father, who had removed from Plainfield, Connecticut, in 1784, had at this period attained to circumstances of prosperity and comfort; and her infancy was bright and joyous, until she was five years of age, when the greatest calamity that can befall a young family suddenly overwhelmed them.

The mother of this unsuspecting circle was thrown from a carriage and the following day breathed her last. This melancholy event doubtless left a deep and lasting impression upon the child whose course we trace to-day. She was represented as unusually considerate and thoughtful. Very early her affections were placed upon the treasures of heaven, where her most precious earthly friend had gone, and with the steadfastness of purpose which distinguished her through her career, she early consecrated her life to the service of God. She gave to Him the first fruits, and He granted her an abundant harvest.

Mr. Shepard was extremely anxious for the education of his family, and in their early years established a school near his residence where they were carefully trained and instructed. In 1814, however, an exceptionally fine teacher was engaged in the person of Mr. Sylvanus Guernsey, "a liberally educated young man from Harrisburg," and the first school was opened in the Athens Academy. Mr. Shepard was one of the patrons, and his daughter Anna, who was then fourteen years of age, was among the first of those who availed themselves of the superior advantages of this historical institution of learning. An old school friend, an aged clergyman, remarked not many years since that she was always acknowledged among her companions even at an early age to be intellectual and a conscientious student. After two or three years of diligent work, and hearing of Miss Pierce's celebrated school at Litchfield, Connecticut, the leading institution of that date for young ladies, she became exceedingly anxious to avail herself of that opportunity to obtain a broader and more thorough education; consequently in a letter of November 26, 1817, to Miss Pierce, her father makes application for her, and speaks of the desire his daughter has for an education, and adds, "I have thought proper to place her under your tuition, deeming it all important to give my children such advantages." She evidently prepared for the long journey hastily, for a letter from a friend of her father's, Mr. Jesse Gilbert of New Haven, written the January following, says, "Julia Anna and I arrived at Litchfield yesterday afternoon in good health and found all things agreeable. Left her in fine spirits. She boards with a Mrs Bull, where Mrs Beecher, mother of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and Esther Beecher, his sister, and my particular friend, live; who have agreed to send me a line if she should be sick, in which case I shall write you, and pay every attention as if she were my own daughter." This must have been very comforting indeed to a father whose child was as far distant in point of time, compared with now, as if beyond the seas.

She was left in good hands. The various members of this celebrated family, who were most attentive and kind during her stay in Litchfield, were always by her borne in grateful and pleasant remembrance. Dr. Lyman Beecher, the leading clergyman of the town, was then at the zenith of his popularity & power, and the members of his family who subsequently became so distinguished were interesting young people, her congenial companions.

The school was all that it was represented to be, yet with these many advantages we may readily imagine a touch of homesickness when we read in a letter from the young school girl so far from home to a dear friend, "Were I not as pleasantly situated as heart can wish, with the best of friends and associates, and my mind engaged and interested with my literary pursuits, I should be inclined to think I was forgotten. I will hasten to tell you something of Litchfield. It only wants the Tioga and Susquehanna rivers to make it the most delightful place I have ever seen. The society far exceeds the local situation with all its beauty, and there are schools where every science may be studied, charitable institutions for the dissemination of knowledge are established, and every one appears to be engaged in the instruction of the indigent. We have this summer a very interesting school; there are about one hundred pupils."

A letter to her parents dated July 25, 1818, shows what unusual attainments she had made in her spiritual and intellectual life for a girl of her years. She wrote, "I am now in my dear little chamber, where I spend the most of my time in studying and knitting. It is indeed a pleasant place, a little out of the bustle of the village, where we have a beautiful prospect, and a fine society of little girls. I am peculiarly privileged, I acknowledge, but I feel the want of a warm heart to whom to express my gratitude to the bountiful 'Giver of every good and perfect gift.'

"My faithful monitor, Miss Perry, has left, and I have no one in the family upon whom I can depend to reprove me when I err."

"I must hasten to tell you that a few days since I saw a Christian die. It was Mrs Beecher, mother of the minister. She met death as a welcome guest, like the calm summer sun her spirit gently retired to shine in another world.

Another affecting and interesting death was that of Mr Holmes, a young man about the age of twenty-two. He was preparing for the ministry, studying at Andover. He was taken ill there and obliged to return to his home at Litchfield. I never saw a more affecting scene than was exhibited on the Sabbath when he was buried. Mr Beecher's text was, 'FOR me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.' He showed why it is better to die than to live. 'First, because there is rest after death if we reach Heaven; secondly, there is no sin in Heaven; thirdly the society is better, being made up of angels and spirits of the just.' He spoke in the most energetic and interesting manner to the young people. The congregation was generally melted to tears. Mr Holmes was greatly beloved and lamented by all. The procession was very solemn. Four young men of his particular friends, dressed in mourning, and eight young ladies, dressed in white, followed the bier, and as nearly as could be estimated six hundred were in the procession."

"Our school is very interesting, all united like sisters. To-day we have received religious instruction from Miss Pierce. With how much tenderness and affection did she address us. I can never extol her too highly; many will undoubtedly arise up and call her blessed. When shall we all be a flame of love, of love to our Father? How strange it is that we should so grovel in the dust You cannot think how much I should like to see you, but I enjoy my studies too much to leave them if it is possible for me to stay.

"One question (in class) Mr Brace could not answer was, What is the physical cause of blushing? Our subject for composition this week is, What is the disposition, is it innate or acquired? This exceeds my faculties for reasoning. It is more than I can answer."

A few years previous to this there had been a great uprising in New England in regard to the subject of missions. The saintly Samuel J. Mills had prepared for college at the Litchfield Academy, and had gone to Williams, where he and his few friends had made memorable the locality of the hay-stack, and their influence had extended over the land, and later was destined to be felt over the known world. Judson, Hall, Noyy, Newell and Rice had, February 12, 1812, under the auspices of the American Board, sailed for Calcutta to carry the gospel tidings. This example was followed by five others who sailed for Ceylon the following October; two embarked for Bombay in the fall of 1817, and four sailed for Ceylon soon after. The destitute and ignorant of our own country were not neglected; the mission among the Cherokees of Georgia and Alabama was instituted by the Board about 1816. It received the patronage of our Government, was personally visited by President Monroe, who made appropriations for its assistance and expressed an enthusiastic interest in the enterprise. A number of the natives were brought North to be educated, and were placed in the Foreign Mission School at Cornwall, Connecticut, a very short distance from Litchfield.

Anna Shepard's superior privileges for an education are frequently alluded to with happiness and gratitude. The scientific branches, such as Chemistry, Philosophy and Astronomy, were her especial delight. Her standing as a scholar was of such a character that when she had been there about six months, and was only eighteen years of age, Miss Pierce offered her a situation to teach in the school. Miss Catherine Beecher had been the assistant, but Miss Pierce remarked, "Miss Shepard, as Miss Beecher is about to leave, I would like you to take her place." This she did with great credit. Later an opportunity presented for her to go to Georgia as a teacher, "where ample funds were provided," but this was like going out of the world, and we may easily believe that her friends objected to one of her youth being so far separated from home. However, not long after that a situation was offered her as preceptress in the Academy of Ithaca, New York, and this position was accepted. The duties were in accordance with her tastes. Here she endeavored to arouse an interest in the subject of missions, which had become very dear to her heart during her residence in New England.

The social atmosphere at Ithaca at that time must have been charming, and there it was her happy lot to meet the one who was to be "A dearer one still, and a nearer one yet than all others." There were those who had sought her hand, and sung her praises, but in George A. Perkins, a young man of good birth and education, who had recently come from New England, were all the desires of her heart realized. He had made a specialty of Chemistry and Pharmacy, and learning of a desirable situation at Athens, and that within a radius of fifteen miles there was no one answering to his profession, he was readily induced to locate in this place, which was in those days a town of considerable importance. Hence in March, 1823, he removed to Athens and established himself in business.

May 1, 1823, he was married by the Rev. James Williamson to Julia Anna Shepard, at the home of her father, situated on the banks of the Susquehanna. The domestic life of Mr and Mrs Perkins was one of exceptional congeniality and happiness.

JOHN P. BRACE:

ADDRESS — OCT 28, 1816

The course of education, thro' which you have been conducted the summer past, has, at length, closed & I have only to recapitulate its particulars, comment on its general principles & then consign you to the care of those friends who placed you with us.

Perhaps there is nothing, that so much distinguishes the present age from any former one as the great extent & general diffusion of knowledge — No longer confined to the cell of the monk or the closet of the philosopher, it extends its influence thro' every grade of society, bestowing in its progress, the blessings of morality & reason & liberty. No longer restricted to our sex, it shines equally upon both with the same rays & the same effects. As a proof of this you have only to observe your condition now to what your sex once suffered when the night of ignorance covered the world. It is the general diffusion of knowledge that has given woman her rank in society, placing her as the rational companion of man, not the slave of his pleasures or the victim of his tyranny — It is to knowledge & religion that bright picture of domestic happiness is owing; a picture, untouch'd by the dark hues of Gothic barbarity, or unstained by the crimes of eastern sensuality. But notwithstanding woman owes all this to education & science, there are some and even among you, who will not partake of its blessings, who deny its efficacy by refusing its proscriptions. To these, I can only observe that by neglecting their education now, they are suffering weeds to spring in their minds that soon cannot be eradicated, & that, in the present enlightened age, women are valued more for the acquirements within, than the decorations without, they will find themselves unloved in youth, dispised in middle age & neglected in old age.

There are some among our sex who assent that all knowledge except that which qualifies for domestic employment should be unattended to by woman. There are others who allow some literary acquirements but those of the more humble kind, & there are others who are willing to improve their feelings & their taste but deny the importance of improving the reasoning faculties — All of these will require an answer & I shall be excused occupying a few of the last moments. I address you by appearing before you an advocate for the extensive education of woman — They build their arguments upon the ancient opinions & practises; having no eye for the beauty of a female mind or fondness for the variety & richness of female intellect — they would place her in the low degraded state she formerly occupied.

Much as has been said of the effects of knowledge in learning us our miseries that if in a state of ignorance we cannot supply our wants still we have none to supply — yet few will believe "the more ignorance the more bliss" that knowledge but serves as a candle to show us how dreary & desolate our prison house is, whose filth & gloom & misery we should not have noticed without — There is so much real satisfaction in the very acquisition of learning, that the mind as it expands seems like the air as it dilates to increase its capacity for light & heat. More sensibilities are kindled & greater kindnesses are exhibited — If we see misery we perceived not before we now can discover the way to alleviate it. If the poison be the more readily discovered by the light of science, the same light shows us more readily the antidote — If we see more easily the dreariness of the road we likewise more easily see how to avoid the obstructions & how to keep an eye at the glorious resting place at its extremity. And shall all these advantages be confined to our sex alone? Shall the treasures of science, the pleasures of thinking, the uses of reasoning, the beauties of taste be shut up from an enquiring mind merely because it belongs to a woman? Because she walks in a humbler path, shall not that path have flowers. Must man's walk be alone strewed with the diamond sparks of literature because he alone is called upon constantly to use those diamonds. Everything even in "proud imperial man" early education, depends upon the literary attainments of mothers. They give, by their lessons, the first bend to the mind & for this all important task their own minds should be stored with everything that is useful & advanced with everything that is brilliant — By wrong principles & weak erroneous reasoning women can do incalculable mischief & by their exertions either raise the plant into a stately & majestic tree or bend its trunk to the ground — Women dig the fountain in education, men direct the stream; and long as the fountain is muddy the direction of the stream will never change its character. It is then the duty of instructors of females early to impress on their minds the pleasure of thinking for themselves. To cultivate their taste will be of little importance if no judgement govern it. To fill their memories with ideas will be of little use if reason be not allowed to marshall them. It may be asked what will be the practical use of certain studies to woman: the same question might be put with respect to many of the studies of the other sex; the answer is obvious they strengthen the mind. And the mind of woman should certainly be strengthened & her reason improved if she ever intends to think & act for herself — Governed by these feelings we have endeavored to pursue this plan during the studies of the summer; to improve each faculty alike; to enrich your memories: to teach you to feel but to feel in subordination to reason. Your studies have been all of the class to give you just conceptions of things to enable you to be independent of the decisions of others —

We have endeavoured in the first place to fill your mind with the facts of Geography & the rules of grammar & likewise have exerted ourselves to show the practical & moral inferences from those facts & the logical reasoning & foundations for those rules. The mere strengthening of the memory that these scenes give is not of so much importance as that it should be understood that morality abounds in the one & the rules of the other are not as appears to the minds of youth, a mere collection of arbitrary assertions but that they are deeply founded in the rules of logic —

We have paid attention to Arithmetic for many reasons it strengthens the mind, gives a correct & concise system of reasoning unadorned by the flowers of rhetorical argument & untrammelled by the artifices of logical distinction and the practical use of arithmetic is so great; it is so useful in guarding from imposition & assisting in making woman independent that it should always be extensively & thoroughly attended to. If time & intellect had permitted I should have thought it advisable to have carried some of you into the next higher branches of mathematics — We have endeavoured in our Logic & Moral Philosophy to give you just ideas of the mind & its operations & the heart & its affections & we trust we have opened to you such distinct & entertaining sources of thought under these subjects that you will long pursue them . . . I have aimed in the system of Natural Philosophy I have commenced in my lectures to give the outlines of a difficult & interesting science — I have been much pleased with the attention you have paid to it & the correctness of the notes you have taken — tho' on some of the more obtuse points I could have wished for a little more patience.

In matters of taste, in composition & rhetoric we have the pleasure to observe that we never had a school that made more rapid improvement. The first class in rhetoric especially have highly gratified me by their attention to certain difficult requisitions in criticism & all of you in your dissertations have done honour to your class & — In history the facts you have collected; the inferences you have drawn; the feelings you have exhibited & the knowledge of human nature you have gained will long be remembered by you with profit. With some exceptions specially among the younger girls we have been highly pleased by the exertions exhibited this summer.

Abbe M. Smith first prize
Esther H. Sperry second prize
Sarah Buel
Ruth Benedict } Improvement
Harriet Buel 2d Class
Amelia Ellis 3d Class
Zilpha Wakeman Amiableness
Laura Farnham
Hannah H. Wolcott } Mottoes.
Louisa Marvin

But amid this green & vivid landscape, there is one darker shade. It is not mere spots on the sun's disc known only to astronomical observers & lost amid his splendours, it is a thick dark cloud covering all his beams — Invert the cheering prospect I have presented to you & see in religious view, how dark & gloomy the summer has been. Like the mountains of Gilboa on which there has been no rain either any dew, you have not been visited by any of those cheering drops from the clouds of salvation formerly experienced. "Careful & troubled about many things" ye have forgotten "the one thing needful" your journey thro' the summer has been wilfully enlightened by no rays of the sun of righteousness, wilfully unhealed by none of its efficacious influence. Some of you have parents who have placed you here to think, to feel, to believe. Their prayers have been tremblingly offered up for their distant children fondly have they clung round the hope that you would drink at the fountain of salvation. Will you give them the pang of thinking that burdened as you are in sin, soon they must bid you farewell "a long & last farewell". You love them not — If you did, you would soothe their declining years with the fondest of thoughts, that, after life's wintry day was over you would all meet in the eternal spring that follows —

Do you wait for a better time & the opportunity of a long life. Youth will always have its pleasures; middle life its business & old age, "dark & unlovely," its vexations, to drive religion from your thoughts — And what is life —

"A peevish April day
"A little sun, a little rain,
"And then night sweeps along the plain
"And all things fade away."

Are you prepared for that night? tho' now at a seeming distance? A night, which no morning ray will ever penetrate, not even a meteoric glare will deceive the anxious eye. No "sickening pang of hope deferred" will then be felt but despair, never to be alleviated will be the constant attendant. Are you prepared for sudden death? To have your sun darkened ere 'tis noon. When you lie down, can you reflect that you may "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" & not think of the account you must render — You may now think lightly of these things — but in the valley of the shadow of death they will start from the darkness in burning characters, & give a deep ton'd energy to the wailings of eternity — Let me entreat you then, now, my dear friends, to make religion your ark of safety — the rain-bow of hope's covenant alone rests on that — the genial rays of true happiness alone shine on that for it is of heavenly structure & will stand unhurt tho'

"Storms & tempests thunder on its brow
"And ocean breaks its billows at its feet."

This is our last advice & if you value us; if you think our instructions worth any return, if you love your parents; if there be any feeling, any tenderness left "think on these things".

We grieve at dismissing any of you; but we bid our adieu with extreme reluctance to those who have resided with us for a long time & may be said to have formed their minds under our guidance. We commit you to the world with much trembling but with some confidence that you will so exhibit the improvement you have made while with us as to enable others to place the like confidence in us — We consider you as bearing in your improvement the character of the school & we look to you for such conduct as shall bring us no disgrace. Of those who have staid but a short time with us much less is expected, but of you the character of our instructions must be learnt. We part from you with reluctance & as we place you on the wide world's theatre, we ask you as a tribute to our memory in your actions sometimes regard us, & the remembrance of our instructions.

If difficulties have arisen & who alas! is perfect, who is free from sometimes judging & acting wrong, let them be forgotten — so that when we again meet, no bitter recollections may destroy our pleasures. We wish you all that life has worth bestowing & an enjoyment of that sinless & tearless world when life & its scenes have vanished. We wish you all the same blessings, remembering you all with the same affections; wishing that our next united meeting may be on the banks of the river of life & our next united worship the song of angels & saints —

[*From John P. Brace's Miscellanies — vol. 5*]

ADDRESS AT THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL

Oct. 25, 1819.

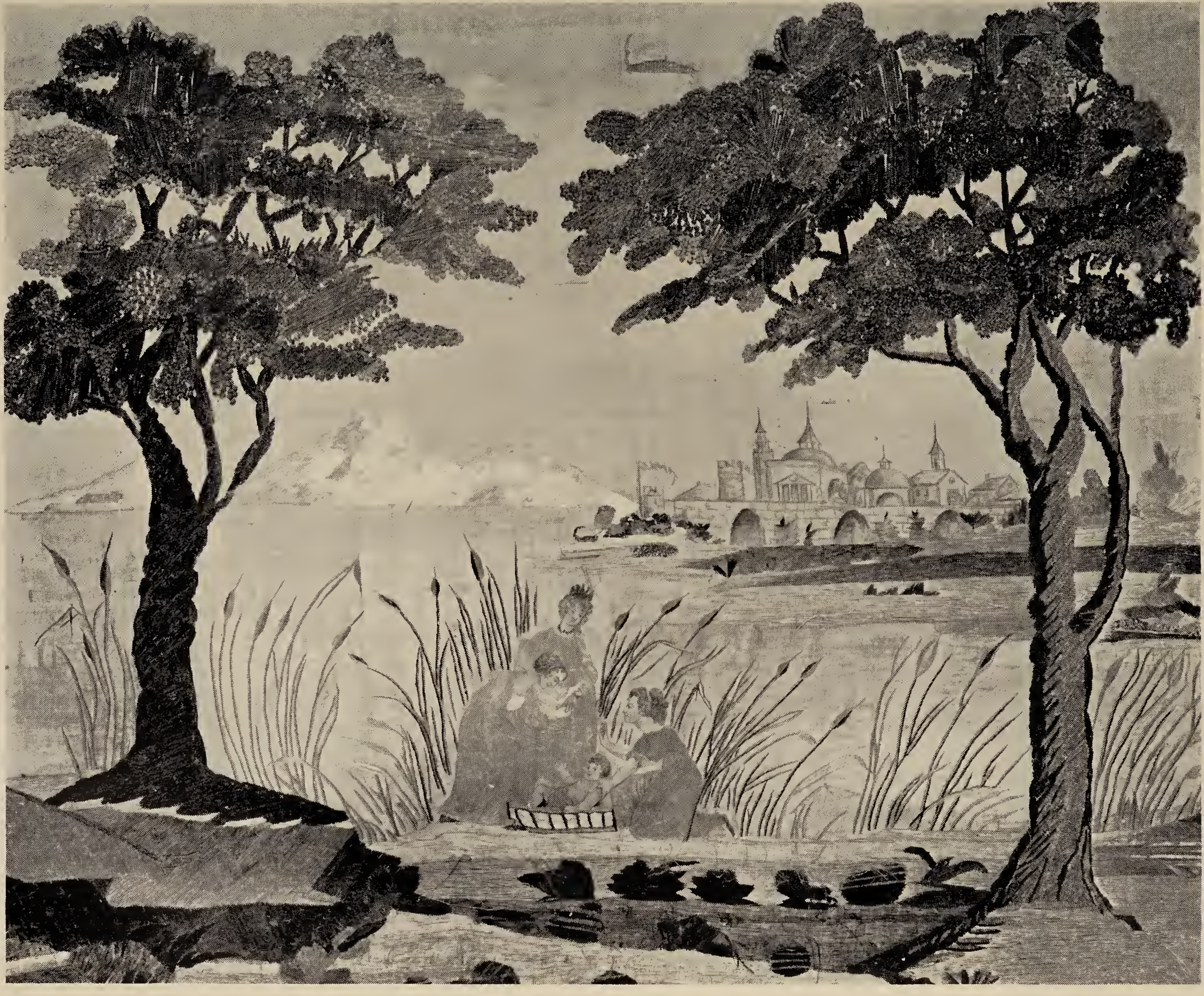
There are but few subjects more interesting to community than the education of women. From the influence which they now have on all ages and classes of society; from the power, which they can exert in the formation of early habits of disposition & mind, & from the happiness, which will so abundantly result, the subject of their education becomes of the highest importance. It is strange that in the rapid march of the human mind, that this momentous fact was not more early discovered, & that even in those countries where education was appreciated, that so useful an assistance as that which woman can give was not called in & duly estimated. Men were taught all that science, or literature, or politics could furnish to enlighten & enliven, yet the effect which woman might have in the formation of the intellectual habits, which alone can give acuteness for science, genius for literature or taste for politics, was entirely neglected. It is no wonder, in barbarous nations where physical force is the governing power & mind is appreciated only as giving a better direction & a surer aim to that force, that the education of woman should be neglected & woman herself classed with the slaves or the brutes. But in civilized countries, where the benefits of education were felt & the philosophy of the mind tolerably well understood, it is strange that the influence which women must unavoidably exercise on early education should be so entirely overlooked. Who ever dared, until lately, breathe the idea, that woman should have any influence beyond the precincts of her kitchen, or any knowledge beyond an acquaintance with the recipe-book. In man's hours of folly, he might worship her beauty; in his hours of relaxation, demand her blandishments; in his hours of sickness, require her assistance but, who then ever thought of her, as the companion of his hours of study, the adviser in his hours of difficulty, & the strengthener in his hours of trial. Waving the consideration whether there is any sexual difference in mind, we can at least assent that an education which will permit woman to take that rank in the scale of intellect, which, in modern estimation, even her enemies allow her, cannot be considered of slight & trifling importance. It is well for the happiness of "imperial man" himself, that the opinion of the world upon this subject is altering, for his means of improvement are increased and his opportunities for felicity doubled by having those female companions which nature or inclination may have flung around him, persons of education.

But it is not only as the companion of man, that the education of women will be of importance. Calculate, for a moment, the influence she has in the formation of the early habits & the future continued bias of the mind, & ask yourselves whether this mighty power shall be misdirected or misapplied by ignorance & folly — Shall that class of community who alone have the government & formation of the infant mind be that class alone whose ideas are limited in their existence, whose knowledge is circumscribed in its power. Shall that powerful engine be the only whose force is not governed by stricter rules of mechanism, but which is apt to apply its power at random.

It is folly to speak of an innate predilection for any one science or profession or employment, that bias of the mind is received in early education, & to woman, contemptible as she was formerly held in the opinion of the world, & last as she was called in the race of life, to woman must we look for that early direction of mind which will, by the favorable coincidence of external circumstances in the progress of education, form our philosophers, our statesmen, our men of science & of business. But the moral influence of woman in early education is no less extensive than her intellectual influence. I know that many assert that our dispositions are innate, & that we are born with constitutions prone to one particular fault rather than another. This point I cannot attempt here to settle, & tho' I believe that God has not directly given to any one an inclination toward any particular sin, yet, perhaps I am alone in that belief & may not have the strongest reason for its existence; however, this thing is certain, that, setting aside the operation of peculiar frames of body in the formation of disposition, no external cause is so productive in giving it its peculiar bias as the influence of circumstances that occur in early education. If this be the case, how powerful, then, must be the influence of woman on the tender disposition, when they have the care of the fountain in its earliest existence, & can direct the stream in almost any channel. How important then is it, how incalculably important, that women themselves should be instructed in the purest system of morals & should possess that religion thro' which alone their duty can be performed from the noblest motives — If such be the importance of the education of woman, how high the rank she bears in society, how noble her destination. True, she is not called to wield the sword of conquest or the sceptre of empire: hers is a greater nobler task — it is to create the first rays of that light which will afterward illuminate & cheer the world; It is to give the first direction to that stream which may in its future course, in consequence of its direction either fertilize the regions through which it passes, or desolate them by its cold & rapid torrent.

Having established then this point, the importance of great intellectual & moral culture in women, perhaps it becomes us to exhibit the proof, that the course of study we have chosen, will, in some degree produce these great results, whether our feeble efforts, my young friends, have accomplished anything as respects your improvement, time and your future actions must determine.

The course of study, which has been proscribed to you, has been such as would have a tendency in our opinion to improve each of your intellectual faculties in their due order without encroaching on each other's progress. And all of them calculated, while they exercised the memory, the imagination, the judgement or the reason to



The Finding of Moses in the Bulrushes, Worked in Water Color and Embroidery on Silk, by Emmeline Beebe, of Canaan, Connecticut, When a Pupil at Miss Pierce's School in 1816

bring home to the heart the noblest moral lessons. As one faculty of the mind has not been improved to the exclusion of the rest and while the facts of geography have enriched your memories their moral lessons have executed their influence on the heart. While we have wished to give quickness to your memories by the repeated use of the principles of association and retentiveness to them by the laws of method we have inculcated, the imagination has been governed by the common rules of Rhetoric and the connection existing between that faculty & the understanding has been exhibited by Campbell's Philosophy & the causes of its pleasures discovered on the pages of Alison. The application of the principles of science to practical use has been shown to you in Natural Philosophy & Chemistry. Grammar & Arithmetic have united their . . . not only, in the one case to give you a knowledge of the idiom of the language & in the other, to assist you in the ordinary duties of life but to strengthen the intellectual powers by constant & vigorous exercise; while in Moral Philosophy you have traced the connection between the heart & the understanding & their influence on actions & to complete the whole, Logic has exhibited the nature of the mind itself & the manner of its operation.

Little need be here said about the importance of geography and history as commencing a course of study. Without them, our minds would be narrowed down to the little spot in which we live and confined within the small prison of the present, & could never, as they now do, roam the universe at large, without effort & without pain. I know no greater proof of a weak mind, than an ignorance of these branches of education. This assertion is made, my young friends, particularly for you who have but just stepped upon the threshold of science and who thro' indolence of character & inattention to your best interests would wish to neglect them.

To you whose minds have more rapidly advanced, there are other and greater advantages than merely knowledge of facts, greatly important as they are. The man of science as he looks upon the map of the world or examines its history connects with the different countries a knowledge of their civilization, their commerce & their improvement: the man of philanthropy sees the dark spots that pervade some parts & traces its cause to the moral darkness that reigns over the mind & shows that richness of soil will not produce fertility of intellect—that mildness of climate has no connection with the mild precepts of religion.

Upon a review of the state of the world the conclusion is easily drawn that it is to the cultivation of moral & religious habits that civilization owes its power in taming the human mind. But to no class in society has civilization with its accompanying intellectual & religious aids been of more service than to the female sex. Look to those parts of the world over which the tide of civilization has never rolled & see "the deep dark night" that settles upon the condition of women — In Greenland, she rows the boat of the seal fisher: in Malaccas, she is sold to supply the wants of her husband. The Chinese calls her his dog; the Tartar counts her among his cattle; the Burman will not take her evidence in a court of justice: & in every place that most menial & debasing services are hers; while man, at his ease, enjoys her degradation & makes her, alternately the slave of his passions and the victim of his brutality.

The exertions of the summer have generally pleased us; as great a number as usual have improved themselves rapidly in the course of study pursued & we now proceed with pleasure to give the usual rewards of the school. Motoes.

Prize in writing to Amanda Smith — prize in her class to Mary Landon who has highly distinguished herself by her exertion — among the boys to Wolcott — Class of Good scholars — Prize for improvement to Miss Belinda Porter who has given us great satisfaction for her very great improvement — prize in Composition to Miss Lucy C. Hatch, prize for being at the head of the school to Miss Emma S. Marvin who deserves the highest praise for her industry, improvement & exertions — The best honours of the school to Misses Lucretia Deming (Litchfield) Sarah Denney (Leicester Ms) Catherine Kirby (Lichfield) & Caroline E. Lord (Montreal)

But tho' we highly admire the industry & exertion that most of you have exhibited this summer, yet there is one trait in the character of the school, one dark shade in the picture, which it becomes us to exhibit. While you have strained every faculty in your efforts to reach the goal of science there is another & a better prize that has has been left unattempted. The hours of the summer have given their account to the bar of God — & they have reported that the petty interests of life have borne a greater sway over your mind than eternity's momentous concerns. What shall I say to those who can hear the invitations of religion & give no attention, who can see the God of heaven exhibit his glorious character & yet have no reverence in its contemplation. Over such, the motives of eternity have apparently no weight; the interests of salvation no importance; the excellencies of God's character no influence. This subject has been repeated to you before, until it may have grown tiresome, but it is not the less important. Nor, notwithstanding the light estimation in which you now hold it, will its importance ever cease. Did religion not give any joys or ——, was there no other consideration but an hereafter to influence you, it would be supposed that that would be sufficient. Life is a short tho' weary journey, & will soon terminate in "the dark inn, the grave." The airy bubbles of time will soon cease to dazzle or allure & other objects of brighter & truer influence will strike upon the soul — Can you discharge the duties of life, without religion? To you will be committed the charge of early discipline. Is it not dreadful to reflect, that without religion, you may instill into the youthful mind the bitterest hatred to the God of heaven; that, from the state of your own feelings you may produce in the mind of others, that spark of evil, that may eventually convert the heart into a perfect volcano of mischief. Can you meet the ills of time without religion? The day of life is not always clear and cloudless. Tho' to youth's unexperienced eye, its morning may be bright with joy and every face beaming in the sunshine of happiness — yet, you will find that all these vivid joys will be like the Borealis race, "that flit e'er you can paint their place & that you will soon see the rainbow of hope that paints the skies azure breast," "vanishing amid the storm" of misfortune — And when storms do arise, what will be a better feeling than to look beyond the tempests of time, to the unclouded, endless day that follows —

We dismiss many of you to the world, with anxious fears, for you, in many instances, have not those religious principles which alone can carry you safely thro' the dark tempestous times that await you. Regulations for your future conduct cannot be here expected & indeed precepts avail little unless your own inclinations sanction them. Remember however that you have just crossed the threshold of the temple of science let every other exertion be made to progress in that improvement you have commenced, knowing that knowledge will always be its own reward.

But remember, likewise, that the brightest blaze of intellectual grandeur is not that fire that burns on the altar of heaven; that the treasures of Golconda & Potosi are not those desirable riches of righteousness found only in the kingdom of Heaven & that the brilliancy of personal beauty is not that glory which will shine with a starlike lustre, forever & ever.

ADDRESS—SUMMER 1820

In reviewing the occurences of the past summer & in giving out the rewards promised at its commencement, many subjects of reflection present themselves to view. Another season for improvement has elapsed & its influence on your future fate has been already stamped & cannot be erased. Standing as you now do on the threshold of the summer, & about to bid it adieu forever — pause for a few moments & ask yourselves the question, what have been its uses, its profit, its bearing on your happiness in this condition.

Young persons, as they start in life, are too apt to suppose that they have almost an eternity of years before them & that the misimprovement of one term or one year will be of little value. But how idle is such an opinion, how distructive to improvement & deadening to the mind — Even, granting that ideas failed of being obtained in one year may be accumulated the next, yet the progress in the path of science must be stopped by this unreasonable indolence. Besides, the habit of mind given the power of all indolent habits, will be sufficient to exhibit the incorrectness of such positions. The mind, formed as it is, for activity, must be constantly exercised in the years of youth — otherwise it will move in a sluggish & indolent course & finally stagnate in its channel. There is no moment when the mind is stationary, if not moving onward in its orbit, its motion will be retrograde.

Hence a continual culture is necessary until the habits of intellectual industry are formed & the mind can go on in its progress from the momentum of its first impulse. Those of you, then, that have wasted this summer & have calmed your consciences with the notion that after industry will enable you to atone for this neglect — have reasoned from false premises & have perhaps originated those habits of indolence, whose cold and palsying touch will freeze the current of your soul & chain its every future effort. This question, then, should be heard with attention & reflection. "Have I this summer, by the constant improvement of every hour, accumulated those treasures of science which are so necessary to unselfishness & acquired those habits of intellectual perseverance that will render my future progress in science easy." To those who have not, I will repeat, that they themselves are the cause of the weakness of mind and want of genius of which they complained & "as they have sown to the wind, so they must reap to the whirlwind" — My young friends, hear my advice: whether you continue with us, or employ your hours at some other seminary, or under your parent's guidance, be advised by me to stop the deadly influence of indolence, the disease is now young & can be checked — wait for a few years & no power can control its lethargy; it will benumb one faculty after another, until your understandings "sleep the sleep of death."

We are extremely happy in asserting that a stretch of industry & perseverance rarely equalled in the annals of this school has been exhibited this summer: but few are exceptions to this assertion — but to the consciences of those few I now wish to speak so plainly as to be felt, & so powerfully as to govern what will be the account that God will demand of hours supplied but wasted; of talents granted but to be abused of the light of intellect, given but to be stranded by the mists of indolence —

From these few dark shades in the picture we turn to those brighter hues that have gladdened our eyes, and encouraged our hearts — To those who have employed their time to advantage, who have now been sowing that harvest, they will reap hereafter, we have many words of praise to give — But the character of our praise & the merits of each can be better learnt by a reference to the prizes & the credit marks — But there is another light in which the flight of time this summer is to be viewed. When industry shall have accomplished its object & indolence shall have performed its office; when the stream of time shall have emptied all its waters into the ocean of eternity, indeed long after this world with its own peculiar concerns & trials shall appear, "as some lone island-speck seen far — far off, across a wide long stretch of sea," will this summer be remembered with pain or joy as its time of probation has been improved. Have you not good reason to suppose that that remembrance will be painful if the occurences of this summer have not induced your repentance & reformation, will any after consideration effect them. Is there not great reason to imagine that hearts that have resisted the providences of this season, will still resist them, when habit of sin has increased its power & the claims of the world have wound themselves more closely round. Will God be more merciful hereafter when you have sinned longer against him But will that hereafter arrive. Are none a prey to death. As young as strong, as blooming as you. Where now is all that was Clarinda Darling, whose sun at this summer's dawn rose as clear & bright as yours? Mouldering beneath the clods of the valley. Will you not pause one moment, & leaning o'er grave, resolve that e'er death strike you, you will give yourselves to God.

Do you think that strength of frame & vigor of body will secure you from the tyrants grasp & therefore neglect your repentance. Who, three months since, so blithely bounded on your path to school as she, "whose frame, so vigorous, & whose health so strong." Can beauty save you? Look at her grave & ask.

"Will the cold earth, its silence Break,
"To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek,
"Beneath its surface lies."

Can intellect stay the dart? If native strength of mind, if intellect's opening promise could e'er have stop'd the power of death, Clarinda would have heard my voice this day. Seldom, in the course of my experience, have I found at such an age, the promise

"of fairer flowers
"Or richer fruit, in future hours."

To a memory of quick & ready powers, she joined a comprehensive grasp of mind, at her age rarely equalled. Sure she was young — her intellect just dawning, but it was a dawn of vivid light, a dawn that promised a bright & glorious day of mind.

Be advised then not, in your attention to other duties to neglect those you owe to God —

We have seldom dismissed a school with the regret we now do — You have marked this summer with a persevering industry, an attention to our commands & a regard to our feelings that will lead us to hold you, long in remembrance — But the time of our control over you has elapsed & we send you from us with most ardent wishes for your future usefulness & happiness in life & hopes that we all shall meet in that world — where those who assemble meet to part no more".

ADDRESS TO THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LITCHFIELD COUNTY.

Oct. 13, 1824.

In addressing you at this anniversary of your agricultural society the speaker you have appointed labours under peculiar disadvantages. He is addressing the ablest theoretical and practical agriculturalists of Litchfield County, on a subject, upon which he, theoretically, knows little, & practically still less. The path of life that he has followed; the sciences with which he has amused himself & the employments he has pursued have led him far from a contemplation of the subject he is called this day to present to you. He now first puts his plough into an untried field, with the consciousness that many a well practised eye is observing the furrow that he makes, & will well discover his inaccuracies. Hear him then with impartiality while he employs the time allowed him for your instruction, in a few crude observations on the object that has collected you.

The subject that is proposed for your attention is the Modern Improvement of agriculture and particularly its connection with science. That such improvements exist is abundantly proved from the very fact of your assemblage here; & that such improvements have been beneficial, the exhibitions of this day satisfactorily testify.

In former times, the farmer was supposed to stand alone, unconnected, in his improvement, with the arts & sciences. The bare rudiments of education, the strength of muscle, & firmness of nerve, that enabled him to endure toil & fatigue & the perseverance of spirit that caused him, from its elasticity, to encounter and overcome obstacles, were all that were considered necessary in the formation of his character. True, these produced wonderful results; They filled the forest, they covered the fields with verdure; they reared the cottage, the village, the city, they planted & defended the tree of freedom & they now, place these states on the pinnacle of greatness & glory.

But will it not be allowed that a knowledge of the agricultural improvements of modern times, & of the sciences, that have produced them would have smoothed the path of our ancestors, & would have enabled them to have attained their great & glorious object with half the means. The sciences are all intimately connected with each other, & while the farmer, by his labour supports the scientific man in his leisure, he in turn, gives the results of his investigations to facilitate the labour, & improve the property of the farmer.

The first science I would mention that has, in the present century, influenced the improvement of agriculture, is that of *Mechanism.* The application of mathematical & mechanical principles to the construction of new, & the improvement of old machines & utensils is a distinguished characteristic of the improvement of modern times. These machines owe not their origin to fortunate conjecture & successful accident, the invention is founded on the deepest knowledge of the science of mechanics & its application to agriculture, & shows how useful a knowledge of that science would prove even to the practical farmer. The introduction of any machine, which with little or even much expense alleviates the toil & labour of man or beast, cannot but meet the approbation of every rational man, must do away those unreasonable prejudices that hang upon the mind in favour of ancient long used instruments.

The *Botanist,* likewise, flings in the treasures of his knowledge to assist the agriculturalist. He points out the various grasses that may be useful for his experiments, ascertains the quantity of nourishment each affords, shows whether that nourishment will be the greatest if the grass be cut when in flower or in seed. He discovers different varieties of grain, brings new species from foreign & unexplored countries, & points out the proper soils for their cultivation. It is to the Botanist that the agriculturalist owes the information that the smut on grain is a fungus plant growing like toad stools on rotten wood, on the seed, & that to avoid its occurence it is necessary to prevent the seeds of this fungus from remaining on the grain, by some previous preparation.

To the Mineralogist the farmer is likewise indebted in giving him a knowledge of the nature of the materials found in his soil, of their change & application, of the various descriptions, powers, uses & applications of mineral manures. But his exertions in the cause of agriculture are so intimately connected with chemical philosophy, that, to that head, they can be more particularly referred. Indeed no science is so intimately connected with agriculture as Chemistry. It is useful in describing the different properties of soils; in ascertaining the causes of their sterility; in showing the various methods of their improvement; in decomposing the salts of iron present; in improving the sandy by mixtures of lime, in removing an excess of vegetable matter or in supplying its deficiences.

It is farther useful in describing the principles of germination, & therefore pointing to the farmer where to apply the elementary principles of vegetation & where to remove the poison and it is particularly useful in showing the nature, the mode of application & the use of manures. So important is this last particular that I shall be excused for detaining you by a concise description of its use, & if I should give one new practical idea to one farmer present, the exertions of this day will not have been made in vain. Plants cannot receive their nourishment from pure earth or pure water; they obtain their elementary principles from decomposing vegetables or animal matter near them. To the copious supply, then, of these elementary principles from decaying vegetables or animals they owe their health & vigour. Hence the use of manures of various kinds which consist of animal or vegetable matter, ready to undergo decomposition. Again, these principles must be obtained from the decomposition of the manure and during that decomposition. Decomposition is, in all cases, produced by the agency of heat, air, & moisture; its products are either liquids or acidform fluids. If, therefore, manure be suffered, by standing, previous to its application to the plant, to be exposed to heat & moisture the elementary principles necessary to the future growth of the plant will escape, & it will lose, when used, great part of its effect. The practical use, then, to be derived from these chemical principles is that manure should be applied when undecomposed, in order that its decomposition may go on in the neighborhood of the plant, & none of its efficacy be wasted. But, as it does not always happen, that manure can be thus applied, chemistry teaches the practical farmer to preserve it, as far as he is able from the agency of air, heat & moisture, in order to prevent decomposition, by keeping it on floors of wood or stone, in the coolest place of his farm and by covering it with clay or dirt from the agency of the air. It is the opinion of the chemist that much is lost to the farmer by manuring his fields in the autumn: a partial decomposition may then take place, when not wanted for the sustenance of vegetable life, and though winter checks the progress yet the spring floods & rains will carry away its fructifying principles, from the place designed for their operation.

To these scientific improvements in agriculture, others of no less importance have been made by the experimental farmer. He no longer supposes he must adhere to the ancient system of cultivation because it is ancient, but mingles his own experiments with the experience of former times, corrects their mistakes improves upon their plans, & adds to their attainments by the resources of his own genius & the improvement of his neighborhood. To repeat these improvements, even by name, would be beyond the limits prescribed to this address: Improvements in the establishment of experimental farms, in summer-fallow, in the rotation of crops, in their adaptation to different soils, in irrigation, in improvement of the breeds of animals, & in various & improved methods of cultivation.

You yourselves can easily discover whether you have made the necessary use of these improvements & whether the alteration of many of your present systems of cultivation would not be beneficial. All, it is to be feared are not aware, of the advantages gained, to soil & to the cultivation by a proper rotation of crops. In England this subject has been reduced to a system, & successions of fallow, turnips, wheat, beans, & clover with some other variations, have almost superseded the use of manure. It is to be feared that all do not take advantage of those improved breeds of stock that some of your public minded members have introduced into the county not reflecting that the expense of keeping valuable stock is no greater than inferior, & their superior usefulness & beauty will amply compensate the expense of their introduction. To the raising of sheep particularly, this county is eminently adapted; with proper means & proper precautions wool as fine as the Saxon might be raised for the manufacturer, & he no longer pay the present heavy duty on foreign wool. Sheep farms could be easily formed in such a grazing county, & probably would be more productive of profit in proportion to the labour employed, than any other mode of occupying land. Sheep require little care, in comparison with other agricultural employments & the present price of wool & its demand, would amply compensate the trouble of the introduction of the Saxon breed, which must, it would be supposed, assimilate to our climate much sooner than the Spanish.

Last, improvements in grass lands can yet be made, in this county, by proper irrigation, & much bog-meadow might be reclaimed by the setting back of ponds during the winter, & more attention paid to the advantage of future generations by an economical attention to the growth of young timber in woodlands. In this last particular, you may think cautions needless. It is so short a time since the strength & energy of your ancestors were directed to the extirpation of the forests that covered the earth, that you cannot think their preservation necessary but your descendants will sigh over the wasteful, unnecessary destruction of the timber among the present generation, & will wish that their fathers had kept their young cattle from their woodlands & had left them something besides stone for building & coal for fuel.

Too much attention is too often paid by the farmers to increasing the number of acres in their farms without reflecting that a strenuous cultivation of a small estate is of more advantage. The additional expenses of labour in travelling, of taxes, & of fencing often eat up more than the additional profits.

It should be a good farmer's ambition rather to raise a large quantity from a small farm, than to be called the master of many hundreds of acres. His attention is not so much divided, his labour is all under his own eye & immediate direction, discouragement & misfortune do not so soon creep in, & in a short time he finds himself a prouder & a richer man.

It would be beneficial likewise, to the raisers of Indian corn to send to some more Northern climate for their seed, they might rest assured that their crops would come to maturity much earlier & yield a more valuable increase for the experiment.

One indication & cause of the improvements of Modern times is the foundation of agricultural societies. In free governments, next to the influence of universally diffused education, no cause has so powerful an effect in perpetuating the institutions of liberty, as bringing the sober, intelligent yeomanry of the country acquainted with each other's views & characters. The habits of intimacy formed, the knowledge diffused, the information gained of their own independency & power, will always prevent the domination of the military tyrant, or the arts of the political demagogue. One of the most useful assemblages is that of agricultural societies; in addition to the agricultural knowledge collected & disseminated, in addition to the practical benefit gained by the farmer, they show to every disorganizer, that the hand that planted the tree of liberty is as ready to defend it now while it shades them. Agricultural societies unlike military spectacles or the amusements of public days, bring not together only the young, the idle, & the dissolute, they assemble the industrious, the independent, the sober owner of the soil. He meets his brother farmer, hears his improvements, details his own, sees the bone & sinew of the county around him, & returns to his farm and his labour, with a happier and an easier heart, with the proud consciousness of his independence & his usefulness & the numerical & moral strength of his associates.

These interviews must likewise convince you of your superiority even to those nations called the favoured spots of the globe. You will learn from the traveller how much more healthful your climate, how much purer your morals, how much more free your government, how much more exalted & spiritual your religion. You will often learn from the returning emigrant, that smoother soils have their drought that milder climates have their desolating diseases. You will learn from the observer of men, that your bleak & barren hills, your wintry blasts, your cold & rocky fields have made you hardy, industrious and virtuous. Envy not then the fertility of southern climes; the noxious vapour floats over the rice field, the fatal exhalation lurks around the evening perfume of the orange bower, the noisome pestilence walks abroad at noon day, amid the plantations of sugar; & luxury and enervation and vice breathe in every gale that wafts the fragrance of the spice groves.

Such then are the reflections that should govern your feelings this day, reflections of gratitude to your ancestors for what they have done for your welfare, & to that Providence who has given you "so goodly a heritage" Thank him that he has not cast your lot in the fevery & tumultuous population of a city, amidst its impurities its diseases, its contaminations & its vices; that he has not sent you to toil a slave on the ironbound soil of Russia or on the arid sands of Africa; or that he has not rendered your days unproductive & your nights wretched from a sense of personal insecurity.

You occupy the most useful, the most important station in society. It is to your exertions that the support, the food, the employment of every other rank is owing. To the surplus produce of the farmer, we owe the institution & preservation of distinct employments, the origin of commerce & manufactures & the existence of government. It is the surplus produce of the farmer that set the wheel of the manufacturer in motion; that bids the sails of commerce whiten every sea, that gives to religion her ministers, to education, her students; that supports the busy population of the crowded city, & that lends to government its energy, its resourses & its being. This is not idle declamation. Let the farmer but raise only enough for his own support & the mighty heart, which, by its beatings, communicates life to every extremity, would be chilled & every member of the great body politic would be palsied in a moment.

Go then to your homes, this day, satisfied with the useful & honourable rank in society you hold: owners of the soil you cultivate, with no imperious landlord to demand from you, in rent, the products of your labour, & control you in the management of your farms; with no established clergy to collect the tenth of your earnings, with no arbitrary government to force from you what the aristocracy or the hierarchy may have left, & confine you if you dare to murmur, but free as the air you breathe or the water that fertilizes your fields.

How readily then will your employment lead to cheerfulness & content, "to peace within and harmony to all around" How readily will it lead you to the service & worship of that being who has made you to differ: how fervid must be that service, how exalted that worship! The devotion that you pay is offered on the altar of an humble heart, in the vast Temple of nature that surrounds you. Every breeze that exhales the moisture of your fields, every brook that brings its treasures to your feet, every shower that fertilizes your springing grass, every sun beam that falls upon your ripening corn, the changing but useful vicissitudes of the seasons; the verdure of the forest around you, and the everlasting hills that raise heads to heaven, must show you that their great creator is ever near you, & bring to your hearts the obligations that you owe him.

ADDRESS — JUNE 1825.
BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF CONNECTICUT

It is always very amusing to witness a collection of men of the same profession. Most of them come together with mingled sentiments of pride & humility — pride at the feeling of strength which numbers and respectability always give, and humility at being lost in the crowd of talents & dignities around them. It is of service to all professions to have occasional meetings of their body from various parts — they become acquainted with each others views and prejudices & they can assist in strengthening the one and softening the other — they learn their own numerical efficiency — they discover their own individual capacities, their defects & their relative merits & they become better acquainted with the world and its manners. To no profession are such meetings more useful than to the ministers of religion. The situation in which a small parish priest is placed, is even if he be a man of talents, one of no small difficulty to himself. Most ministers go out into their profession, with, I will not say, too high ideas of its importance but too high notions of the importance in which they are to be held in the world. Hence they are too apt to value "the earthen vessel" in which it is contained, as much as the treasure itself, & to expect from the world a peculiar deference as minister, which they would not have as man. This opinion is fostered often by the situation in which they are placed. In a small parish apart from the business & bustle of the world surrounded often by none but inferiors in talents & education, being accustomed to feel this superiority and exercise it daily, they soon think they are naturally instead of relatively important, & they soon expect where ever they go, the same almost apostolic reverence they experience at home they look abroad for the same hat-in-hand deference, the same breathless attention of hard favoured old men & snuffy old women as among their own people & they wonder at the want of the usual exclamation, "what a wonderful man, what a *sarching* sermon!" To such men & many such are in the ministry, meetings of their body are peculiarly useful. They soon find what their proper elevation in the scale of existence is not only in their own profession, but in the world, & if such assemblies are held in large places, they soon see, that, even, in those who value religion most, the minister is but a man, a frail & erring man, to be respected for his talents, his piety, his usefulness, but not for his station alone — to be treated with kindness as a man devoting his life to the benefit of his fellow men, to be treated with respect as one "who ministers & serves the altar," but still to be approached with the freedom to be reasoned with, with the boldness; & if necessary, to be opposed with the openness, that becometh one man to use to another in this land of liberty.

To the desultory observer of human nature like myself, such assemblies afford many topics of amusement & speculation. I had a fine opportunity of exercising that fondness for examining the faces of human kind that I so much admire.

In some piety seemed to predominate over the pride of the moment; in others, the "pride of the corps" was the then prevailing feeling. As the appointed ministers took their turns in the various exercises, it was curious to see the effect upon those who are never hearers, but always speakers. Some, even of the finest minds were extracting good from the tedious haranger & the laboured sermons; others of less governed minds & more volatile tempers were looking as if they thought, "I could do better."

The physiognomist had a grand opportunity to put in test the principles of his science. The profession of his subject & what their characters ought to be were fully before him, & he had but little left to conjecture. In some the strongly marked lines of a mind "serious, in a serious cause," were abundantly evident. A man, who is habitually a christian, who lives daily "on the bread of life," & whose only thought is so to break it to others as to invite them to the feast, cannot but have their features regulated by the same causes that govern their lives & look the holiness they live. The peculiar character of the preaching of each individual, the particular school of divinity in which he was educated, the peculiar style of delivery he had imitated, could almost always be gathered from the countenance. There were the pale cheek, the deep sunken grey eye, the over hanging shaggy eyebrow the upright but furrowed forehead of the metaphysical divine: One who in school, was attentive; in college was the deep mathematician & who in divinity searches into the hidden & complex doctrines of the Bible with a cool calm investigation unaccompanied by elegance or vehemence. There were the high white pointed forehead, the well outlined arched eyebrow, the dark, smooth hair, the large prominent dark eye, the Roman nose, broad at its juncture with the eyebrow, the slow movement of the white hand, the rounded lip, the measured gait, of the elegant divine, of the finished rhetorician, of the orator of art — one whose slow & solemn intonations, whose artificially constructed periods whose regular oration like sermons, show him to be a master of the rhetorical art, a scholar in his closet, a gentleman in society, a polished preacher in the desk. There were the quick and vivid glance of the rapid eye, the close pressed, firm lip, the embrowned brow & cheek, the impressive tone, the forcible gesture, the powerful & earnest expression of the orator of nature, one who disregards the elegancies of refinement, the meretricious aids of the rhetorical art, who, looking at the simple unadorned grandeur of the subject alone, gives the naked unornamented truth, with the vehemence, the power & the solemnity of nature.

In many, as might be expected, no definite character could be perceived: they might have been merchants or farmers & no one, in another place, from their countenances alone could have traced their employment. Such men are undoubtedly useful in the church — there are many societies where their deficiencies in talents, in character, in refinement & in knowledge of the world will never be noticed & where to the simple & uneducated people around them, they can show the path of life & by their humble example teach them to walk therein. It is, however, to be lamented that some men in the zeal of their fervent piety mistake their own wishes to do good, for what they term, a call to the ministry, & tho' they do not "lay sacrilegious hands upon the ark" they offer to the service of the Lord "the torn & maimed" of their own crude conceptions & narrow intellects. We are an educated & well informed nation, & the sabbath is not only calculated to make us better but wiser, to improve our reasoning faculties while it mends our hearts.

Some few among them looked as if they had mistaken their profession & the gay & laughing eye the full & florid cheek, the fat and swollen short neck, & the tightly curled hair showed as much self indulgence as piety & tho' frequently associated with the external marks of eloquence, they were inconsistent with the fervidness, vehemence & strength so important in preaching. Two faces, I shall never forget, one of a tall young man, with a sharp restless black eye, a high forehead, a smooth brow, prominent but handsome thin lips & a deeply indented chin. The quick glances of those sharp eyes their sudden fixture on one point as if in entire absence of mind, their occasional wanderings slowly around with the lids wide open, the pupil dilated & the eye brow expanded, the occasional & rapid contraction of the muscles between the eye brows to form that scowl that indicated pain or uneasiness; the occasional pressure of the lips as if the heart beat irregularly, mark him to me as a man suffering under some mental agitation, as one carrying the stamp of incipient insanity in his face. The other will accompany me forever were I to see him in China at the temple of Fohi; were I to see him clad in the robes of state in the palace of the Czars, or in the habiliments of war dealing death & destruction instead of dispensing the bread of life. I should immediately say there is the minister I saw at the general association at Litchfield in June 1825. He was more than six feet high — with that unformed length of limb that shows strength & awkwardness. His face was very long & covered with a sallow skin of an uniform coloring; his forehead was high & stretched far up under his long & scanty black locks, & the sallow skin drawn over it looked as if it were never intended for its covering but belonged to a shorter face. His hair was very strait, long & black & came in long locks over his brow & his baldness & occasionally fell over his pale & sunken cheeks. His chin was of unusual length & extended far down from his lip without a curve or a wrinkle; His frontal bone jutted out but was clothed with a meagre eyebrow & his eye of a grayish blue, bespoke considerable penetration & strength of intellect. To complete the side view of his face over that sallow sunken cheek there passed a huge black whisker, perfectly uncurled, each hair pointing down, so that it looked like a lock from his head fastened by his ear. In general, a black whisker gives an air of fierceness to the face, but then it must be curled & the hairs be horizontal, but his whisker gave so ludicrous an expression to his countenance with its perpendicular uncurled hair, that it is absolutely impossible to tell what was the general character of the man.

But one more observation & I have finished this long article. The reflection struck me strangely of their stations & employments, & how how after a few more waning years, the humblest, the most despised among them would be more honoured than the Caesars & Alexanders of the earth. The statesmen, the warriors & the scholars of the world looked alone at human applause & "verily they have had their reward" while that of this body shall glow brighter & more satisfactory while eternity lasts.

ADDRESS — JULY 4TH 1826

You are now assembled, fellow citizens, to celebrate the birthday of freedom in your native land, to look back upon 50 years of exampled prosperity and happiness.

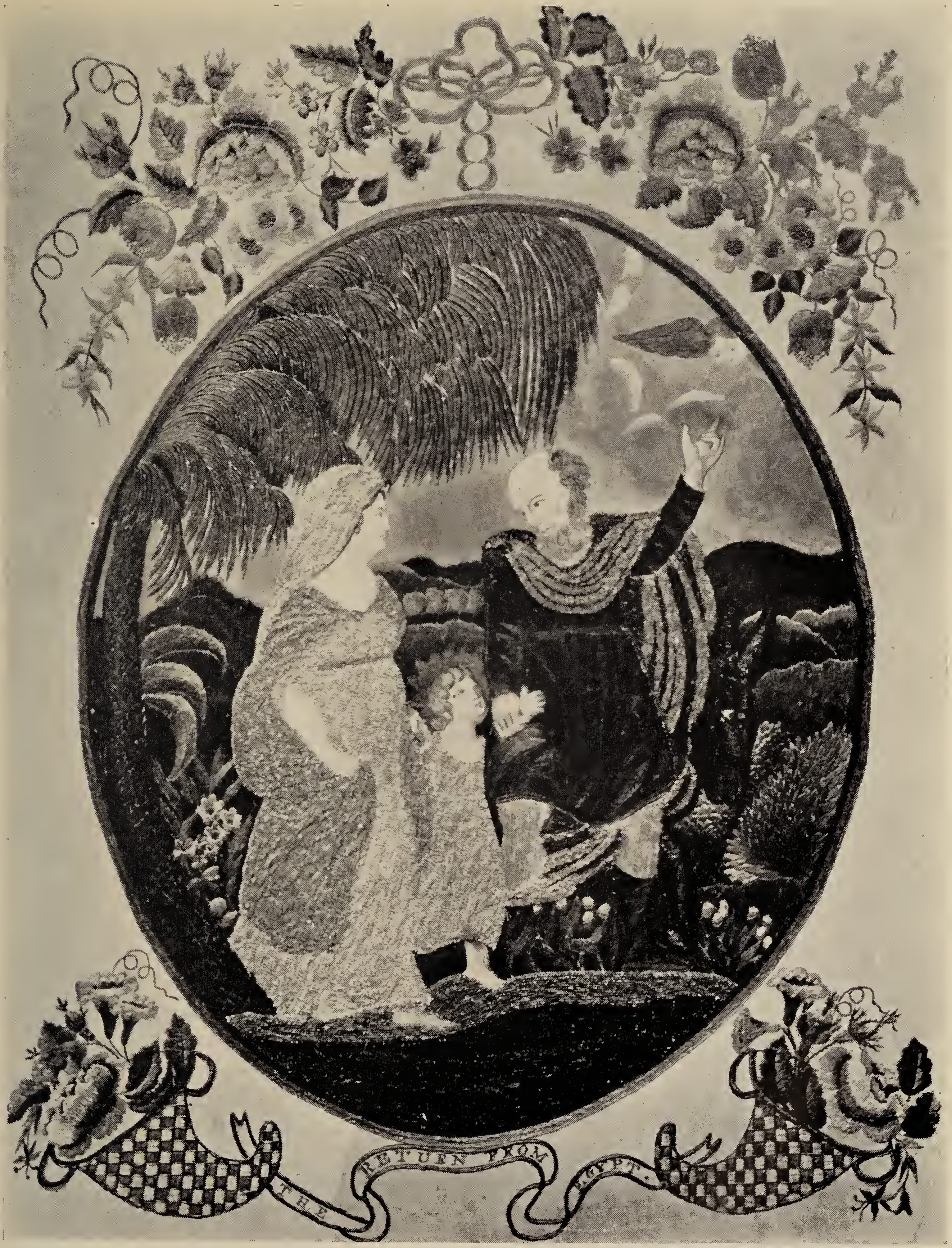
Many are the advantages resulting from these annual assemblies in our land; they point us back to what we were when toiling in the prison house of bondage; they show us what we now are, after half a century of trial.

The object of these celebrations is not, as many of the timid imagine to keep up in the heart the hatred of one nation. The declaration of our Independence, as it is now read to us, will not rouse us against the oppressor of the last century, but against oppression in this & while this declaration sounds in their ears, this people will not submit to the domination of the artful demagogue on the one hand, or fall beneath the sword of conquest on the other. If we remember from year to year that our ancestors amidst the horrors of war & the gloom of poverty, pledged their lives, their fortunes & their sacred honor, that freedom should be perpetuated among us, are we in danger of proving degenerate? Can Americans again bow to a titled aristocracy after having met in a perfect equality around the festive board, that is everywhere spread on this day? Can Americans again submit themselves to military domination & political slavery, after hearing as they, everywhere will this day, what half a century of freedom has wrought out for them. It is impossible. He who tyrannizes over these states, must first raze from the mind the memory of the past; must blot out from the page of history, the record of the last 50 years, must say to this people, ye shall not year after year, meet in the temple of liberty to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving.

In these, our annual attempts however, to preserve the spirit of liberty among us, let us not keep alive the sense of the injuries which fifty years ago, we received from the English nation. It cannot be necessary for freemen, after half a century of political existence to remember and revenge the injuries inflicted on them in their infancy. Injuries that were then met and revenged. In the great work of enlightening the world, of disseminating the principles of liberty, of education & of religion, we need the assistance of a nation possessing as England does, so many of the principles of freedom in her institutions: let our maxim, then, be, towards her as to others, "enemies in war; in peace friends" let us not sully the recollections of this half century jubilee by reproaches of an enemy that we have overcome: there is sufficient splendour, in the blaze of our country's glory to occupy our admiration without mingling in its brightness the long smothered smoke of prejudice and revenge.

By the arbitrary customs of the world there are certain periods in existence when as if by general consent it stops in its career to revert to the past. At one of these periods in the history of our country, we now stand. Fifty years have elapsed since that instrument which has now been read was first published to the world, & according to universal custom, the freemen of this land are now, every where assembled to trace the improvements and to recall to memory the events of the last 50 years.

Our first emotion in this retrospect, should be gratitude to that power who gave strength in battle & wisdom in council to our ancestors & who through the vicissitudes, revolutions of half a century, has



The Holy Family Returning from Egypt

Done in water color and embroidery in silk floss and chenille. The halo and the angel's wings are gold. Made by Esther Lyman, while she was a pupil seventeen years old at Miss Sarah Pierce's School. The frame has a black mat, and printed on the glass in gold is "E. Lyman fecit Litchfield 1802." Esther Lyman was the daughter of David and Sarah Comstock Lyman, of Middlefield, Connecticut. She married Reuben Brush, 1808, and died in 1816

brought us to this day in prosperity; your government is still standing in its primitive purity, and is still executed in its original equity. While nation, has been dashed against nation, & while the blood & flames of revolution have become familiar to the world, you have been comparatively free from war. Your land has it is true, once witnessed its terrors; but, however different may have been your opinion respecting the justness of its origin or the correctness of its management, yet the reputation it has given us in Europe, & the effect it will have in preserving us from insult abroad, will lead us all to rejoice in its existence, as proving ultimately a national blessing.

The extent of our Commerce, the creation of our manufactures, the increase of our agriculture, the progress of the arts and sciences are topics of self-gratulation, this day: the creation of our canals the application of the principles of steam, & the facilities of intercourse are among the improvements of the past half century. How different the aspect of the country amid the gloom, the poverty, and the distress of 1776.

We, who are now young, who see around us the monuments of the greatness and the power of this nation, who view only the existing affects of the mighty enterprise of our citizens, can hardly realize what this nation was, when in 1776 it declared itself an independent republic. Starting into existence, with an enlightened population and with the freest institutions, it could at once fling away the trammels that shakled Europe in improvement and arrive at the perfection of manhood almost in its infancy. Bound down by no prescriptive customs, chained down by no hereditary aristocracy, governed by no titled and pensioned priesthood, its progress in improvement has been unexampled in its extent & prosperity. Situated then as we are on the banks of this mighty river, which now bears on its bosom the improvements of ages, we cannot realize that but a short time since it was feeble rivulet struggling for its existence thro the rock & the forest of Savage violence & dashing away in its career, the mounds of foreign tyranny. Seeing this nation as we now do in the Herculean strength of its manhood, we know little of the trembling of the infant Hercules in its cradle when it strangled the serpents of oppression and tyranny. Viewing as we now do, the extent of its resources, the power of its wealth, the increase of its inhabitants and the manliness and vigour of its government, we can know nothing of the trembling of knee & sinking of heart, which the patriots of the revolution felt when they launched their little boat on the edge of the mighty cataract and propelled it with broken oars against the stream. It was a hazardous experiment without money, without credit, with no navy, with no regular troops, to rush into battle with a power, whose commerce covered the seas, whose navy knew no defeat, whose army has supplied the strength & the sinew of many an European victory. but our ancestors felt their wrongs & they knew their rights & trusting in the God of battles they dared the Conflict and conquered. But there are some, who now hear my voice, who can realize this great change: men, whose heads are now beginning to be whitened with the frosts of age, who, tho' in tender childhood then, can well remember the agitation & the uncertainty of that eventful period. Yes; there are some now here whose father's anxiety and whose mother's sufferings are still fresh in their memories; who can well remember the tear shed over the unsucessful struggle & who joined their infant voices in the loud shout of triumph that sounded throughout the land. To such men, this fifty years retrospect must bring nought but pleasure. The progress of the country has been identified in their very existence: "they have grown with its growth, & strengthened with its strength". It is to their industry it owes its wealth, to their perseverence it ascribes its rank among nations, to their talents & character it attributes the commerce, the manufactures, the education, the respectability, & the religion it possesses. Such men can sink contentedly into the evening of life leaving their country's freedom and prosperity the best legacy to their children.

But there is yet another class still more interested in this retrospect: the actors in that arduous struggle, the few survivors of a band that now sleep in this soil they defended.

Soldier of '76 if any such now hear my voice. Could you have seen when you fled before the pursuing enemy, over the plains of Jersey, or, when, after the hard fought day of Germantown, you sullenly retired before the victorious foe; or, when, without clothes, without food, without money or credit, you marked the frozen soil of Valley Forge with the blood of your naked feet; could you have foreseen what you view this day; could you have felt that your country, even in your life time, would become the first nation of the world in freedom and intelligence & the fifth in power and resources, would you not have persevered.

Fellow citizens! they saw none of those glories, & yet, amid a gloom, darker than a midnight of storms, they did persevere: with nothing but the resolution gathered from despair; with nothing but the determination to die freemen, rather than live slaves; they did persevere — and for what? for the poor & pitiful reward at their death, of a paragraph in a newspaper corner, "another revolutionary soldier, has fallen," driven to the grave, perhaps by the pressure of poverty, which this rich & powerful republic refused to relieve.

In looking back upon these changes that 50 years have seen, it becomes us to enquire, by what cause they have been produced, & why the tide of revolution, in this country, has brought to us nought but honour & happiness, when, to so many nations, it has proved an overflowing scourge. The cause of the freedom of our institutions and consequently of the prosperity of our nation, is owing under the blessing of heaven to the character of our education. To be free, a nation must not only be exempt from noxious laws; must not only be allowed to elect its own rulers; but must have the security which the intelligence of every member of its community will give, that *good* rulers will be always elected. An ignorant peasantry can never know the character of the candidates that are presented to them therefore may be easily misled by an artful demagogue or dazzled by the splendour of a military adventure. The only security of liberty consists in the intelligence of the people & the flood of light which your schools, your seminaries & your presses are continually pouring upon your people, will be of more service to the preservation of your liberties, than all that paper constitutions can afford, or bayonets perform. The light of your revolution flashed in purity & brilliancy over Europe & kindled a corresponding brightness, there, but the flame was not fed like yours, & has left that continent in worse than its former darkness. The nations of Europe cannot profit by freedom, without the light of education, & a republic form'd in their dark domain, will soon crumble beneath the weight of its ill constructed powers, or be pushed to the ground by the violence of some military tyrant. France saw our revolution; her armies caught the infection of liberty here, & spread it in their native land; but they could not bring with them the intelligence and virtue of our country, & her revolution, which began in principle, was consummated in blood & terminated in a military despotism: not because the French did not love liberty, nor desire it, but because the electors had not sufficient knowledge to choose proper representatives or unity of action, enough to hold them accountable for abuse of power. Enlighten the world, & it will become free. The artificial distinctions of European society the blood besmeared fabric of European tyranny can no more exist where universal education and virtue prevail, than the snow wreathed on the brow of the cataract can live an instant before its impetuosity. France has tried it & has failed. Spain had a dream, a feverish dream of freedom & is now wakefully and voluntarily riveting the chain of her monarchy and her priesthood.

Italy had heard of revolution, had read of liberty & thought that freedom from Christian tyranny would make her the Italy of antiquity: But Italy was unenlightened & the surges of revolution beat in vain against the mounds of Austrian despotism and the billows have again settled into the stagnation of ignorance & servitude. We hope better things of Greece. We hope to see her rescued from an almost demoniacal tyranny; to see her rise from the tomb of ages &

become enlightened as well as free. But Greece has much to learn: the settled principles of self government are almost unknown & must be acquired. The freedom of her people must be founded on their character; or Greece but changes her master from despotism to anarchy. We have been as the North star to the Republics of South America, tossed as they have been on the ocean of revolution & even now, when the noise of war has hardly ceased its echoes among the Andes they are instituting schools & flinging the light of education over the darkness of minds, long shrouded by Spanish despotism & Catholic intolerance.

Can we, then, in our retrospect this day be too grateful to the virtue, the sobriety & the religion of our ancestors, who not only gave us freedom, but placed into our hands the means of preserving it. Are you then disposed young men to sneer at the rigid morality of your Puritan ancestors? It is to them, you owe the bright prospect that every where meets your eyes this day. Are you disposed to loosen the obligations of that morality as bonds too grievous to be borne? You are flinging from your hands the power of preserving and perpetuating that freedom you this day enjoy. Your liberties, fellow citizens are now secure & before the demagogue at your doors, or the despot from abroad, can destroy them, they must break your printing presses burn up your school houses, & drive education from your land & even then, to perpetuate their chains, they must extirpate to a man, the present generation, & wait until another generation shall arise in ignorance and vice.

The directions for the preservation of your liberties are few & plain. Preserve your own virtue & that of your children. Place the means of education in their hands. Teach them the character of the Constitution & the necessity of its preservation. Guard yourselves against innovations: that government, which can be amended with facility will become rotten by the handling. Never delegate powers that you can as well exercise yourselves & never by your own ignorance render yourselves unfit for the exercise of any power. Trust not the election of your rulers, by nomination or otherwise to any body of men, that are unaccountable to you, whether called caucus or convention. Accustom yourselves to judge of the character & conduct of your rulers & never blindly or implicitly follow any men, merely because they are of your own party.

As citizens of the state of Connecticut you have peculiar duties to perform & peculiar responsibilities to answer. Our state can never become formidable by its powers or its numbers, or rich by its commerce. Its character is already formed & that character, the sobriety of its manners, and the nature of its public institutions for education have given it. Addressing as I now do, an assembly of the citizens of this state, I cannot be accused of partiality (and if I am it may be pardonned) when I point to the character of your institutions & urge you to their support; when I speak with pride of the native sons of Connecticut, who are now governing the councils of other states or rising to eminence in the national congress; when I point to the many who in the walls of your college, or in this your native village, have laid the foundation for their usefulness and eminence in after life. Is it not your duty, then, whether as private citizens or as members of the legislature, to foster those institutions, that give a character to your state abroad & an influence long to be felt in the destinies of the nation. You have a right, then, this day, to be proud of your native state; to be proud of being members of the only community in the world, which, annually receive more from their government for the gratuitous education of their children than they repay in taxes for its support.

Though the soil you cultivate is rough with rocks, & though the air you breathe is often black & chilling, yet remember that the barren & rocky soil, the bleak & chilling climate have made you hardy, persevering and industrious. The true patriot will not be dissatisfied with his lot, because the wild gales of orange groves breathe not over his domains, or the richness & luxuriance of tropical regions teem not in his fields; He will be satisfied that Providence has cast his lot among the rough rocks and in the cold & piercing air & the iron bound soil of Connecticut.

As members of this vast republic, you have many duties to perform and none more necessary than forbearance. It has been prophesied of us, in the tyrannical atmosphere of Europe, that our government was too unwieldly to hold together, that the separate interests & the prejudice of its different sections would soon destroy the artfully contrived equilibrium of our constitution. Mutual forbearance can alone render futile this prophesy. There never was a period of our government when the American patriot could look back with a more grateful feeling at its success. The two parties which for so many years raged like a hurricane on the ocean of our politics have died away & the calm that now reigns is serviceable to the best interests of our nation. The future historian of our country will unquestionably find much to blame in the prejudices of that excitement & in the influence which the then two contending powers of Europe had over our parties: But the prejudices & the irascibilities of these parties have expired, & the contest for power in our nation will, hereafter depend upon other causes than the old party divisions. Such was the character of the late presidential conflict: anyone of the candidates then offered for that high station would have wielded the government of this country with an able hand. Your favourite candidate was successful; but, as, in his support, you never assailed the reputation or questioned the merit of his opponents' so, in the triumph of his success you will preserve the same admiration of their military skill, their personal talents, their tried probity & their public services.

Had they been successful tho' disappointed, you would not have murmured. You would willingly have supported them, had they deserved it. Yes, fellow citizens: I know the temper & the feelings of those to whom I speak: under any administration, you would never have been of those, who would have formed an opposition of the disappointed demagogues of all parties; uniting, in an almost miraculous way, "the lion & the lamb" in politics; connecting the frantic supported of state sovereignity, with the advocates of consolidated rights; associating the strenuous asserter of domestic industry with the no less strenuous supporter of foreign commerce. You would never have opposed the favourite measure of any administration, because your chief magistrate was not born in the same section with you, or because he had appointed to office the intelligent of all parties. The people of New England will remember, in sorrow & in anger one thing. I trust one thing only, in this bitter conflict, that the main argument, brought against their favourite candidate was that he was a Northern man. They would not have felt thus, & as a successor to the present incumbent, would never hesitate to give their votes for anyone who was worthy of the great gift, whether of southern or western or northern extraction. There was a man to whom Connecticut would have given her support with cheerfulness, with alacrity. Though the south saw his birth, he was an American, in feeling, in principle & in action but the waters of the Atlantic roll over the remains of William Lowndes, & the admirers of his excellence can only lament his loss. There is yet another of the sons of the south, over whom Connecticut claims by adoption, the rights of a parent, & for whom, at some distant period, when age and experience had matured his virtues she had prepared her suffrage for her greatest gift: but, "oh"! how fallen how chang'd is this her adopted son. Forgetful of the dignity of his office, of the responsibilities of his station, of the future hope & wishes of his country, he has destroyed the confidence of New England and sacrificed to the malice of his opposition, the bright hopes of his future career.

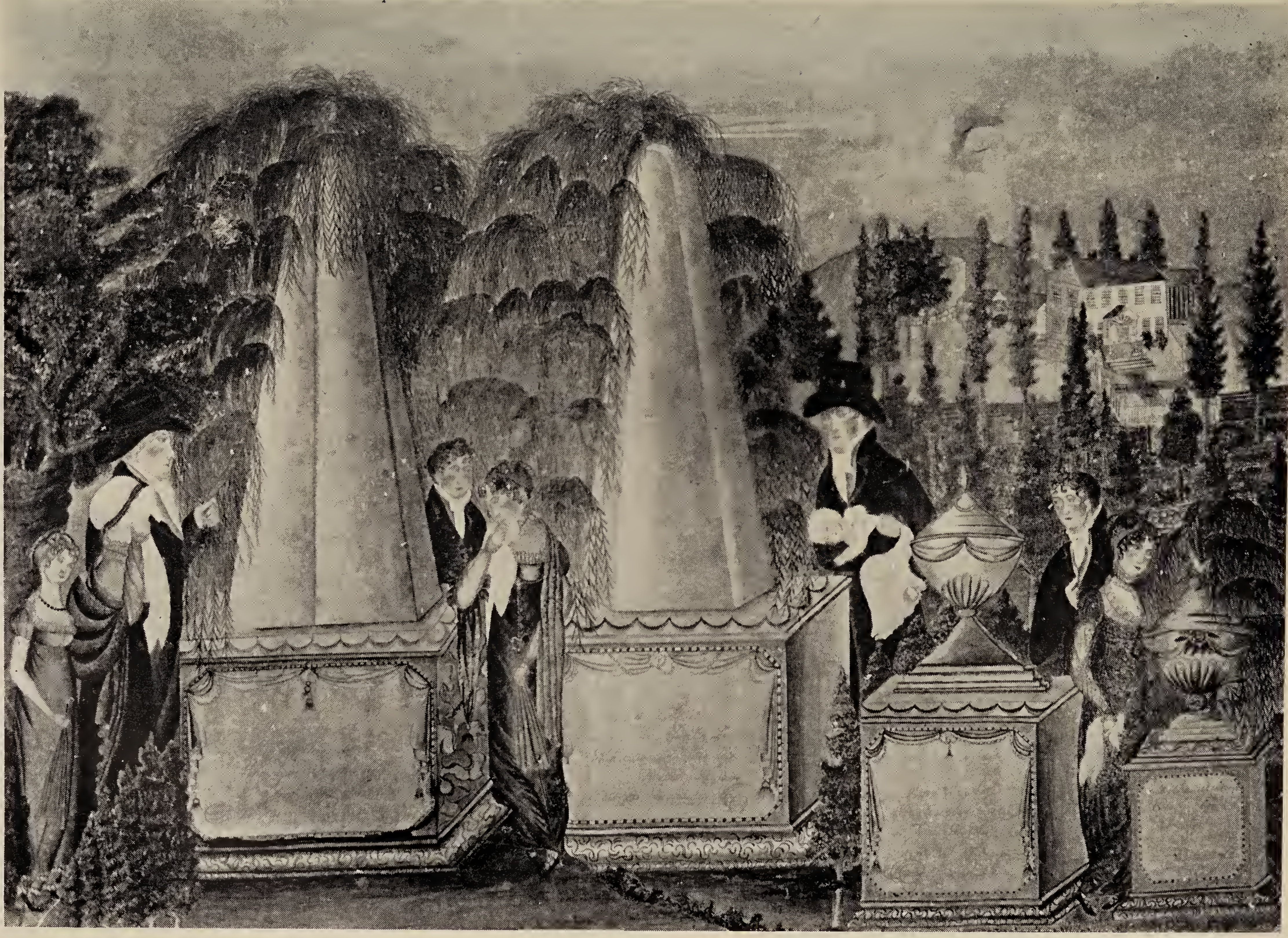
The extent of our resources, the reputation of our arms & the enterprize of our people are securities to us against invasion from abroad; the intelligence & virtue of our populace must be security to us from domination at home.

One danger arises from the sectional prejudices that may occur to divide & scatter our community. Let it be the aim then of every lover of his country of every one who is desirous that Liberty should remain with us, and with the world, to put down every effort to excite these prejudices. Those continued bickerings of sectional spirit, those constant irritations of geographical interests will soon destroy the happiness & ruin the stability of our government. Forbearance should be the motto of every American: a forbearance operating not only on the great political question that may agitate our nation, but extending to the minutiae of the common intercourse and everyday feeling of our citizens. The West should never feel as if manufactures alone were the strength of a nation, and every other employment but subservient to them. The East should not conclude, because their riches were made on the great deep, that commerce is alone the main spring of our existence. The South should sometimes in her haughtiness be willing to allow that talent and character exist at the North & render her sons fit for their suffrage: and the North should cease the constant reproach as unavailing, as it is irritating that slavery exists at the South. I do not stand here to advocate the principles of slavery: my ardent desire is that the time may come when not a slave shall breathe the air of our republic: but that time is far, very far distant, the origin of slavery here is to be ascribed to other generations & another power, & its necessary continuance among us ought to be deemed, by us, at the North, as a misfortune & not a fault of our Southern brethren.

Such then is the retrospect of the last 50 years, & such the advice & reflection to which it gives rise. Standing at such a distinguished period of our existence will it be deemed extravagant or enthusiastic in the speaker to turn the telescope of imagination to the future prospects of this country? If the free institutions, under which you now live, be continued; if the virtue and intelligence of your populace be preserved, the brightest prospects are before you. We may not see them: but the day is not far distant, when the voice of a busy population shall arise from every corner of your land; when the products of your agriculture shall cover every mountain & plain, & the canvas of your commerce shall spread over every river; when your manufactures shall rival in extent & excellence the institutions of Europe & your country be the patron of every art and science. Already is she the example & almost the arbiter of this continent & her influence will be soon felt among "the chains & fetters of Europe & will be as the dawn of day to her inhabitants enveloped in the night of oppression. The light of education & of genuine liberty will arise over her ancient monarchies, not the bloodstained & baleful comet "shedding disastrous twilight" over the uninstructed slave, struggling but to rivet his chains & with one united effort the enlightened peasantry of Europe, capable of self government, will break their chains & be free. It is your example that must accomplish this, the example of your education & freedom: and with the illumined page of your history unroll'd to them, this bloodless revolution of opinion will, without effort, crumble to pieces the fabric of a privileged aristocracy; will blot out the prescriptive & arbitrary customs of the feudal governments & will break into fragments the thrones & scepters of tyrants & to your country will the regenerated nations of Europe point as the example to the world of all that is free in government; of all that is enlightened in education & and of all that is pure & exalted in religion.

After a number of years spent in the Litchfield School, Mr. Brace moved to Hartford and accepted the post of Principal in the Hartford Female Seminary. This continued for a time but in 1853 he became editor-in-chief of the Hartford Courant which has held a prominent place among newspapers practically since its foundation. He ran that paper for eleven years, and to show the industry of the man as well as his literary and scientific equipment, it is noteworthy that there came with Mr. Brace's manuscripts two large volumes containing his editorials, collected during his eleven years, from the Hartford Courant.

The general tone of the old newspapers was undoubtedly better than that of the present day though much of the real difference is one of degree and not in the type of subject matter.



"The Family Mourning Piece," Painted in Water Colors on Silk by Delia Coe, While at Miss Pierce's School

She was born in 1779, died in 1846, daughter of Col. Elisha and Elizabeth Miller Coe, of Middlefield, Connecticut. Colonel Coe's house in the distance is really two miles away, but is painted true to life as it exists to-day. Names were on the tombstones, but they have faded. No date of when she was at Litchfield is preserved

JOHN P. BRACE'S EDITORIALS FROM THE HARTFORD COURANT — 1853-1861

Connecticut.

Our State has been emphatically called "the land of steady habits". She has never given her sanction to the wild schemes of Radicalism, or ranked herself among those that would wish to extend our domains by unprincipled aggression. She has never possessed any fondness for filibusters, or any complacency in those who would extend the area of our country by a breach of existing treaties or by the exercise of force over our weak neighbors. This position in genuine Conservatism, she is now called upon to forsake. Candidates for Congress are presented to her voters, nominated by Conventions of the most ultra stamp, and recommended to the public as opposed to that cautious and peace-loving policy which characterized the past administration. Let the voters of Connecticut then remember that they are required to vote for aggression, for the support of piratical expeditions against our weak neighbors, when they vote for the nominees of the Democratic party. Are they prepared to do this? Are they prepared to forsake the old, steady adherence of this State to the advantages of peace and justice and the prosperity which they bring, and involve the nation in senseless quarrels for the extension of territory?

In all the arts of a quiet life, Connecticut has manifested her progress; in all that adorns, and dignifies, and enobles humanity, she has made the most rapid advances. But when it comes to the unlawful acquisition of territory — to the grasping ambition that never cries enough, when foreign conquest presents the temptation — to the insane desire of forcible annexation — she has hitherto always expressed her dissent. Will she change her policy now?

The Locofoco Conventions have presented their candidates to the discerning public with filibustering resolutions to serve as their instructions; the Whigs, on the contrary, have offered to the voters men who are known to be lovers of peace and the prosperity which it brings in its train — men, who respect the faith of treaties, and who commiserate the condition of our weak neighbors — men, who are unwilling to gratify the lust of conquest now so fast becoming a national trait. A vote for such men will show that Connecticut retains those principles of sound judgment and good common sense that have so long been her characteristics.

The Whigs of Connecticut are not averse to progress and we have but to point to our numerous inventions and to the state of the arts and sciences among us to convince any one of their fondness for the principles of true progress. But Aggression is not Progression — the encouragement of filibustering expeditions against a nation with whom we are at peace, is not Advance — Conquest is not Prosperity — and the true lovers of the real welfare of the State will never make the mistake.

We call upon every well-wisher of the real good of the nation to refuse to vote for the candidates for Members of Congress who are recommended by resolutions that would justify an immediate resort to the ultimatum of war at the slightest insult received by our country, or that would sanction expeditions undertaken for revolutionary purposes against the faith of treaties and the terms of amity that bind us to other nations.

The Fair

We continue this morning, our accounts of the noticeable things connected with this exhibition.

The Fine Arts.

Two very fine pictures, belonging to Mr. C. Spooner of Bridgeport are being exhibited. They are worth a visit to the Fair, if there was nothing else to be seen. They need a long study however.

Hartford has some superior teachers both in drawing and painting. The specimens of their skill are excellent. The great defect in American landscape painters is that they delight in brightness and gaudy coloring and do not artistically manage their shades. In their endeavors to imitate our gorgeous autumns, they make a mere calico-pattern book with their gay hues. The same defect of the want of proper management of shades appears in the portraits.

Some of the crayon and pencil sketches are forcible and true to nature. Some of the crayon and pencil heads and figures are unmeaning. The great failure here is a want of expression and character.

The Daguerreotypes are as usual very good. The smaller likenesses are better than the large owing to the difficulty there is in getting a good focus in the large portraits. Our artists here are making constant improvements. There were some exquisite little heads of women and children that were beautifully done on a new principle. Our operators here take good and faithful likenesses, which depends on the skillful adjustment of the focus and the excellency of their chemicals. In their efforts however to undersell each other, some specimens are suffered to go abroad that are a disgrace to the art — unmeaning, flat, bright, pictures. They all need a higher attention to the management of shades.

There are some beautiful and tasteful plaster models, and some very fine things in marble, especially a marble mantle.

Increase of Crime:

It is a lamentable fact that crime throughout the country is on the increase. Murders for the mere purpose of plunder, highway robberies, and burglaries, are much more common now than they were forty years ago, and have increased in a ratio greater than the increase in the number of inhabitants. Without commenting upon the insecurity of life, there can be no doubt that the criminal attacks on property have multiplied of late. Once, it was hardly thought necessary to fasten the doors of a house in the night time — now, the common locks and bars are no security. There is hardly a week passes without hearing of some burglarious attempt in our city, and great care must be nightly taken to secure not only doors but windows.

One of the causes of the increase of crime may be owing to the relaxation of parental discipline. There are those in the community who endeavor to do their duty by their boys, to keep them from bad company, to make home so pleasant to them that they do not desire to wander in the night around the streets. But all are not so faithful. We fear that in many families, religious instruction, proper moral training, and effective parental influence, are all wanting. We judge so from the number of rude, profane and rowdy boys that frequent our streets. Let any one go through the city and have his mind turned towards the subject, and he will be shocked at hearing the profanity which is uttered by even the small boys. He will see, from their oaths, their vulgarity, the cigars which even the little ones are sucking, and their rude, rough conduct, that they are preparing, not for a life of labor and of usefulness, but for a reckless, rowdy existence, to swell the number of the inmates of the grogshop and the brothel, and to increase the ranks of crime. This mode of early life shows that the consideration of principle, of right, of duty, and of conscience, never enters into their education. As soon, therefore, as want presses, or ungratified desires stimulate, these boys will be ready for plunder, for there will be no checks of early instruction to restrain them. The parents of such children have much to answer for, both to society and to God, for the consequences of their neglect. Many a crime will be traced back in its origin to the want of that early control and discipline which all parents are bound to exert over their children. To reform, then, the coming age, we should commence with the children, and impress upon them early the feeling of responsibility, of duty and right. We should likewise exhibit to parents, in the most vivid colors, the importance of a greater control over their household, and the restraint of all those evil tempers, desires, and habits which they ascertain are budding in the soul.

As long as our streets are filled with these incipient rowdies, the less our sons are in them, the better. We can at least keep them clear from these contaminations, and endeavor to prevent the early influence of evil example from rotting away the principles of right.

We need not wonder at the prevalence of crime when we see boys growing up in the reckless and vile manner, in which too many are training themselves in the midst of us. A youth of rowdyism will be succeeded by a manhood of crime before which the State prison or the gallows stands as the closing scene.

Employment of Women.

We are no advocates for the assumption by women of those duties and rights which belong exclusively to men. We go still further; we are no advocates for the assumption by woman of any of those habits or employments or designative peculiarities which a well regulated public opinion has for a long time considered as pertaining exclusively to the sterner sex. We have so much old fogyism about us that we dislike to see woman forsaking the retiring delicacy so lovely in her sex, to mingle in the crowds of a contested election, to engage in the discussions of a tumultous assembly, or to jostle her way through the excited rabble of a popular convention. Neither will the goodness of the cause justify any departure from the delicacy which ought to be the characteristic of her sex. If woman wishes to further the Temperance movement, the silent influence of a consistent example will prove more efficacious than any public oratory — the domestic pleadings of a crushed heart will go farther to soften the drunkard's obdurate will, than the *éclat* of being the presiding officer of a mixed convention. Woman's sphere is at home — There should the gentle dew of her instructions be distilled to drop on the tender and open minds of her offspring. Woman's employment is that of the great educator of the human race. There she will accomplish the object of her mission, and acquire the praise of heaven. These are the true "Woamen's Rights". In these, she will receive the love, the respect, the protection of the world. Out of these, she will be but a wandering star, moving far from her orbit, and scattering "disastrous twilight" through the universe.

These are our deliberate and long formed opinions. We shall not therefore be accused of Radicalism, when we declare that the present generation is called upon so to alter the arrangements of society, and, if necessary the existing state of public opinion, as to give more employments to women, especially in our large cities. They need something by which to earn their bread — Some other avenues of employment should be opened to them.

We have heretofore advocated the preparation of woman in the medical profession, so that they could minister to the diseases of their sex. This measure is becoming more popular, and could it be kept aloof from the contamination of the radicalisms of the day, would become universally acceptable. Neither would it exclude the other sex from the profession. They would still have their brethren to take care of, for the very reason that leads us to desire instructed women to prescribe for women, would equally forbid the impropriety for their prescribing for men.

We have no wish to drive the fair sex into the field as is done in Europe. But are there not many light employments now filled by young men that would be better occupied by women? In Paris, men are seldom employed as salesmen, especially in haberdashers' shops. The young men of America ought to look for some more enobling occupation than that of selling gloves and tapes, and hosiery to the ladies. There are many retail establishments in our cities, where it would be much more commendable to employ women than men — ladies' shoe stores; daguerrean saloons that are visited by ladies; all lace and embroidery and hosiery and bonnet establishments. Even the selling of silk goods, and various light articles of women's wear, might be and ought to be entrusted to women. They could readily learn book-keeping likewise, and might follow that business in an establishment where others of their sex were employed. Setting type too, could be readily and easily learnt by women, so that they could find occupation and support as compositors.

But it may be asked, what shall become of the young men? For as many women as you thus find employment for, you must exclude as many young men what will you do with them? Let them remain in the country, subject to healthy influences both of body and soul, and cultivate the soil. If their paternal acres are too scanty, or too cold, or too rough, for a livelihood, let them go to the far West and attack the virgin soil of our new Territories. That is the proper employment of man.

Yankee Speed.

It is in contemplation by the proprietors of the Greenwood Cemetery near New York, to construct a railway from the city to the cemetery, so to facilitate the progress of funerals. Is there any other nation but the Yankee that would build a railroad to the grave?

JOHN P. BRACE'S EDITORIAL — 1854

Construction of Houses:

Many persons are now beginning to make the preparations necessary for building and thus securing to themselves a permanent home. A few hints to them will not be amiss.

The first thing to be attended to is the situation — In cities, we cannot all have our choice of those locations that would enjoy a beautiful prospect. He who builds in the country can make such a selection. He who has a good distant prospect from his lot should place his house with reference to it. He who has not, must consult other circumstances in the location. But the first thing to be thought of in the site of the house is health. This is of more importance than beauty. The questions here asked must be, what is the nature of the neighborhood? Are there any sources of disease lurking in the sunken soil? Are there probable miasmatic impurities about to arise from the very character of the population? Are there any natural or artificial drains to carry off these impurities either above or below the soil? Is there a good ventilation? can the air of heaven have free access to all parts of the house? Is the soil around it warm and dry? — Health in the choice of a location is of the first necessity. A cheap lot often becomes dear, enormously dear, from the expenses it brings for medical aid, and from the time consumed by its occupants in sickness.

So in the architecture of the house, health and comfort are to be first thought of, before considerations of mere beauty or ornament. In the construction of a house, too many persons plan it with reference to the reception of company. This is mere folly. The most pleasantly situated rooms should be selected for the benefit of the family. It is for that purpose that it is built. Let them have the enjoyment of its beauties. In the construction of a small house, it is too often the case that the pleasantest rooms with the most delightful adjuncts are selected for the parlor and the spare bed room, which are frequently not opened for company ten times a year and then more generally in the evening when their beauties of external prospect cannot be appreciated. This is a false idea of comfort.

Take care of ventilation. Construct fire places in as many chambers as you can. They add but little to the expense in the erection of a house, and if they never are used for fire, they are the best ventilators.

See to it that the ordinary sleeping apartments of yourself and your children have the sunny side of the house, that they may have the advantages of the light. Your spare bed rooms, and your fixed up parlors occupied only a few times in the year, had better have the northern exposure The cooking and washing rooms should be, where it is practicable, separated from the common eating rooms.

The construction of a cellar is of great importance. Many writers advise none, as being more conducive to health. It is doubtful whether the necessity of a cellar will not always cause one to be built. But, in most sites, there will be no necessity of having this cellar so much underground as it ordinarily is. The gradual decay of the vegetables kept in a cellar cannot but be prejudicial to health. Where a cellar is constructed, it should be made perfectly dry if possible. As this dryness must be procured by a cemented stone floor, it ought to be swept to preserve it from impurity. Health is to be regarded before labor or even convenience.

Novel Reading:

We do not think that the tendency of the age is now so much towards novel reading as it was some twenty years ago. Thanks to our enterprising publishers, good books on other subjects are now within the reach of every one, and the current rather sets towards the excitable in truth, than towards the romantic in fiction. Still there are many novels eagerly devoured, and the "yellow covered literature" is as fashionable and operative among certain classes as it ever was.

The evils however of this species of reading upon the minds of the young — its actual contaminations and its allurements to a wrong state of feeling — are just as powerful as ever. The current sweeps on as strongly as ever and the bewildered swimmer needs some faithful hand to reach forward and snatch him from its certain ruin.

The evils of Novel Reading have generally been classed under those of the waste of time — the wrong impressions given of real life — and the enfeeblement of character. These are great evils, and they convey more than their words would warrant or a superficial observer suppose.

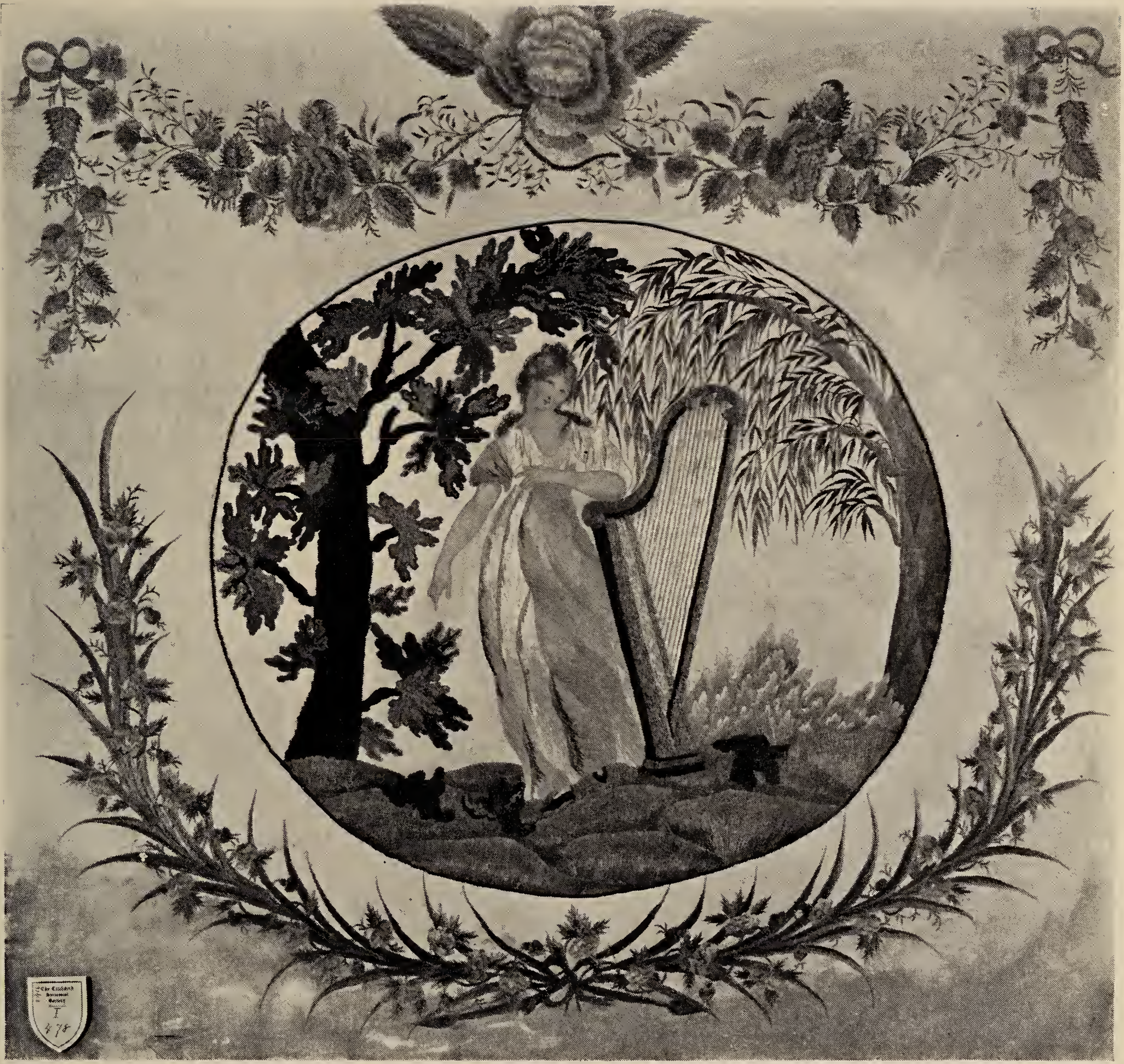
Under the waste of time, there must be enumerated something besides the mere hours devoted to this pursuit which might be and ought to be occupied more profitably. Every human being needs relaxation — of mind as well as body — the pleasant fiction of a quiet novel may give this relaxation, without any injury to the intellect or heart. But like every other relaxation or amusement, it must occupy only its rational time, and its memory cease with the hour devoted to its enjoyment. Here is the evil — The novel reader not only devotes the time allowed for mental relaxation to his favorite pursuit but carries its recollection with him into his ordinary labors and trials, which require the whole faculties of a vigorous mind, and is occupied with thoughts and visions beyond his employment, evidently unfitting him for it. Here is the great sin against time. Where a person can take up a novel and enjoy it, when his mind needs that kind of relaxation, and then relinquish all thoughts of it, as he re-commences his efforts in the great struggle of life's labors, the reading can do him no more harm than the eating of an orange. But such is not generally the case and the waste of time in reading is frequently not so great or so deleterious as the subsequent waste of thought and consequent destruction of mental vigor.

Under this topic of waste of time may be included the habit of castle-building, generated on an imaginative mind by novels. Here much valuable time is wasted and much thought spent which might have been employed for the benefit of mankind or the improvement and culture of the individual. What a curious spectacle would the world present, if all these visionary trains of thought produced by a diseased imagination, which run through almost every mind, should be uttered aloud! How many absurd, ridiculous, romantic plans would meet the ear! How many imaginings of a better and brighter condition than the world ever saw would be found to be permanently and habitually occupying the mind. This bad habit is cherished by the romance of novel reading.

To the young, novel reading gives very wrong impressions of real life. Young ladies are particularly subject to this deception. The perusal of romantic novels, in which the passion of love is made the whole object of existence, produces very false ideas of the realities of domestic life. It makes no provision for the cares and duties that must arise. It furnishes no preparation for the troubles that beset every pathway, nor tells with what spirit they can be encountered and subdued. To young men, likewise, the perusal of the Ainsworth school of novels has been peculiarly deleterious. More bad habits have been formed and wrong notions acquired by the perusal of these exciting exhibitions of the success of vice, than the world is aware of.

How far the peculiar excitable character of our countrymen has been produced by the indiscriminate devouring of all the trash the press issues, we cannot undertake to say. The national character has certainly altered within fifty years. Every old man, who is anything of an observer of changes, will perceive it. In the same period, the whole character of our literature has changed, and the excitable only is now relished. The character of the age, is not so easily seen. All that the moralist can now do is to direct the excitability upon proper objects and to regulate the literature so as to produce the least harming effects.

Fashion has a wonderful effect upon the character of the novels read. It sometimes directs to the historical; sometimes, to the sentimental At present, fashion leads to the exhibition of low life, struggling through all difficulties to raise its condition. No heroine is so acceptable as one that has risen from poverty, rags and filth. To ameliorate the condition of the children of the poor is a great object at present with the philanthropist. Hence the novel writer, to be read, follows in his wake, and describes the sufferings and the innocency of the same children. No novel can be successful now without the affecting death of one of these poor little girls, who have been kept pure and holy in the very gutters of some filthy city. All this is very well, and serves to show the tendency of the age, and the influence which the character of the age and its literature have mutually upon each other.



Picture Done on White Satin in Water Colors and Embroidery

It was probably made at Miss Pierce's School, as it has in gold letters on the glass, "Malvina 1808", and came from the families of Taylor, or Masters, of New Milford, Connecticut

Trees! Trees! — 1855

Our City Papas seem to have a spite against the trees in our streets, and are every year ordering them destroyed — as if the perfect grade of a side walk could in any way compensate for the loss of these ornamental and useful articles. They forget that a tree takes scores of years to grow and cannot be replaced in our generation, while the grade of the side walk is subject to the caprice of every new Common Council and may be raised or lowered once a year. This wholesale destruction of these ornaments to any street is an item in our Anglo-Saxon character that is more in keeping with the Vandal. Who wants our streets to have the naked, glaring aspect of a New York thoroughfare?

The Song of Hiawatha.

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: published by Ticknor & Fields.

This new poem of Longfellow's will produce much excitement; will be universally read, and savagely criticized. It is based on an Indian Legend. Hiawatha is a being raised up by some superior power for the purpose of teaching the arts of civilization to the Indians. He accomplishes his work and dies. It is a work full of the most interesting prettinesses. There are very many beautiful passages well worth noting and remembering in it, and much that is touching, refining and gentle. But there is little that can be called grand or elevating in the conception or construction of the poem. The diction is very smooth, flowing and simple. It will pall some on the ear from its monotony. Only think, of a long poem of three hundred pages in the trochaic measure, and without rhyme! It never was attempted before in the English language! The measure consists of four troches, but a great attention to harmonious rhythm exists which will compensate for the monotony.

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Is ridicule a test of truth? If so, what shall we say of the following burlesque, from the New York Mirror:

HIAWATHA

Have you read the misty poem
Of the mystic Hiawatha —
Read about the wild Dakatos,
And the brave Humbugawampams,
In the vales of Hifaluten,
In the vales of Wishy Washy,
In the vales of Skimmy Dishy?

No sir, E, Sir, that I have not,
And I would not for a hundred
Dollars paid in silver or in
Gold by the inflated teller
Of a bank called the Manhattan.
I looked in the book a moment,
And my spine is really aching
At the hard words Mr. Longfel-
Low puts in his learned verses.
Rumor says that Mr. Riply,
Critic of the N. Y. Tribune,
Hired by a snob called Greeley,
Labors with an awful lock-jaw,
Got in reading Hiawatha,
Guess he got a-foul of this word: —
Obejaywayascalola!!!!!
For sale by Geer & Hurlburt.

Ladies' League — 1855

A league has been proposed by the ladies of Boston that they will, so far as practicable, use only articles of American manufacture. Their object in forming this engagement is an eminently patriotic one. It is to encourage American industry and enterprise and to thus retain at home the money which is flowing abroad in such a continual stream. The agreement does not require any lady that signs it to altogether deny herself the use of European productions, but to give a preference to American manufacturers, when they are equally as good. Her own judgment and taste are to decide in this matter.

The organization is already completed in Boston and a General Committee appointed to superintend the spread of the League in other cities and towns. One lady from every State that enters the League will be selected as a member of this General Committee. There is no intention on the part of these ladies to connect their organization with any of the sectional disputes or with any of the political parties of the day. They simply desire to manifest their patriotism by an effort on their part to check the growing extravagance of the age in the purchase of expensive foreign productions.

Hiawatha

Notwithstanding the adverse criticisms, this new work of Longfellow's has a constant and steady sale, which has already reached to ten thousand — It is felt by all who read it to be an American poem, written about an American subject and descriptive of American scenery. Its nationality makes it popular, while its beauty ought to satisfy the fastidious.

JOHN P. BRACE'S EDITORIALS — 1856

Love!

A young milkman of Hoboken, N. Y., felt so deeply the disappointment of the refusal of a young girl to marry him, that he selected a halter and proceeded to hang himself on a lamp post, in full sight of his Dulcinea's windows. He had forgotten quaint, old Sir John Suckling's rhyme:

> "Quit, quit, for shame! this will not move her;
> This cannot take her;
> If of herself she will not love,
> Nothing can make her —
> The Devil take her."

Fortunately he was cut down "ere the vital spark was extinguished," and still more fortunately, his ladie-love was so convinced of the sincerity of his affection, that she married him! He thus exchanged the halter for the altar, or, rather, one noose for another. May he through life not find his milk watered!

Attention, Beautiful Women!

It appears, by an advertisement from Barnum's Museum, that prizes to the amount of $20,000 are to be given to the handsomest women in America. Their likenesses are to be taken and sent to the Museum. A committee will decide upon the most beautiful, and prizes be given, according to our advertisement. One hundred are to be painted in oil, and the ten most beautiful to be engraved for the Paris Book of Beauty. It is announced that our Daguerreotypists will take the portraits of our "beautiful women," gratis, to send on to the Museum. So walk up, ladies! ye, that are beautiful in your own or your lovers' eyes, and enter your names for the prize. There is no need of any false delicacy or affected modesty on the occasion. Every genuine "beautiful woman" must be in readiness to comply with one of Barnum's humbugs! It is a plan peculiarly Yankee! Be in haste then to crowd the rooms of the artists and compete for the prize of Beauty!

1857

There is one thing in which the Yankee character is very deficient, and that is in the possession of a Cultivated Taste. The other intellectual faculties are well developed in our educational processes — The practical and the useful are abundantly taught our children. But neither in school or in college, and, we had almost said, rarely at home, are the rising minds of our youth enbued with a knowledge of the beautiful in Art & Nature. Whatever love of Nature exists, springs up as a spontaneous feeling, but it is never cultivated, regulated and guided into its proper channels. As to the beauty of Art, there is no distinct appreciation of it visible any where among our youth, unless travel has educated them for it.

There is a necessity for a change in this particular. A love of beauty is as essential to the perfect character, as any mental endowment. Everything that increases our rational happiness is of importance to us, and should form a part of our educational processes. Were the children of New England families taught when young to value beauty whether that of Nature or of Art, there would spring up a refinement of character among them that would prove a guard against many gross and material habits which are now somewhat our characteristics. Enlarging, thus, the circle of pleasures of a mental character, would prevent to a great extent the influence over the mind of meaner and lower enjoyments, and create sources of happiness of a higher, purer and more ennobling character.

A Cultivated Taste not only secures the soul from low pursuits — it not only opens sources of more exalted enjoyments — it not only enables the young to occupy their time and their thoughts in a pleasant and valuable manner — but it leads directly in its influences to virtue and to the contemplation of the Great Being who has covered the earth with beauty and endowed man with the faculty of appreciating it, and with the power of creating it himself in the works of Art. Yes: the world is full of beauty The mild green of the fields, the lovely blue of the quiet heavens, the bubbling brook sparkling under the kisses of the sunbeams, the bright flowers variegating nature's carpet, the motion of the thousand leaves of the forests, the melancholy moan of the pine trees as the breeze sighs through their tops, the still glassy mirror of the silent lake, the long stretch of the busy river spotted with the white sails of commerce — all, all, and a thousand like them, are the results of God's love of the beautiful and his desire that men should enjoy the happiness of its influence.

But how shall we secure this desired object? — How shall we create this educated taste in children? We have only space at present to throw out a few hints on this topic. Parents can commence the life of their children by ornamenting and beautifying their grounds. They can thus surround the children from their earliest years with the beauties of trees and flowers and tasteful scenery, and a well planned building. The attractions of home will thus be increased ten fold and we all know what a powerful influence over the moral character of a boy, an attractive home will create. The mere beauty of home may save him from the early corruptions of vicious companions, and form in him habits of steadfast virtue. The parent can likewise adorn his rooms with pictures and vases, and statuettes, and other ornaments of the best art, and accustom his children to look upon the finest works of man's creation. To enable him to meet the expense of beautiful prints and other accessories of an educated taste, he must endeavor to spread his table as simple as possible. Economy in food and drink will be better for his own and his children's health. As a general thing, the Yankee eats too much, and brings up his children to value too highly the luxuries of the table. Let him relinquish these and he will have enough to spare to enable him to spread the beauties of Art before his children, and thus to educate their taste.

As the warmth of the weather increases, people begin to think of summer relaxations and of the places of summer resort. The ultra fashionable those who delight in dress and display — crowd to Saratoga or Newport or to some other expensive watering place, where the comfort is always in the inverse ratio to the cost. We believe the rule adopted among the frivolous of the softer sex, is, never, at these places of amusement, to wear a dress more than one day. Of course, the lady takes her forty trunks, and stays till every dress is displayed; then goes to some other similar place. The summer period of relaxation is devoted, then, by the members of the Flora McFlimsey tribe, to exhibiting their dresses; not in recruiting health after the useful labors of one season, and in preparing strength for the employments of another.

But all women are not Flora McFlimseys; and all men are not the Jemmy Jessamies of fashion. To some the performance of the duties of life, require the relaxation of a summer's resting place. To such, our own sea coast furnishes many attractions and many houses of good repute. Saybrook, Madison, Guilford, New London, Stonington, Milford etc present excellent places for resort to those who desire sea air, sea food, and salt water bathing. Long Island too has its fine hotels where these comforts can be obtained by those who need them. To others who pine for the mountain air, the strengthening forest wind, and the beauty of land scenery, the White Hills, Lake George, Brattleboro and Bellows Falls present their attractions.

What every one needs is Change of Air. There is therefore no inconsistency in the citizens journey to the calm cool country; or, in the countrymans desire to feel the sea breeze. Health is recruited in both cases, simply because the nature of the atmosphere breathed is changed. The citizens of New York and Brooklyn and Boston, who have been breathing the salt air for nine months in the year, are invigorated by that change of atmosphere which the mountain scenery of New Hampshire and Vermont affords. While the inhabitants of the interior recruit their health by mixing the pure oxygen which they have been inspiring with the salt and the moisture of the ocean air.

There is something in mere change of scenes and objects, but the great objects of health and renewed strength are the most surely obtained by an entire change of the mass of the atmosphere we are breathing. In Hartford we have neither sea air nor mountain air, but the air of a dry hot valley, all changes therefore from the air will be beneficial. It therefore equally accomplishes the great object of summer relaxation, or, we may say, of summer duty, whether we turn our steps to the sea shore and play awhile in the waves of old Ocean or whether we ascend the mountains and court the cool northern breezes.

1858

There is one defect in American education or rather in American character, and that is, our young people do not learn to converse well. They think — they act — when roused, they are eloquent — but they seldom converse well. The boy is taught to declaim — to store his mind with those ideas that will instruct and even move the multitude — but very rarely to converse with ease and elegance — The girl is disciplined to sing and play and dance and sit gracefully. She is even prepared for those womanly duties she must perform in after life — duties of the nursery and the household. Her moral powers are cultivated likewise in this country, so that she becomes a useful, benevolent, amiable being, But she is not taught to converse.

"She can talk enough", says the crusty old bachelor, "pray do not teach her, to any greater degree, the use of her tongue". Talking is not conversing. There is no deficiency in the former with our girls. To talk, and to talk well, are very different. The latter requires ease, tact, self-confidence, good sense, a well conducted education, a desire to please and an amiable temper.

In neither sex should conversation be high flown, declamatory, or above the condition of the hearers. The voice should be modulated to the subject, and never raised to an oratorical pitch. The style should be easy, natural, playful, if the occasion require it, with no strained and far-fetched attempts at wit or glitter.

There are occasions when the very essence of entertaining and successful conversation consists in being a good listener, and in drawing out others upon those topics about which you know they can furnish information. We have said before that the great secret of pleasing consists in making others pleased with themselves. It is so in conversation. To be a good listener, is one of the secrets of a conversational power. It is said that Daniel Webster remarked that he never was in any sensible man's company a quarter of an hour, but what he learnt something. He had the tact of drawing them out on subjects with which they were familiar, and in this way, gained information himself, and made others pleased with him.

When girls think too much of their beauty, they are very apt to forget that the powers of conversation are needed to please. Beauty may strike a severe blow on the heart, but it requires conversational powers to follow up the blow and render it effective. A plain woman who converses well will soon cause the want of beauty to be forgotten by her powers of entertainment. Madam De Stael Holstein was an exceedingly plain woman but such were her conversational talents, that Byron declared she could talk down her face in a quarter of an hour, and be felt to be positively beautiful.

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The Atlantic Telegraph.

The telegraph, yesterday afternoon, furnished us with the information that the greatest event of modern times, in science, in art, in practical benefit, in the progress of civilization, has been consummated. THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY LAID. The Niagara has arrived in Trinity Bay with her end of the cable. The details of the event have not yet reached us, but the fact, the great, important crowning FACT that EUROPE and America are connected by a telegraph cable, is undeniable.

We call it "the greatest event of modern time". It is a period of great events in science and in art but none equals this in the splendor of its conception, and in the persevering energy of its conception, and in the persevering energy of its accomplishment. None will equal it in the long train of its consequences to the cause of civilization, of peace and of true progress. We that can remember the caption to our foreign news articles, "Thirty Days Later From Europe", can hardly realize that the days are now to be reduced perhaps to minutes.

1859

Litchfield County seems determined to have her share of special legislation, this spring. The first topic is that of the division of the County. The springing up of numerous manufacturing villages and the construction of the two railways that run through her eastern and western boundaries, have drawn the bulk of business away from Litchfield, the shire town, which was very nearly the centre of the old farming population of the county. People that travel scores of miles on railways dislike to take stages for even four miles, the distance of Litchfield from the Naugatuck road, and therefore demand a change.

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Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, one of the leading Republicans of the West and one of the ablest men of the country, made a speech lately in Dayton, Ohio, in which he laid down what he considered not only the policy but the duty of the Republican party. He thought it should assume in the abstract that slavery was wrong everywhere, and should speak of it as a wrong, and not merely oppose it as inexpedient. But he added that the Republican party must not interfere with the institution of slavery in the States, where it now exists. The Constitution had authorized its existence in such States, and they are accountable for its wrong. The general welfare of the Union would forbid, as well as the U. S. Constitution, any attack on slavery in the States. He thought that the Republicans ought not to oppose an efficient Fugitive Slave law, because the Constitution, as he understands it, required the enactment of such a law. But, on the other hand, the U. S. Constitution does not demand the extension of slavery, and therefore it was the duty of the Republican party to prevent the outspreading of the institution; for neither the Constitution nor the general welfare, required such an extension. He said further, "We must prevent the revival of the African slave trade and the enactment by Congress of a Territorial Slave Code."

To accomplish these important objects, requires a complete union of all the elements of the Opposition. The conscience of the whole North will go with Mr. Lincoln; but some hesitation may be expected at the South.

Dec. 2, 1859

To Day, an event is to take place unparalleled in the history of our country. This day finishes the earthly existence of Capt. John Brown, [1] convicted of the crimes of murder, exciting slaves to insurrection, and treason against the State of Virginia. For the first of this catalogue of crimes, many men have been hung, without exciting the least sympathy, or rippling for a moment the regular current of human society. For the second crime, many a petty villain has been strung up on the nearest tree, without a tear shed over his fate. For the crime of treason, this execution will be the first, if we mistake not, in the annals of our republic, and this fact may be one of the causes that has made this case so notorious.

One of the reasons why John Brown's fame will go down to posterity, when the numerous John Smiths that have been hung for murder or for tampering with slaves, are forgotten, is that the whole foray was the result of a mistaken notion as to what was right. Brown hated Slavery with a perfect hatred. He thought it an abominable thing in the sight of God and man. From a mistaken, foolish, mad idea that private individuals may rightfully put down great public wrongs, arose the stupendous crimes of Brown; while he receives the just retribution for his crimes by the expiation of his life, let us all remember

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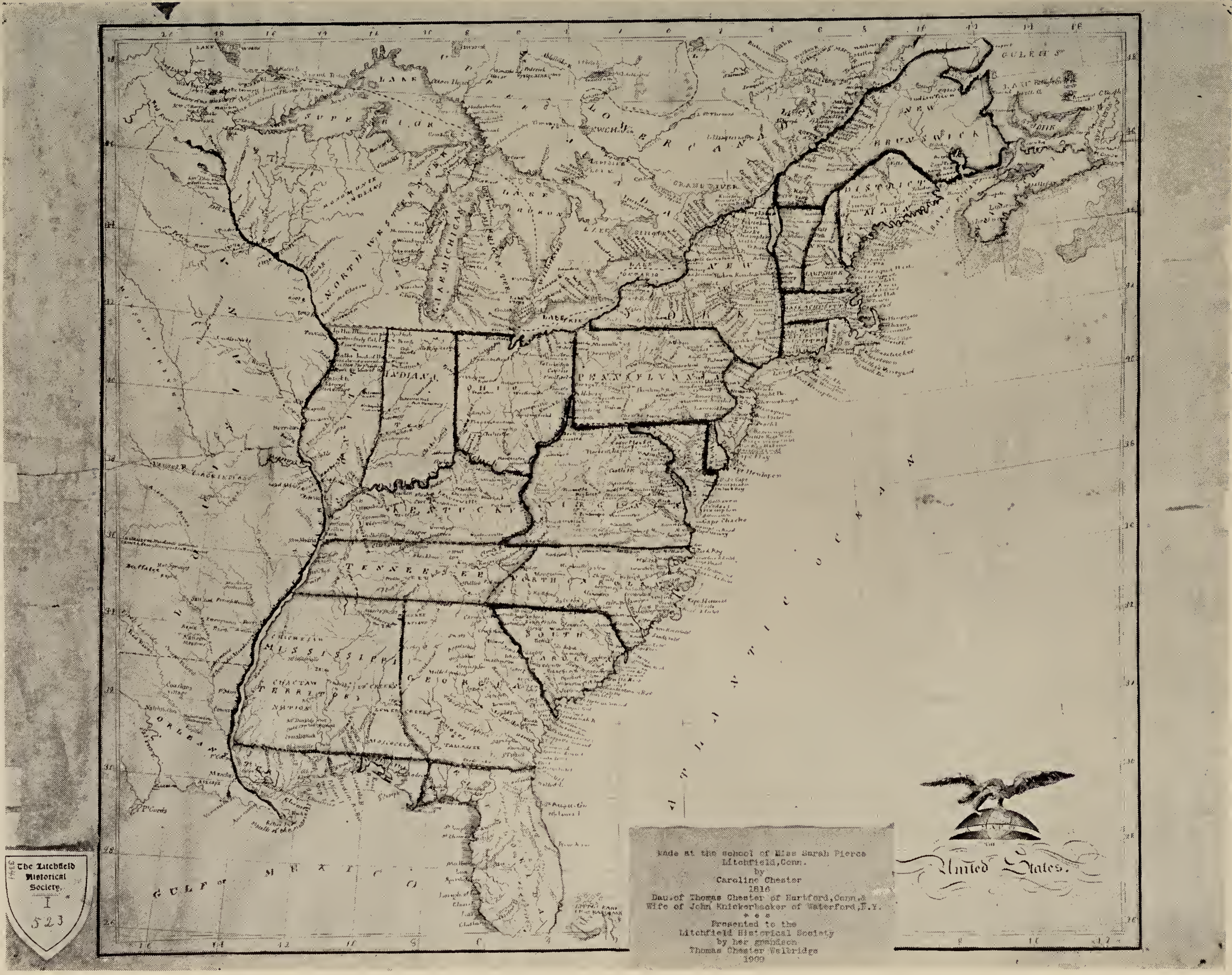
[1] John Brown was born in Litchfield County.


United States.
Made at the school of Miss Sarah Pierce
Litchfield, Conn.
by
Caroline Chester
1816
Dau. of Thomas Chester of Hartford, Conn. &
Wife of John Knickerbacker of Waterford, N.Y.
* * *
Presented to the
Litchfield Historical Society
by her grandson
Thomas Chester Walbridge
1909
The Litchfield Historical Society.
I
523
PENNSYLVANIA
OHIO
INDIANA
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISSISSIPPI
GEORGIA
SOUTH CAROLINA
NORTH WESTERN TERRITORY
LAKE MICHIGAN
LAKE SUPERIOR
LAKE HURON
NEW BRUNSWICK
GULF of MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN

Map of the United States, Drawn and Painted by Caroline Chester in 1816, When the Mississippi River Was the Western Boundary of the Country

that he was honest in his fancying that he was acting on the side of right and duty. This conviction cannot shield him from retribution for his crimes. His punishment, in a legal aspect is just and proper. But it should take him out of the common category of petty selfish villains, that he did wrong, not from mercenary motives, but from a mistaken and deranged idea of what was right.

The personal character, too, of John Brown throws a halo of glory round his death that will be quite likely so to dazzle the eyes of some of the virtuous part of the community, as to blind them to the extent of his crimes against the peace of society. No one can help respecting the sincerity, the straight-forwardness, the pluck of John Brown's character. He is the most splendid modern example on record of the old Puritan, with all his faults and all his virtues. He was much better fitted to found a nation amid the pressure of want and savage enemies, than to live amidst the compromises and the fixed policy of these piping times of peace. With all his errors, he is a brave old soul, with a capacious heart, and an intense love of freedom.

Another cause of the excitement the whole community feels at the execution of John Brown is the tremendous fuss that has been made over his crime, his arrest, his trial and his execution by Gov. Wise and his Virginians. Their folly has been extreme. They have made the whole affair of ten times its just consequences by their cowardly bluster. Will not all this folly recoil on their own heads? Can they keep the knowledge that all these military preparations are for the execution of six men, from their colored population? Are they not laying the foundation for a future uneasiness and restlessness on the part of their slaves?

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"Honest Old Abe" — One of the strongest arguments in favor of the election of Lincoln to the Presidency is his Honesty. He has too much old fashioned integrity and firmness, ever to give in to Fort Snelling swindles, or Navy Yard frauds on elections. We all want the Government administered with integrity and economy. We have tried two dishonest Administrations of the Democratic party. Let us try them no longer, but place the government in the hands of uncorrupted and uncorruptible men. "Honest Old Abe" is the man!

1860

The Prince of Wales:

It has been very wisely decided by that sensible woman, Queen Victoria, that her son shall travel through the United States as a private gentleman, under the name of Lord Renfrew, one of his titles. It is to be hoped that American flunkeyism will not attempt to annoy the young lad, but allow him to view the land in peace. But, above all, it is to be hoped that he will be kept out of the hands of the New York Common Council, who will unquestionably aim at turning an honest penny from his residence, as they did that of the Japanese.

Meanwhile, in Canada, and especially in Quebec, most active preparations are going on for a splendid reception of their future king. Painters paperhangers and all that class are busy in turning into palaces the residences of the loyal Canadians. There is no end of the expense that both public functionaries and private individuals are going into, in the way of decorations, illuminations, fire-works, balls, wines, dinners etc. All kinds of excursions and entertainments are being planned, and the young Prince will be compelled to see everything, and will be most extensively bored. Our neighbors of Canada have never been so stirred up before. We pity the young fellow, for he must encounter, every hour almost, that most hideous and tedious of all bores, long reception speeches.

1861

We have seen lately several private letters from the South to friends at the North, descriptive of the inflamed state of mind, existing there against the North, among the less intelligent and unreasoning class. Some of these letters came from this very class of the uninformed, and they are filled with terrors of the expected government of the Black Republicans. Every right of the South is to be trampled under foot. The negroes are to be excited to insurrection. An army of John Browns is immediately to be sent against the defenseless plantations. Mr. Lincoln is painted as a stern uncompromising, bloody tyrant, who will free their slaves and utterly destroy their prosperity. These persons believe all this most sincerely. Is it any wonder that they have acted rashly and madly? They have gathered this idea, not only from their own false prints, but from Northern papers, who have thus sowed, broadcast, the seeds of disunion. Among these mischief-making papers, the Hartford Times stands conspicuous. It has every where, wherever it circulates in the Southern States, aimed at disseminating the most false and pernicious statements of the character and policy of the Republican party. It has had its success. It has been long sowing to the wind, and is now reaping to the whirlwind. The bitter fruits of its efforts are not all gathered yet.

With such feelings engendered among the uninformed, it is no wonder that they rushed hotly and madly into secession as a remedy. There were leaders enough ready to seize upon this opportunity to gratify personal ambition at the expense of the country. These leaders of the Democracy have lived and fattened on the spoils of the Federal Government so long that they have overturned the country, because they were about to be deprived of them. It is from this very class of hungry office holders of the Democratic party that this whole trouble and loss by secession arises. Such is especially the case at the present moment in Virginia. A large majority of the citizens of the State love the Union, feel its benefits, and desire to remain in it. But the most of the secession leaders are the noisy and needy Democratic office holders, who cannot bear to give up the support which they so cheaply earn. It is even now doubtful who will succeed in that State, the bawlers and brawlers of the Democracy, or the wise, conservative and Union loving citizens.

We have strong hopes that the violent prejudices against Mr. Lincoln which have been spread through the South will be softened soon by the popular manners and sterling character of the new President, and that his own well known conservative good sense, and the policy of Mr. Seward and his other advisers, will stop the progress of secession and rebellion and restore peace to the country.

1861
The Evening Press
Hartford
Thursday, March 7

The Courant announces that John P. Brace, Esq. who for many years has been connected with its editorial department has retired from that position. Mr. Brace is a clear and polished writer, and largely possessed those indispensable requisites for a successful editor — a mind well stored with the political and social history of the past, and a retentive memory, enabling him at all times to make his varied knowledge of value to his readers. We trust that many years of happiness are in his future, relieved of the vexatious cares connected with a daily paper.

Hartford Daily Times.
Thursday Eve'g, March 7, 1861.

Editorial Change — The venerable John P. Brace for about twelve years one of the editors of the Courant, has resigned his position in consequence of increasing infirmities which made night work very arduous to him. The readers of that paper will miss his genial articles, which always breathed a spirit of kindly feeling and generous humanity. — We understand that he is to be succeeded by Abner L. Train, of Milford, former Clerk of the House at the legislative session of 1858.

Hartford Post

Mr. John P. Brace who for several years has been one of the editors of the Courant, and who is well known as one of our most valuable citizens has ceased his connection with that paper, on account of his advanced age and infirmities, and his place will be supplied by Abner L. Train, of Milford. His well known popularity as a writer and gentleman always secured him a host of friends and he retires with the best wishes of all.

New London Star.

Mr. John P. Brace, who for twelve years has been a writer for the Hartford Courant, has retired from his connection with that paper. He has always wielded a genial and felicitous pen, and carries with him the best wishes of a host of friends. We understand he will be succeeded by Abner L. Train of Milford who was Clerk of the lower House of our State Legislature in 1858.

Springfield Rep.

The venerable John P. Brace, for twelve years chief editor of the Hartford Courant, has resigned his position in consequence of old age, and increased infirmities. His vacancy is supplied by Abner L. Train of Milford, clerk of the House at the legislative session of 1858.

Newspaperial

John P. Brace who has been connected editorially with the Hartford Courant for about twelve years, has resigned his place in the establishment. — N. H. Palladium.

Mr. John P. Brace, for twelve years past the chief editor of The Hartford Courant has resigned that position. Mr. Abner L. Train of Milford is to be added to the editorial staff of The Courant.

N. L. Chronicle.

Bridgeport Farmer

The venerable John P. Brace for twelve years chief editor of the Hartford Courant has resigned his position in consequence of old age and increased infirmities. His vacancy is supplied by Abner L. Train of Milford, clerk of the House at the Legislative session of 1858.

Waterbury American

We regret to learn that the venerable John P. Brace, for twelve years chief of the Hartford Courant has been compelled to resign his position in consequence of increasing infirmities. We shall miss the genial productions of his well trained mind, always on the bright side of life, and often expressed with great beauty of conception — nor shall we soon forget his kind social qualities, that have endeared him to us during our acquaintance. May the hand of Time lay gently upon him.

Hartford
Thursday Morning, March 7, 1861.

John P. Brace has resigned his place as writer for the Courant, a station which he has held nearly twelve years. He earnestly requests those who may have borrowed books of him without exception, to return them immediately. He has lost several books that he would be glad to recover.

Our readers will see by a notice under the city items, that John P. Brace Esq., who has for nearly twelve years past been connected with the Courant, has retired from the labor and night-watching inevitably the portion of most of those responsible for the regular appearance of a morning paper. We part from our old friend with deep regret. Many a brief paragraph of news prepared by his pen, after long hours of weary watchfulness, have our readers skimmed lightly over, at their breakfast tables, quite unconscious of the midnight and past midnight watching which it cost the writer. Mr. Brace retires laden with the kindest wishes of those who have spent happy years in his genial society.

"TALE OF ROARING BROOK"

Besides his stories in verse Mr. Brace also wrote some in prose. The first one as far as we know was "Tales of the Devils", published in 1847, by S. Andrews and Son, Hartford, Conn. "The Fawn of the Pale Faces" was published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in 1853.

"The Search for a Hero; a tale of the Wars of 1812" must have been founded on the personal experiences of his uncle Col. John Pierce, the brother of Miss Sarah Pierce who he says was in the country where the incidents of the story took place. The previous volume of chronicles included letters from this same uncle who was a paymaster in the U. S. Army at Ticonderoga when the Fort was taken by the British. This has not been published as far as we know. Among the recently acquired manuscripts is one that seems worth while to print entire as the incidents no doubt were handed down to him by his forebears and they give a graphic account of early life in the colonies when meeting wolves, bears and Indians was not an uncommon occurrence. This "Tale of Roaring Brook" was finished in 1854 when Mr. Brace was sixty-one years old.

RE "RASLES" — JESUIT MISSIONARY MENTIONED IN "TALE OF ROARING BROOK"

From "Historians' History of the World." — Vol. 23.

Page 81 Chapter on Resettlement of Louisiana.

"The mission among the Penobscots was still kept up. The Norridgewocks or Canabas, as the French called them, built a church at their principal village on the upper Kennebec, and received as a resident missionary the Jesuit, Sebastian Rasles, an able and accomplished priest, who kept that tribe, for the next quarter of a century, warmly attached to the French. In the Treaty of Ryswick the English had made no provision for their allies, the Five Nations. In making arrangements with the governor of Canada for exchange of prisoners, Bellamont had endeavored to obtain an acknowledgment of English supremacy over those tribes, and the employment of English agency in negotiating a peace. But Callieres, who became governor-general after Frontenac's death, sent messengers of his own to the Iroquois villages, with the alternative of peace or an exterminating war, against which the English could now afford them no assistance."

Page 195

"In 1724 Fort Dummer marked the first English settlement in Vermont; it was near the present Brattleboro. Previously there had been collisions with the Abenakis, who claimed that Massachusetts had infringed their territory between the Kennebec and the St. Croix. Father Rasles, the Jesuit missionary, held the affections of the Indians, and the government of Massachusetts tried twice in vain to capture him. They took prisoner the young baron de St. Castin, and finally, in 1724 a party from New England surprised Rasles' village of Norridgewock. Bancroft thus describes his death in this contest which is known as "Captain Lovewell's" or "Governor Dummer's War:"

"Rasles went forward to save his flock by drawing down upon himself the attention of the assailants, and his hope was not vain. The English pillaged the cabins and the church, and then, heedless of sacrilege, set them on fire. After the retreat of the invaders, the savages returned to nurse their wounded and bury their dead. They found Rasles mangled by many blows, scalped, his skull broken in several places, his mouth and eyes filled with dirt; and they buried him beneath the spot where he used to stand before the altar. Thus died Sebastian Rasles, the last of the Catholic missionaries in New England. Thus perished the Jesuit missions and their fruits — the villages of the semi-civilized Abenakis and their priests."

ROARING BROOK

A Tale of the Past
By J. P. Brace

This Tale
is dedicated
to
John L. Boswell Esq.
by one with whom he first visited
its scene.
It may serve as a
memorial
of the favors received
from his friendship
by
The Author.

Preface

The object of this tale is to illustrate the manners of our Connecticut ancestors in the period subsequent to the settlement of the colony. There were not many striking incidents in the history of that time. Our forefathers were then laying the foundation of the structure of religion, knowledge and liberty which now shelters us. A narrative founded on their private trials and their domestic manners even at such a peaceful age, will not, we trust, be uninteresting.

The period of the story gave the writer an opportunity, without any very great sacrifice of probability in the connection of the narrative, of introducing the life, death, and character of the celebrated French Missionary, Rasles, who exercised such an influence over the Northern Indians. It is hoped that no injustice has been done to his motives or memory.

His name was spelt by our early New England historians, Rawle, or Rahle, and probably so pronounced in one syllable. His own spelling we have given above.

We have to lament during the time in which these chapters have been written, the death of the friend to whom they were dedicated. We will not cancel that dedication. It will be a tribute to his memory.

1854.

Chapter I

In the town of Glastenbury, Hartford County, there is a large and rapid stream rejoicing in the euphonious name of Roaring Brook. It rises in the North East part of the township, in the granite mountains that hem in the basin of the Connecticut river, and, after a meandering course of several miles, it loses itself in the Connecticut by a narrow mouth. Its whole course is through the rocky defiles of the mountain range, at a high elevation above the bed of the great river, and therefore, to reach its termination, is obliged in many places to descend rapidly. Having its source in a cold, rocky and sterile region, and being fed by many limpid streams from cool springs, its waters are pure and refreshing even in the heat of summer. There is nothing on the brook that can be called a fall or cataract, but its descent is rapid, its bed rocky, and when swollen by rains or increased by the melting of the snow, it well deserves the name it has received. Its structure is uniform. There is a regular alternation of a rocky channel and rapid course, and a valley of deep, black soil, almost amounting to muck, through which the brook passes swiftly, in consequence of the impetus which its waters have received, and in which it forms, at its bends, deep, dark holes in the blackness of whose recesses the large trout lie, even during the winter frosts.

From the very nature of the stream, coming from mountain source and fed by brooks running over a granite soil, it furnishes a home for the trout, which formerly abounded in its bright ripples, under its miniature cataracts, beneath its hollow banks, and in its deep black holes. Some of the most exhilarating hours in the noon of life to which an old man can now look back, were spent on this stream. In a fresh, bright, clear May morning, how often have we watched the sun dancing on its gilded ripples, as we drew the speckled captive from his sport in the shallows or coaxed him from his darker recesses. The mountain air was pure and invigorating, and seemed fairly to intoxicate the lungs, as its freshness was inhaled. The birds were on every tree, commencing the warblings of their annual attachments. The blue-bird twittered on the low, rotten twigs of the birch— the robin was singing his matin song on the elm — the brown thrush, on some low tree at the edge of the forest, was uttering his invitations in his loudest note. The cat bird and the peewink hopped among the bushes and the gentle wail of the phoebe-bird echoed from the stream in search of some hidden spot to build his nest, while aloft in the sky the noisy bob-o-link trilled out his crazy song in the utter abandonment of joy.

The tiny spring Houstonias were opening their bright eyes to the morning light as they covered the hard bank, and the gay, yellow Calthas were brightening the small mead on marshes with their early blossoms. Even the very rocks were beautiful as they basked in the morning radiance, and though they spake of firmness and stability — of ages past and ages to come — their speech was not gloomy nor their voice sad, as they stood up in majesty before the sun and reflected his beams.

There is no extended and varied prospect before you. You are shut in by mountains of moderate height, covered with rather stunted timber and rugged in their granite outlines. The soil is cold and unproductive around you and the valleys and marshes covered with alders and willows. Yet you feel animated for you are alone with nature, and you willingly escape from the noise and din and bustle of the city to enjoy this mountain solitude. The birds are your companions as they sing around you — the sky is a companion in its blue depths above you — they arise in their quiet majesty around you — the very brook is your most intimate companion as it glances by in its rapid race to the river. There is a language in its murmurings — a voice in the flashing of its ripples as it foams over its rocky bed — that speaks to your very soul of friendship, of love, of hope and joy. Would that those bright mornings were not like all earth's pleasures, as fleeting as they are beautiful! Would that time could roll back in its course and bring to the heart again that same joyousness!

The soil along the brook, as we have said, is cold and poor. There are valleys formed on its banks that furnish good pasturage and by attention excellent crops of grass. As the stream descends and approaches the valley of the Connecticut the soil becomes better and more cultivation marks its banks, but the brook loses much of its romantic character and dropping the cheerfulness and freedom of the early existence, soon becomes the mere servant of man, to turn his machinery and perform his labor.

At about three miles from its source in the parish of Eastbury, it crosses the high road that leads from Glastenbury Corner to Hebron, furnishing on its slopes a number of fine fields and sites for farm houses. On the road stood the house and shop of a well known Deacon, who at an advanced age, continued to work patiently and actively at his trade, the water of the rapid stream turning his small trip hammer to assist him at his labors. This was the place of rendezvous and refreshment to the weary fisherman.

Here, in one of these recesses, after the contents of the dinner basket had been consumed, and we were stretched under the apple trees loaded with their fragrant blossoms, we learnt the following tale, as we were making our enquiries respecting the earlier residents of the place. Our informant was one of those itinerant clock menders that roam around the country and collect all the traditionary history of the inhabitants. They appear to know every man's genealogy and can give you an extended information of all the changes that have taken place in the family.

"Here," said he, "just below where we are sitting, between us and the present house, stood the old dwelling, facing the South and almost on the road. On the Northwest, yon hill protected it from the wind and the thick wood stretched down to the very borders of the orchard. From yon eastern hill beyond the Brook were often heard the howl of the wolf or the scream of the panther: the bears prowled around where now that cross road runs to the north beyond the school house. The slope to the brook beyond the road, was early cleared for corn would sometimes ripen on its warm exposure; and the distance between the house and the brook on the east was early stript of its alders and employed as mowing ground."

From this old man I learnt the particulars of the tale which I now wish to present to my readers.

Chapter II

Let not ambition mock their useful toil
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
— *Gray.*

The period of our story is about the year 1720 when Glastenbury had been settled more than thirty years, and its second generation had come on the stage. Its earlier inhabitants were a hardy race of farmers, tilling the soil with their whole strength and seeking their luxuries from the large river in shad and salmon. The settlers on the Roaring Brook had still a more difficult task to cultivate their cold soil than those who occupied the light sands of the lower grounds. They could surround themselves with fewer comforts and no luxuries. They grew up therefore a hardy race changing but little from the early, Puritan habits, and preserving uncontaminated their religion and their love of freedom.

They raised some rye in favored places but their granite soil in its freedom from lime prevented the growth of wheat. Turnips was a common and nutritious crop — potatoes being rarer and of an almost uneatable variety which was rank and coarse to the taste. Their principle dependence for food of the grain kind was upon Indian corn which was cultivated in small patches in the warm valleys and on the southern slopes of the hills. Early autumn frosts sometimes cut off this crop, and when they did so, the hardy inhabitants trembled for their winter food. Some subsistance was obtained from hunting and the skins thus procured were necessary to purchase their salt so important an article in their households. Of meat they seldom failed a supply; their swine were suffered to go at large through the summer, and, as autumn advanced, they were collected into some enclosure near the house and fed with all the corn that could be spared. They were then butchered and barrelled for winter use, a small number only being kept over for the supply of the next year.

By this time, cattle and sheep had become comparatively plenty among the colonists, and distinctions of poor and rich depended more upon the possession or the want of them, than upon money and real estate. The lands of this part of Glastenbury were well adapted to pasturage and the valley of the Roaring Brook supported many a sheep and cow.

The flax fields too were seen by the side of the cornfields, looking so beautiful in their bright green in early spring and then so charming in the blue dress of the flowering season. A pretty essential article in the goodman's household — its manufacture furnishing abundant employment for the females of his family.

Of fruit there was little except apples and here and there a pear tree. The apples were small and principally employed in the making of cider.

The farmers of this hilly country had little to sell, and therefore avoided the purchase of anything they could do without. A few barrels of pork, some furs and skins, a little rye, a fatted ox, poultry, eggs and feathers constituted about all that they could spare to procure their gunpowder, lead, salt, iron and nails, spirits and molasses, used in the family. They made their own sugar, though sparingly; manufactured their own clothing and bedding; exchanged their calf skins with the shoemaker for winter shoes and went barefoot in the summer; constructed their own tools and kitchen utensils; did without the luxuries of life, and lived and died, a hardy, industrious, free and happy race — happy in their freedom from extraneous wants — happy in the purity of their morals, in the activity of their lives in the consolation of their deaths. The world and its changes passed by them unheeded, they were too much intent upon their own duties to regard its fluctuations, or even enquire into its events. If they felt no immediate restraint upon their independence or their religion, they had gained all which an intercourse with the world would have given them.

As we have said before, the house to which we wish to call the attention of our readers, was fronting the South, on a hill side that sloped down towards the brook on the east. It was rather larger than the tenements around it, but was unpainted and covered with rather rough siding and shingles. It had one huge chimney in its centre built of stone to the top. In front there were two rooms, one larger than the other, with a small passage way between them, into which the front door opened and from which the stairs ascended. This one fact would show that the owner was rather above the ordinary class of his neighbors, either in wealth or station.

The east room had two windows; one at the front and one at the side. It was the spare room — a step in luxury beyond many of the neighbors. Whatever relics of English luxury had descended to the family were here exhibited. It was used only on extraordinary occasions, and contained a handsome curtained bed for the accommodation of friends. The floor was very neatly sanded and the sand marked into various fanciful figures. A small rug made of rags was placed by the bed, the curtains of which were of rich figured chintz of a large pattern.

The west room had two front and one side windows, and was the common sitting and eating room in the summer but not much occupied in the winter. The rear was taken up with the large kitchen and a small bedroom set off on the west end. There was an eastern door to this kitchen protected by a rough portico from the North East winds, near which was the well with its moving well-sweep and long well-pole holding the bucket. A north door led to the sheds which were arranged as leantos (or linters) on the back of the house.

The barn was on the opposite side of the road, on the brow of the hill as it sloped to the South, and under its protection and that of the declivity, the cattle and sheep found their winter shelter.

The second story of the house projected over the lower, necessary, when it was erected, for the Indian warfare. The doors and windows were small and the glass in the latter not more than four inches long.

In the rear of the house to the very verge of the large orchard stretched the long wood piles — for fuel cost nothing then but the labor of getting it home prepared to make the house comfortable in the long winter. East and North East was the spacious garden filled with common vegetables, cultivated thriftily though with no taste or ornament.

Such was the residence and the home of Thomas Welles, a hardy, industrious, God-fearing man, who worked diligently and successfully to bring up a large family of children, who, as they grew up, each lightened their father's burden by their own industry and energy. The mother was a feeble woman — not constitutionally — few women were in those times — but she had children rapidly and could do little more than raise them. Her labors in the domestic circle were shared and in time almost performed by the eldest — a daughter — and the instruction and moral training of the little ones came upon their father's mother who had long resided under her son's roof.

We shall attempt no description of the characters of these various individuals. If they are interesting, the reader will discern it in due time. If they are commonplace, the less said about them, the better.

It was autumn now, and autumn was fast emerging into winter. November's storms were already whitening the ground and filling the roads and forests with snow. The brook as it rushed by, found all but its channel filled with the gathering ice, and the winds howled down its long valley and rustled the bare twigs of its alders and filled up its once sunny glens with the drifting snow. The sheep had been collected from the upland and were standing shivering under the high hill behind the barn, in a group, as if they knew they could be warmer by their united heat. The poultry were on the tops of the highest haymows in the barn, silent and cowering, and even the geese and the ducks had left the muddy coves of the brook where they dabbled for food, to seek the shelter of the sheds and live on the bounty of man.

Our farmer was well prepared for the early inclemency of the season. The partly dried cornstalks were now given out for the subsistence of his young cattle — the milch cows were under shelter and were well fed — the few hogs which were left from his late butchering had their share of the shelter of the farm yard. Every thing in house and barn was in readiness for winter, and the family had commenced their winter labors. Let us introduce them to the reader.

Chapter III

> But if doom'd
> In powerless, humble fortune, to repress
> The ardent risings of the kindling souls;
> Then, even superior to ambition, we
> Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
> Through shades and plains, along the smoother stream
> Of rural life.
>
> — *Thompson*

It is early evening. The snow is falling rapidly on all without, and the wind begins to whistle down the long valley of Roaring Brook and to howl among the tree-tops on the hill. We would introduce the reader to the spacious kitchen of Thomas Welles in the large chimney place of which an immense fire of logs is burning, throwing out its heat over the whole low room and lighting up with its blaze the cheerful group around the fire. The door of the little West bed room was open and the red light struck upon the check curtains of the bed, as they were pulled over the head of a large trundle bed drawn out for its nightly tenants. As the North door opened into the shed, the frame work of the much used loom could be seen, standing where it had been employed during the summer, and ready for its winter service. In the corner of the kitchen stood two large spinning wheels for the spinning of wool, and a smaller one for flax, with a part of the day's work on their spindles, but compactly and orderly placed so as to be out of the way. Everything was neat and well arranged and yet the room was full. Rows of sausages were hanging to dry between the beams of the low roof, alternating with strings of dried apples and pumpkins, and medicinal herbs in bunches, and seeds that were preserved for the next summer's use.

As the door of the East room occasionally opened, the low wail of a young infant could be heard, and the residents of the kitchen lowered their voices and hushed their merriment.

The group gathered around the great fire was a beautiful one. It consisted of one rather prim looking little girl who sat on a high bench, and two young children in their short woolen night-caps, warming their feet in readiness for bed. They had originally been furnished with little low stools, but they were rolling on the rough stone hearth, with their little toes extended towards the blazing logs, and enjoying a complete abandonment to pleasure before the hour of rest.

An old lady, tall, dignified, and commanding even in her wrinkles, sat in the corner of the fire place engaged in knitting, though evidently on the watch over the youthful group. She had once been handsome. The large, mild hazel eye still remained, dimmed it is true of its brightness and looking as it was slowly raised as if it were sorrowing over the remembrance of youth and beauty. But old age could not dim, nor sickness put out, nor trouble extinguish, the benevolence that beamed from those orbs, or the trust and confidence in God which shone in their subdued light, or diminish in aught the interest they took in the welfare of those whom they saw. The late beautiful autumn ringlets had faded into gray and were neatly and straightly arranged beneath the high-crowned muslin cap. The once blushing cheeks were pale and wrinkled and old — seventy winters had plowed their furrows over them. The pearly teeth had fallen one by one, and the vacant jaw had sunk, and the plump lip and cheek were no more. The late erect form, perfect in the outline of its loveliness, was bent and broken — but still the same warm heart throbbed in the bosom — the same love for humanity and desire for doing good in her day and generation, animated her breast.

This was Thomas Welles's mother, who had been under his roof since his marriage. He was her only child and his father had died in the very spring time of the mother's happiness. The lessons, which she had thus early learnt of the instability of earth's enjoyments, filled her peculiarly for the station which she occupied in her son's household.

"Grandmother," said a little, blue eyed, flaxen haired fairy, who was rolling on the warm hearth, "may n't Duthe stop trying to put his great toe in my mouth?"

"Grace, my dear, don't call your brother Duthe; give him his full name, 'Jeduthun.'"

"Well, grandmother, may n't Je-du-thun stop?"

"Certainly, Jeduthun, you ought not to take pleasure in vexing your sister."

"She should n't gape so wide then," laughed out little Jeduthun who was the youngest.

"Well, Je-du-thun, (is that right, grandmother?) I won't help you school another time, or carry the dinner basket."

"Grace, my child, come here and stand before me. Is it right for you to return evil for evil?"

Grace looked a little ashamed and busied herself in trying to keep her little flaxen curls under her straight-bordered night cap.

"Don't you remember, Grace," said the little miss who was sitting up very prim on the bench and not preparing for bed, "what Grandmother told us — that to return good for evil was God-like; to return good for good was man-like; to return evil for evil was beast-like; to return evil for good was devil-like?"

"I wish you would not talk to me, Prudy, you don't do me any good as grandmother does."

"My little Grace will not be beast-like then, in returning evil for evil. She ought to love everything."

"I do love everybody, grandmother," sitting down once more on her little stool by Jeduthun's side. "I love grandmother, because she always tells me when I do wrong; and I love father because he takes me on his knee; and I love mother because she says 'my dear' so softly to me; and I love sister Martha, because she gives me my bread and milk and puts up my dinner for school; and I love brother Aaron for he feeds my cossit lamb and my little chickens, and I love you, little brother Duthe," and as she said it she patted his little fat face and laid her own tight to it, "and I will carry the dinner basket, and I was naughty to say I would n't. I love every body, grandmother."

The child hesitated for a moment. "No no, I don't love Dave Hubbard — he run after me coming from school, and flung stones at me, and told me if I ever came by his house, he' d set the geese on me. No; I won't love him!"

"But, Grace my dear, the Bible says that we must love our enemies."

"Well, I won't love him; he 's a naughty boy."

"Grace, do you remember how our Saviour was treated on earth?"

"Yes, Grandmother, his hands were tie'd and his cloak taken away, and he was spit on, and they stuck thorns in his head, and they killed him by nailing him to a great piece of timber," and the child's eyes filled with tears at the picture which her own memory drew.

"Did he not say, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do?' Should you not then forgive those who have injured you?"

"But did Christ love them, as well as forgive them?"

"He certainly loved them in one sense, in the desire to do them good", but the metaphysical distinction, which we doubt whether the child would have comprehended, was interrupted by the elder sister Martha, who came from the West room, and spoke as she entered:

"What! You children not to bed yet! I want you out of the way that I may pick the chickens for Thanksgiving, to-morrow. Aaron has gone out to kill them."

So saying, she lifted a large iron pot to its place over the fire and proceeded to fill it with water. The children jumped up, exclaiming "Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! How glad!" Even prim Prudence joined in the general joy.

"Grandmother, why do we keep Thanksgiving?"

" To praise God for all the good things he has given us for the summer."

"But why do we eat more that day than any other? Is that praising God?"

"How can you, Gracy, ask such foolish questions!" said Prudence.

"Don't check her," replied her grandmother, "in asking any questions. You know that the feet-warming time is given to you children to say what you please. Your question is a difficult one, Grace, to answer.

Our Father in Heaven is pleased with seeing us happy, just as your father is pleased with seeing you happy. Our happiness is made up of what we feel in the body, in some part. He, therefore, is willing that the occasional enjoyment of a feast should be added to our other enjoyments, if in it we remember that the good things we eat come from him and we do not abuse them by eating too much."

"But, Prudy said we might eat as much as we could."

"Prudence was wrong and foolish. Thanksgiving is designed to lead us to remember God's blessings by their use not by their abuse, and it is as sinful to eat too much on Thanksgiving day, as it would be on any other day."

"But, grandmother," said Grace, after a pause, "why must I love Dave Hubbard when he is naughty to me? For what must I love him?"

"I do not ask you to love him in your sense of that word, but to be willing to do him good."

A quick step was heard coming to the East kitchen door, and Aaron Welles, a lad of about fourteen, burst into the room in breathless haste, exclaiming loudly, "A wolf! a wolf! He has seized a lamb, that was drinking at the Brook and is eating it under the alders at the corner of the lot!"

The kitchen was at once in commotion. The father came in from the East room, where he had been sitting with his sick wife, a tall stalwart-framed young man, whom Mr. Welles saluted by the name of James Hinsdale, stepped from the West room, where he had been conversing with Martha — and the children all stood up in horror.

"Where's Moses?" said the father, busying himself in detaching the guns from their high hooks.

"He has gone over to Uncle Hale's for him to come with his gun and dogs," said Aaron. "I have not let our dog out of the barn. We can do it as we go along."

"Hinsdale, here is a gun for you. Draw the charges, boys, they are probably loaded with small shot since the squirrel hunt you had this morning, and put in slugs. Be quick!"

"Aaron," said little Grace, "was it my dear lamb?"

"I am afraid it is, Gracy; she always goes down with me when I drive up the milch cows from the Brook to shut them up, and I think it must be her."

Grace made no loud outcries, but hid her face in her grandmother's lap, and sobbed out her sorrow there. The men were soon ready and hurried out in the snow storm to the barn, while Martha went on with her preparations for her evening's labor.

Prudence cried out, "Oh, Martha! how you did blush when Jim Hinsdale came out of the West room! He is your beau."

Martha blushed still more but was silent.

"You need n't say anything, Prudy," said Grace, lifting her face from her grandmother's lap all bathed in tears, "You 've got a beau too. Joel Strong helped you over the ditch yesterday."

"You talk nonsense now, Grace," said the Grandmother, "and had better be in bed. Prudence, do you sit with your mother, until bed time. She may need something."

The other little ones were then led by their sister into their bed room and their little prayers listened to, solemnly, though Grace rather sobbed out than said hers, her lamb dwelling on her thoughts. When Martha was about shutting the door, she lifted her head from the pillow and asked to see her grandmother.

"Grandmother, I will try to love Dave Hubbard and will give him an apple to-morrow. But oh! grandmother, must I love the wolf who has eaten poor little Clover?"

Chapter IV

Martha was soon busy in the preparations of her fowls for the morrow's feast, but worked on in silence, while her grandmother, knitting by the fireside, watched her as silently.

We hesitate much at describing our heroine lest she should not be attractive enough to our readers to interest them as much as she does us, and as much as Martha Welles did all that knew her.

In our imaginations about the personal beauty of novel heroines, there are to be taken into consideration all the factitious influences derived from dress and the adjuncts of delicate and refined leisure. We are therefore fearful that our fastidious lady-readers will close the book and never again open it, when we tell them that she was clad in a short gown and petticoat, both of linsey woolsey — the former buttoned up tight to her throat, and the latter without any of the apparatus to expand its proportions which disfigure modern ladies. Her hair, too, was not curled but drawn back from her forehead and face and tied in a knot behind. We must say it too that her hands and her feet were large and the former red with labor. As Alison, in his Essay on Taste, remarks, "They who live for subsistence, cannot live for beauty" — all those accessories, then, which beauty receives from delicacy of body, and those external indications of it that have been praised and valued for so many centuries, must be forever wanting to the laboring class.

Strange that a standard of beauty should be set up framed upon the principles of idleness and freedom from that labor which is man's most dignified employment on earth! Strange, that the estimate of delicacy of mind — of the beauties of the heart — should be excluded from the catalogue of female charms, while those qualities are valued that are expressive of gentility of station and idleness of life!

Martha Welles had labored from childhood — had labored hard and constantly, and effectively. She was the great central spring of her father's household. Her hands were not delicate, for she employed them constantly in those labors which were required of all women at that period, and which they esteemed their duty to perform. Her feet were not small, for in summer she often went barefoot about the house, and never thought it a disgrace to wear large coarse thick shoes. What she had lost in beauty by this difference between herself and modern females, she had gained in health and strength and cheerfulness. There is always a beauty attached to full health and man values much more the florid complexion of the robust constitution, than the delicate white sickly damsel. Martha Welles was healthful and robust, but not of full habit. She possessed the beauty of proportion, exquisite in its very ruggedness, mingled with the expression of firm but not florid health. Her face was an enchanting one to her friends. To strangers, she appeared distant, perhaps sad. Her face was round with full cheeks, and small features, each harmonizing with the other. Her eye was a peculiar one. The iris part was small — at times but a mere border, and of a light blue. The pupil was so much larger than we ordinarily see, that it seemed sometimes to occupy the whole eye, and crowd the blue border out of sight. Her eyes therefore, were not beautiful from their color; but, were replete with truth and feeling. It seemed as they opened upon you, that you could see into her very soul and observe the very feeling which floated there in its intenseness. Such eyes are not praised because they are bright or dark but because they admit you at once into the very presence of the inner man. You feel as you gaze into them that you were gazing at the soul itself.

We have said that Martha's common expression was that of seriousness, nay even of sadness; but when anything occurred to please her or to make her happy, her whole countenance was suddenly lighted up with a smile that spoke of the cheerfulness within, and then two little dimples, the nest of a host of young fluttering Cupids, burst out in her cheeks, so unexpected in their loveliness, that you looked on them with perfect longing to put your lips beside them. We hope therefore my dear madam that you will excuse us when we say that Martha Welles was as beautiful as we wish her to be, and that we could not spare a single item of the catalogue we have enumerated, for they were the exponents or external indices of the modesty, purity, perseverance, and self-denial which reigned within. But we will not give her character, we prefer it should be discovered from what she herself shall say or do.

It was true she was not learned or deep read. Women, a hundred and thirty years ago in this state, had no education in "ologies." Books were scarce. Time was valuable. The country was poor. The duty of woman lay more in the externals of life than it now does. The bible served to guide her reason; Bunyan, to excite her imagination. She could not elaborate any of the necromantic stitches of crochet work, but she could spin and weave the garments for the family. She had no expensive laces and pocket handkerchiefs laid up in her drawer; but she had a chest full of linen sheets, which were her own, as her "setting out" in life — the whole process of manufacturing which from the flax seed to their present snowy whiteness was her own. She had sowed the seed herself, her father having prepared the grain — had pulled the flax — had spread it for rotting — had gathered and hatcheled and carded and spun and woven and whitened the whole; and all too at periods of her leisure.

It is true that she could not play the piano, or daub caricatures of nature on paper, or lecture on female rights, but she could show a household of young children brought up to industry — a feeble mother cared for in her sickness — a house kept in neatness and order. She was not distinguished for elegance of repartee or brilliancy of wit, or fascination of entertainment; but for a loving, faithful, trusting, truthful heart, open to all that demanded charity or assistance, beloved by the circle of which she was the centre, and holding over them an influence that was felt through their lives, long after her worn-out body was moulding in the grave — felt, even now, in the influence which every member of the family of Thomas Welles has transmitted through a long line of upright descendants.

Chapter V

As Martha came near the fire in the discharge of her present duty, her grandmother saw traces of tears on her cheek.

"Martha," said she, "what ails you? Are you not doing too much and overtasking yourself?"

"No, Grandmother, work is no toil. It rather keeps my mind busy and withdraws my thoughts from that which may be sinful to think of."

"How so, my dear child? Have you any new trials? Can you not communicate them to me and enable me to share them with you?"

"I know your sympathy is with me and that you have always been my best adviser. But a young girl like myself hates to speak of that which has occurred to me, this night, and which now agitates me."

"James Hinsdale has been here, has he not?"

"He has, grandmother, and has asked me to be his. He says father has consented if James will settle down on the farm which his father can give him on the Hubbard brook; that, and his trade as a weaver, he thinks, will abundantly support him."

"And what did you say?"

Martha turned her face away from her grandmother as she asked the question and seemed very busy with her turkey. After a pause, she replied without turning or allowing her grandmother to see her blushing cheek. "I need not be ashamed to say that I told him I loved him, and was perfectly willing to spend my life in making him happy, but —"

"But what, my dear?"

"Grandmother," and she burst into tears as she said it, "My duty lies here. My mother is too feeble to manage this great family and make father and brothers and all comfortable. You are growing old and are past all active labor. The household depends upon me. Everything would go wrong with hired help. Moses and Aaron would have no pleasant home to make them what all Christian young men should be. NO, no: I cannot leave home, and I told James so and he was angry or at least impatient for I will not accuse him of the sin of anger, and he urged, but I was firm. I told him that not until Prudence was old enough to take my place, I would not leave home. He said I did not love him, and some harsh, rough things about going off out of town himself. But God knows dear Grandmother, that I do love him, but He has plainly marked out to me the path of my duty and I must walk in it; and I trust by His grace to do it cheerfully."

"You have had your trials young, my child, but God chastens those he loves, and those evils which now appear so formidable to you will work out your salvation the more effectually. You have decided right — at least, for the present. You both are young and it will do no harm to either of you to wait some years yet. James Hinsdale has his faults, and this delay will prove a trial for his character. He may not be worthy of you but time must determine that point. He is impetuous and headstrong and of a roving disposition, but has a warm heart and many good qualities."

"Thank you, Grandmother, for these last words. I cannot bear to think James is not perfect, and yet I know that he has the faults you mention. I do not repine at this trial. I am only grieved that he should feel it so strongly. For my own part, I know what my duty is and shall perform it cheerfully, for God will bless me in it. But do not say or feel that I am working too hard. I am young and strong. The method which I have established makes labor easy. Father and the boys and you, all, help me and never thwart me, and Prudence, with all her primness, is growing up very useful. She is active, and is methodical to a fault. I only wish she had more heart."

"It may be she will be happier through life for the want of what you call, heart. Sensitiveness is no blessing, unless under the strictest control of divine grace. To the uncoverted, it is the parent of uneasiness, discontent and murmuring against the good Providence of God and the exciter of unholy wishes and desires, I have often thought that you, Martha, have suffered more through life from a sensitive heart, than from any other cause. It has been a hard contest to control it, but the victory has been worth the combat, and the fire which might have burnt the house to ashes is now controlled and holds only its legitimate place on the hearth."

Martha again averted her face, lest her grandmother should perceive the tell-tale blush which manifested that the praise was undeserved. She knew what emotions lived in her heart, under her sober and sad external and how many tears and how much effort it required to subdue them. After a pause she asked rather timidly.

"Do you not think that James and myself are alike in this particular, and that he has the same sensitiveness with myself?"

"No, child, love has blinded you. Your characters are really much unlike, and whether too much so for mutual happiness remains yet to be seen. You have mistaken James Hinsdale much. It is impulse in him which you call sensitiveness. The one relates to the will; the other to the feelings. True sensibility of heart may be possessed in its perfection and yet be under the entire guidance of reason. In its perfection and when under control, it leads to tenderness, to love, to true benevolence. But it is so much more frequently under improper guidance that in this thorny, and wicked world, it more frequently renders its possessor wretched. But impulse is never governed by reason, and whether its acts are beneficial or otherwise, is a matter of mere chance. James Hinsdale acts from impulse. You, from reason and a sense of duty. Hence, the doubt there is about the constant wisdom of his deeds. They are right, more because he is surrounded by good influences; but impulsive young men like him may be led into temptation by companions or circumstances, and they will have no strength of principle to resist. You are having, I hope, a good influence over him."

As her grandmother said this, Martha remembered how often she had been called upon to exert that influence to check the adventurous and bold spirit of the young man, and how often she had seen that even that influence would fail unless she soon became his wife. But she made no reply to the observation.

"Grandmother," said she, "how happens it that you are able to talk so much like our good minister and define and distinguish just as he does in his sermons?"

"You must remember, Martha, that I was born and educated in Hartford and enjoyed advantages beyond those which girls enjoy brought up in the country. My father, Judge Dudley, was one of the first men of the colony as well as one of the richest and I had every opportunity for mental improvement. I listened when young to the conversations of such men as Haynes, Hooker, Stone and Culick, and listened to them not, I trust, in vain. But do not repine at the difference, my dear, God has given you a station with its duties, and he will require of you according to what you have, and not according to what you have not."

"I do not repine. It is one of the lessons I endeavor fully to learn to be contented with the situation in which I am placed, and rightly and submissively to perform its duties. I have occasion however, very frequently to check the rising desire to have books and to obtain information, but I know that cannot be, for want both of time and money. I have often wished that James when he visits Hartford would bring me a small book instead of the ribbon or the ring he does bring, but you know it would not be delicate for me to say so, and he reads but little himself."

Martha however, did not say how choice she was even of the ribbon or the ring, and how carefully they were preserved in her chest, and worn whenever the strict rules of the community allowed of any ornaments in dress. But she did not value them any more than the rose bud he gave her, on her birthday in June, which was now lying neatly pressed in her bible. It was the giver, not the gift, she thought of.

"Grandmother, you have often said you would tell me of your early history. Can you not do it now while I work?"

"No, my dear; I am fatigued and it's time I was at rest. Besides I have promised that the other children shall hear it. If circumstances are such to-morrow, that we cannot go to meeting, as, from the falling of the snow, appears now will be the case, it will then be a good opportunity. I can do it here while you are preparing your Thanksgiving dinner and it may keep the little ones quiet and out of the way, as there is no school."

After her grandmother had retired Martha finished her labors and put everything in its place. She then swept up the kitchen, neatly, and even went so far at that late hour of the night as to mop up the few spots of blood that had fallen on the floor. She opened the East door and stepped to the well for a pail of water, that it might be in readiness for her morning's work. The snow was falling rapidly and the North East wind whistled down the long valley of Roaring Brook, driving the snow before it and drifting it around the house. The air was thick and dark. She listened if she could hear anything of the hunters who had followed the wolf, but she heard nothing save the wind sighing through the trees and the lulling sound of the rapid brook not yet clogged up by the ice.

"They have been gone a long while," she said as she closed the door, and proceeded to fasten the shutters to the windows which were put up on the inside with bars, originally designed as a greater security against the attacks of the savages. She did the same in the West room and raked up the remains of its fire.

Having fastened the house with the exception of the East kitchen door, she opened the door into her mother's room and found Prudence fast asleep in the chair. She aroused her and sent her up to bed and took her place in the sick room. Her mother and the infant were both asleep and Martha sat down by the fire in quietness to reflect. Her interview with her lover had not been as happy as she could have wished, and she began a little to upbraid herself for persisting in her refusal to marry him immediately.

"He need not say I am cold hearted and do not love him. The only danger is lest I make him an idol. But I cannot tell him so. I sometimes think I certainly will, and then when I see him I shrink from it, as if it were indelicate. Am I wrong? Do I carry this idea of delicacy too far, when I know it would make him happy? But I cannot relent from the step I have taken. On that I must be firm. I am firm. My duty lies here in assisting my parents to bring up this large family. He threatens to leave me and go off to some war, somewhere. It may kill me if he does but it will not change my determination to do my duty."

She sat for some time watching the bright embers, and thinking over and over again the harsh words which James had spoken, until the unbidden tears rolled over her cheeks.

"Grandmother thinks I have conquered my sensitiveness. She little knows how it rises up in my heart in spite of me, to govern my actions. May God pardon me, if it is a sin to feel."

She then, without taking off her garments, laid down on the bed by the side of her mother, but could gain no quiet sleep. She would be aroused by every noise she heard without, and everytime the well-sweep creaked in the wind, she would be certain the men were returning.

Many hours passed away before her father and two brothers entered the kitchen, cold and tired and unsuccessful. Her father came into the room an instant to look at the sleeping sick ones, and then the family all were lost in repose.

Chapter VI

When the men from the house had crossed the road and let their dog out from the barn, they were joined by their near neighbor, Simeon Hale, or Uncle Sim, as he was called, who was the most noted hunter of those parts. He was accompanied by his dogs. They at once proceeded to the Brook where the wolf was making his supper. He sprang from the half consumed carcass as the dogs approached and leaped the brook, followed by them. The men were hindered by being obliged to take the regular crossing spot, and they followed the chase with much difficulty on account of the rapidly falling snow. Each secured the lock of his gun from the wet by wrapping it in his stout woolen frock which was worn as a regular hunter's coat, as well as a working winter garment, and each proceeded as rapidly as the bushes and the snow would permit. The wolf and the dogs took them a long and rather useless chase, and, before they could come up, the animal was lodged in some of the bushy recesses on the Backledge Brook where Hale decided it would be impossible to find it in the snow and the night. The dogs were called off and the men returned.

As they approached Roaring Brook, the hunter and young Hinsdale separated from the Welleses and took a shorter route to reach their own residences.

"Jimmy," says Hale, "You are a pesky good lad to foller the hounds, but a leetle too eager to make the fun hold on, until the cussed varmin is killed. You need a leetle more breechin' to hold you back."

"The excitement of the chase, Uncle Sim is all the enjoyment, and that is so great that I wish I could follow it through life."

"You talk like a silly boy, Jim Hinsdale, that goes off at half-cock. Trust one that has grown gray as a hunter, and has had more 'citement, as you call it, than would fill up a dozen barn-yard lives and who tells you it is a plaguey sight better to stick to your trade, and your farm, and never think of hunting to — your support for life. I have lived here, boy and man, ever since the town was set off, when there was n't a sign of a house between my hut and the Hartford Ferry, and I know what a hunter's life is. It has its 'citements and fun at first, but it becomes soon a mere bisness, the fun wears off like the varnish on a new gun, and then I tell you, there's labor enough and hard work enough and starvation enough sometimes, to take all the honey out of the fun. Ther's no sartainty in it. You may have plenty of nice pickin's one day, and have to eat the skins, next day; and when you want any of the notions which the marchants have piled up on their shelves at Hartford you can't, half the time get 'em with the skins you carry in. No, no, Jim, a farmer is better off by a —— sight. Besides, Jim Hinsdale the country's changed sin' I was a boy, and stiddy labor and the sober stay at home life of the farmer is becoming more and more the bounden duty of every colonist who's young like you, and not sot in his ways as I am. You oughter look and see how you'll make a good citizen and a good Christian man, among your fellow men, and not be talkin' of 'citement and fun. Marry, I say, and plow your farm, and tend to your trade, and raise a family of boys and gals that shall be some comfort to you when old age comes on, and not leave yourself without kith or kin as I've done."

"But have n't you told us, Uncle Sim, that we must obtain a knowledge of hunting and the use of fire-arms?"

"Sartin, sartin; every man of our colony should know how to hunt and manage a gun. Game is plenty and it is often necessary, when the pork barrel gets low, or the appetite gets a leetle peekin' to kill for food. Then there's the pesky vermin, and the wolves and the catamounts and the painters to keep from the sheep, and the foxes and skunks from the chickens, so that it's right and a Christian duty to know how to hunt and use a musket. Then, there's them 'tarnal savages — the skulking brutes they may be sneaking round. I know that the rascally Redskins live a good way off, but we may have them to fight and the French into the bargain, so we must larn how to fight. I hearn the last time I was to Hartford that there was some trouble with the Injins off to the North East, and the Lord knows only how soon there may be danger here, and young men like you must larn how to meet it and be cool too. But don't think Jim Hinsdale, of takin' up huntin' or war as a trade. 'T aint right for you with a good trade and a good farm to think on 't. Stick to them, I say, and you'll allers be able to keep the pot boilin'. Don't take copy from me. I'm an old man. Maybe I chose wrong when a young man. However, let that be as 'tis, times have changed in thirty years, the trail of livin' is very differently follered from what it was once. The land is fillin' up with good, God-fearing men, that will make a handy and industrious people all around us. Settle down with them, Jim Hinsdale, and live in the fear of the Lord. There's no boy that handles the axe as you do, or can bring the old oak's top twigs so soon to the 'arth."

"Yes, Uncle Sim, and none that can follow the deer or the wolf longer, or meet the bear's hug more cheerfully. But here our roads part. Good-night, Uncle Sim, Roaring Brook sounds dismal enough to-night as it rushes through the woods yonder."

"It has lulled me to sleep for many years, and sung a sweet song to me when I laid down tired on my bear-skins, after a hard day's hunting. Its voice and roar is that of a friend for it never deceived me. The wind must be changing or we could not hear its roar so plain. Good-night."

The young man now took the rough path through the forest towards his own home. The snow had ceased falling and a fresher wind sprang up from the North. The woods were quiet as he passed through them in his mountain path, save here and there an owl hootin' from his hole in the high trees. The smaller animals that frequented that hillside were all in their burrows preparing for their winter torpidity and the summer birds that caroled through the leafy branches of the forest had all fled to some distant southern clime without waiting for the destruction of the covert which had sheltered them. The young man stepped carelessly on. He knew his security and would even have been gratified if there had been danger in his path. Why should he fear? His faithful dog was by his side. His gun was in his hand, and an ardent mind invigorated and impelled a strong frame. His thoughts were not on danger, they were running back to the words of Hale and to his last conversation with Martha.

"Have they been consulting together?" was his exclamation. "They think alike; and sometimes I think with them that my trade and my farm will be enough for happiness, and could Martha marry me now, it might be so. NO, no, I cannot settle down and stagnate. What! shall all this adventurous spirit of mine be tied down to flinging the weaver's shuttle or using the woodman's axe? There will be some fighting, somewhere as Uncle Sim says, and Martha cannot marry me now. No, I cannot give up my fondness for a life of adventure, yet."

Chapter VII

The breakfast table of our ancestors one hundred and thirty years ago, was a very different repast from that we now enjoy. Coffee and tea were then unknown. The elders drank cider, and the women and children milk or water. In summer, a mug of small beer always decked the table, drawn fresh from the barrel which every housekeeper brewed from the hops she raised and the roots she gathered. The meat was consumed on bright pewter platters, which were carefully preserved for this purpose alone, while wooden dishes served for other and ordinary uses. Few persons had anything of silver. Spoons were of pewter. Our farmer Welles's family had one silver tankard, an heirloom of value, which contained on this Thanksgiving morning the toast and cider of the father of the family. The grandmother had a small heavy, silver cup in which her morning meal was always prepared, which had descended to her from some English ancestor. The rest of the family had pewter mugs or bowls of earthen ware. Hasty Pudding and milk was all the breakfast of the children, and, indeed, all their supper likewise, corn being much more easily raised than grain. Thanks to Thomas Welles' providence and prosperity, milk was always plenty, so that the food of the children was wholesome and plentiful, coarse as it might now seem to their descendants. Once in a great while, as a species of luxury, molasses was allowed on their pudding. It was the case this morning. Thanksgiving required an additional luxury for the children and by the side of the red-baked earthen bowl, full of its pudding and milk, a small pewter platter with a quantity of pudding, over whose quivering sides the brown molasses was trickling was placed at each child's seat, to tempt their appetite. Butter was very sparingly used and confined mostly to the elders. It was one of the few articles which commanded a good market price, and met with a ready exchange for West Indian products.

The table this Thanksgiving morning had the addition of a savory stew of squirrels and other game which the boys had provided on the day before, but the young children had a little to do with it, for the Puritans of that period taught their little ones the self-denial of sitting where food was used by the elders, of which they could not partake.

Their meal was primitive enough. There was no table cloth, but the large oaken table shone with the polish which the strong arms and tidy character of Martha Welles had given it; the pewter platters were as bright as her eyes in her hours of gladness. The food was skillfully, neatly, though plainly prepared. If it possessed not the condiments of luxury, it had been arranged by love and contentment, and was relished by health and appetite.

Breakfast being over, the morning prayer and instruction succeeded. Thomas Welles was a good man, and a religious man, and aimed at bringing up his children in the fear of the Lord, after the good old Puritanic model. But the Church had altered in its characteristics since the days of Hooker and Stone. The belief of certain doctrines was considered of the highest importance, and, unknown to the good men of that period themselves, had usurped the place of vital religion. The piety of the Puritans was never a religion of mere forms, but when true goodness declined among them, the declension assumed the shape of an undue importance attached to mere doctrinal belief. There was everything that was orthodox in such piety, but the fervor. The understanding was more employed in prying into the nature of Christ's atonement, its extent, and its mode of application, than the heart was engaged in an affectionate surrendry of itself to him as the Saviour from sin. The reasoning powers were much more occupied in discussing the origin of depravity than the conscience was in feeling the demerit of guilt. The declension of religion in some sects is manifested by an undue weight given to the efficacy of forms. The same declension among the Puritans exhibited itself in giving an undue weight to points of doctrinal belief.

Such was the character of the period in which Thomas Welles lived. As we have said before, he was a truly religious man, yet there was not in his character or his instructions the holiness that had marked the two generations before him. The flame of vital religion was preserved unextinguished on his hearth-stone by the influence of his mother, to whom practical godliness and everyday holiness were of more importance than doctrinal dogmas.

This morning's exercise and prayer partook of the character of the period. Instead of showing to his children the goodness of God and the causes of the observance of the day, and thus leading them through the exhibitions of the mercy of their Heavenly Father to repentance and obedience, he employed the time and the prayer in endeavoring to show how, and in what sense, God was the Author of Sin. Though well educated for those days, his mind wanted that distinctive clearness on such topics which a theological system of instruction might have given him, and we must confess that he "darkened counsel" by words without knowledge. He was a man of strong feeling and tender heart when the Puritan conventionalities allowed such traits to appear and he could, with the rude eloquence of unassisted nature, have set before his children on this Thanksgiving, the beneficence of God, the favors received from him, and the unexpected and undiscovered mercies of the year, in such a striking manner, as to have interested every heart, and conducted even the youngest to a love of their Father in Heaven. But we are sadly afraid that little Grace thought more of poor Clover than of the words her father was saying, and that Prudence, Moses and Aaron obtained no definite conceptions of the character of the Deity. It was not his fault, however, so much as the fault of the age.

As the snow was deep and the weather bad, it was decided that only the father should attend meeting. Directions were given that none of the family should be seen out of the house on that day, except in the performance of necessary duties, and that everything should be kept as quiet as possible in the house.

"Grandmother, you promised to give us, to-day, an account of your younger life; as we cannot go to meeting on account of the storm, will you not do it?"

"The early account of anyone's life, my dear Martha, presents but little interest, and a repetition of its events would be hardly worth the time it would occupy. I had no losses or crosses to sustain or encounter in early life. I lived happily; grew up as other girls do; married and had children. There is nothing in such a life that will furnish romantic incidents for narration. My father, Judge Dudley, possessed property and station, and hence I was looked up to with respect and was blest with a good education."

"But, grandmother," interrupted Grace, "I thought your name was Welles. How came it to be Dudley?"

"Why, Grace, you foolish child," said Prudence, "don't you know that when girls marry they change their names to those of their husbands? Our Martha will be called Mrs. Hinsdale, when she marries Jim Hinsdale."

Martha blushed, while Grace looked up at first in wonder and then with the satisfaction of having received a new idea.

At last, with a quizzical kind of solemnity, she turned to Prudence: "Will you be called Mrs. Strong when you marry Joel?"

Prudence simpered, while her grandmother smiled and shook her head at Grace.

"You are too young yet to think of such things. But, children, I was going on to say that I have long promised to tell the boys, Moses and Aaron, the history of the saving of the Charter, and as the snow will keep them at home, I will narrate it to-day. They need the history of the past to nerve them for the trials of the future. We know not how soon they may be called upon to act for the colony."

Chapter VIII

The morning labor was soon over, and the young people assembled around the large kitchen fire. The grandmother had her usual corner with little Jeduthun on the floor at her feet. Prudence sat bolt upright with abundant Puritanic primness, holding the infant in her lap, whose cunning little red face just peeped out from the blankets around it. Moses sat in one corner, quietly mending some harness, while Aaron was busy stitching a pair of little moccasins for his favorite Grace, who watched their progress on a stool near, and was constantly interrupting the work by coaxing Aaron to let her try them on. Martha was busy at her table in her culinary preparations, but listening with eagerness to her grandmother's detail.

"I was young then," commenced the old lady, "say, five and thirty. I was living happily in the house of my husband at Hartford. Your father, children, was then a little lad, just able to go out and collect the particulars of any important news that might be floating in the street."

"But, grandmother," interrupted Grace, "was father once a little boy?"

"How foolish you are, Grace," said Prudence, "of course he was, and grandmother was once a little girl."

"Gracy does ask foolish questions, sometimes," said Aaron.

Grace looked up slightly grieved into her brother's face, though she took no notice of Prudy's attack. She made no reply but to go round and kiss her brother's cheek. Aaron patted her on the head.

"But we are always willing to answer them, even when we laugh at them."

"Grace," said her grandmother, "has always some reason for asking. She wishes information. If all children of her age should express their ignorance in words, they would as often ask as apparently foolish questions as our little Grace. I remember a young man," said she, looking hard at Aaron, "who was too shy or too careless for a long time to inquire, who thought for years that the Minister said 'Long and Short Meeting' when he read the psalms to be sung in long or short metre, and took that way of notifying the congregation of the length of the services."

Aaron blushed and laughed and took little Grace on his knee and kissed her, who nestled close to his bosom partly to hide her own shame at having asked a foolish question, and partly to console Aaron for the recollection of his own folly when he was little. Aaron felt the little girl's sympathy and pressed her still closer to him.

"To answer your question, Grace," said her grandmother, "every man on earth was once a baby like the little one on Prudence's lap. You know that you grow, so do Prudence and Aaron and all, until they become men and women, and then" — the old lady hesitated — decline, decay and death brought such a train of thought that she paused to think of their approach and mentally to utter an ejaculatory prayer for readiness and fitness.

"And then — grandmother — will they become little again? When I grow up and am the grandmother, telling stories to the little ones, will you be little like me, now?"

There was an unrestrained laugh among the other children, but the grandmother answered solemnly, "And then, they will grow old and finally die, and be buried. You have never seen death, dear Grace, and you know nothing of the end it brings to the employments of every man. But I will not chill your young blood with its anticipations this Thanksgiving morning. You will learn its reality soon enough. Besides, if we talk so much I cannot finish my story.

"You must know, children, that we are the subjects of a great king whose name is George, who lives over the ocean. To the people who settled in this Colony a former king had given a Charter — that is, a written permission to them to govern themselves by their own forms."

"Govern — govern," says Grace; "Father says he governs us when he whips us or shuts us up in the dark closet. I wonder whether the people in grandmother's time had liberty to whip themselves" — this was said in a tone which would be theatrically called — aside — and hardly interrupted the story.

"A bad king reigned in England and was determined to rule here as tyrannically as he did at home. He therefore ordered Connecticut to give up her Charter and sent Sir Edmund Andros to seize it, and to assume the government. On the morning that he and his followers rode into town, your father came running in in breathless haste, 'Mother,' said he. 'The trainbands are out and Sir Edmund Andros is coming into town by the Wethersfield road, and Master Watson has dismissed school and may I go and see the parade?' Liberty was given, with directions not to run into danger. I thought that every boy should early learn the trials to which our liberty and religion were exposed, and to witness how their fathers warded off that danger. Boys cannot learn too soon that freedom and the laws are of value to them, as well as their fathers and to witness the struggle to preserve them."

Moses looked up with flashing eyes, and sighed to himself as he thought that his lot had been cast in peaceable times. The grandmother proceeded:

"Your grandfather was one of the Magistrates and had early gone to the Court Room to resist the change of government by such means as the law had placed in his power. I was anxious on his account as well as on Thomas's and could work but little that day. Men were hurrying past to the public square — all with anxious and indignant countenances. Soon, I heard the unusual sound of a trumpet in the street, and a procession of perhaps sixty men on horseback came slowly up the street where we lived. Several soldiers with a trumpeter came first with their swords drawn and their horses and themselves dusty with travel. Ever and anon, the trumpeter would look with undisguised contempt upon the small buildings he was passing, and blow a blast of defiance to their inhabitants.

"Then came one who I knew was a nobleman by his more costly dress and haughty bearing. It was Sir Edmund Andros. He rode a large black horse, richly caparisoned. His long, slender sword was undrawn and he had no armor such as the soldiers around us wore. He had a three-cornered hat on his head, adorned with a profusion of lace, and the curls of his powdered wig hung far down his back and over his shoulders, scattering their perfume at every step of his horse. His long boot hose were drawn up over his knees. He had on a dark colored velvet coat, much embroidered, which, swinging open occasionally, displayed a richly worked vest beneath.

"There was a haughty, self willed, overbearing character stamped on every line of his countenance, and an habitual sneer upon his lip. His eye glanced with indifference or contempt upon the mean, wooden houses and rail fences of the town as he passed them and he felt little inclined doubtless to favor a people, dressed in the old fashioned costumes of the Cromwellian Republic, whose stern faces, as he rode by them, showed no excitement or enthusiasm, but a rigid determination to do what they could for the preservation of their liberties. The indifferent manner in which he moved along manifested that his scrutiny had led him to the conclusion that he had not much opposition to encounter but that this portion of his future subjects would furnish him with no congenial spirits.

"I heard afterwards that he alighted at the public house, where he was very annoying from the contempt he expressed for his accommodations, and the difficulty he made of being properly served. He continued so long at table, that the Assembly, who were waiting to hear his imperious demands, was out of all patience. After dinner, he marched haughtily into the Assembly room and took the Speaker's chair. The Governor and the Magistrates were all collected with the Assembly, resolved to try the effect of what reasons they could urge for the retention of their old mode of Government, trusting that Providence who has the hearts of all men in his hands — rulers as well as subjects — would soften his heart to grant their request to be allowed to retain their privileges. His first demand was to have the Charter of the Colony and its Records laid before him."

"Where was father all this time?"

"He became as much interested in the events of the day as the older people, and brought notes to me at home, written by my husband or my father, Judge Dudley, relative to the progress of the affair. Some of the facts I learnt from him, and others from your grandfather when he returned at night."

"Go on, grandmother," said Moses.

"Governor Treat replied to the demands of Sir Edmund by urging the supposed security of the Colonists under this charter, and their loyalty to both the present king and his brother. He described the privations and sufferings they had undergone in planting themselves here in the wilderness as a reason why they should still enjoy the privileges which King Charles had granted them. They felt that liberty under their charter was a just compensation for all that they had suffered in planting the colony. He made a long speech upon the occasion. He was an eloquent man possessing great feeling and warmth, and spoke with much vehemence.

"Thomas, on one of his visits home, when I asked him what was doing in the Court Room, said that Governor Treat was speaking with the tears running down his cheeks, and every man looking at him with pale, earnest faces while Sir Edmund was scowling at his appeals and fidgeting in his seat. He would occasionally shake his wig pettishly, Thomas said, and the powder would fly from its long curls all over his coat. This was when he dissented from the Governor's remarks. He heard his speech, however, to the end without interruption, and only said at its close 'You mistake my character wholly, if you suppose I shall treat you tyrannically. I demand your Charter simply as a recognition of my sole authority to govern all these colonies.'"

"But, grandmother," said Moses, "did Sir Edmund speak the truth? Was that his character?"

"No, my dear; his subsequent government of nearly two years was a very tyrannical one. He took away all the privileges he could from the Ministers of religion; refused permission for a tax to be raised for their support, and would not allow them to perform the rites of marriage. Well, little Grace, do you understand what I am saying?"

"Not all of it, grandmother, and I am growing sleepy. What did Sir Edmund want?"

"He wanted to take away the Charter."

"What is a Charter? Was it something good to eat or drink?"

"What a foolish question, Grace," said Aaron. "What made you think so?"

"Why, grandmother said that Governor Treat talked about the colonists having sufferings in settling Hartford. You once told me about the sufferings as you called them, of those who settled this country — that they had nothing to eat and were tired and hungry — and I did not know but what Governor Treat meant that the Charter was something to quiet those sufferings. But what is a charter, grandmother?"

"I do not know that I can make you understand it, Grace. It was a written promise made and signed by King Charles that the colonists of Connecticut should be allowed to govern themselves. It was written on parchment, rolled up, enclosed in a large case, and locked up. Do you understand me?"

"Pretty well, grandmother; but go on, I'll try to keep awake. The others will understand you, if I don't, for they are older, and they will be pleased. Won't you, Aaron?" and she kissed him again.

The old lady resumed her tale: "Judge Dudley, my father, then rose and went through the legal arguments belonging to the subject. His speech I learnt from my husband afterward. He represented the rights which the people of Connecticut had, under the voluntary grant of the King, which rights they had never forfeited by rebellion or disobedience. They had likewise received, both from the last king and the present one, assurances that, as long as they were loyal, they should not lose these privileges. He claimed that no act of disloyalty on their part had cancelled these concessions which the king had granted them. Your grandfather said that Judge Dudley was listened to with greater attention than Governor Treat had been, though with no greater effect upon his determinations. He knew the noble origin of my father and the reputation which he had acquired for the extent of his legal attainments.

"While he was speaking it grew dark, and a few candles were brought in and set on the clerk's table, together with the Charter and the Records which Sir Edmund had demanded. After the interruption which this occurrence produced, Judge Dudley resumed his speech and continued at some length, when Sir Edmund interrupted him with the declaration that his mind was made up, and that he had heard enough of their rebellious sophistry.

"As he rose at this announcement, the whole Assembly rose, and the large crowd that was standing near pressed towards the tables round which the Governor and Magistrates were sitting, and towards the Clerk's desk. Thomas said he saw Captain Wadsworth, and old Mr. Bull, and several young men of the train bands—Seymour, Nichols, Whiting, Allyn and others crowd near. The Clerk, as if by accident, snuffed out the candles that stood near him, when suddenly they were all extinguished, and the room was left in darkness. Whiting and young Wyllys were very busy in striking a light, but it was some time before they could find a tinder-box, though they called out aloud for one, and made a great deal of noise and fuss in getting it. When the candles were re-lighted, the Charter was gone from the desk. No one seemed to know who took it, or where it was, but your father said he saw Captain Wadsworth go out quick with something under his cloak, and he rather conjectured what he was hiding so closely. In an instant, every one of the young men were indignantly wondering who had been so careless as to extinguish the candles and were officiously engaged in relighting them, while the old men sat silent and grave around the council table.

"Sir Edmund was in a rage when he discovered the Charter gone, and talked of imprisonment and punishment. But the sober resolution which he saw in the faces of all around him, and the smallness of his escort prevented violence. He seized the Records and on the first blank page he wrote the word 'Finis,' and held the power of the government for two years."

"Grandmother," said Aaron, "what became of the Charter?"

"When Sir Edmund was put down and the old magistrates restored, the Charter was brought from its hiding place in the hollow of an old oak tree in Mr. Wyllys' yard, between the two Wethersfield roads, on the side of the lane that runs to the ox-pasture."

"I have seen the tree," said Moses, "Father showed it to me, when he took me to Hartford. It is talked about already in the town."

"It will still be talked about for many years, perhaps centuries, of freedom, and will live green in the memories of the future freemen of Connecticut, as a sacred relic of Liberty in past time. But the people are coming home from meeting and Martha needs the fire for the preparation of her dinner. Aaron, you had better renew the fire in the West room and we will remove thither. Your father will go through with the Thanksgiving exercises there."

Chapter IX

The Thanksgiving exercises of Thomas Welles would be thought peculiar now. He read a chapter adapted to the occasion, and then commented upon the objects of the day. He urged upon his children the idea of thanksgiving to God for temporal blessings, but did not remain long enough upon their repetition to excite the attention of the younger children to them. It would have been an excellent opportunity to have drawn their young minds to the contemplation of the constant and minute superintendence of Providence, by a repetition of the particular benefits they had personally enjoyed. Each mind would then have been rivetted upon the dealings of God with them and would have been thus gently drawn to him. But Welles was in a hurry to proceed to that part of his religious family teachings which he considered as of the highest importance — a right instruction on the doctrines of the bible. He therefore urged upon his young hearers thankfulness for the clear exposition of these doctrines — that they should be grateful to God for the proofs given them in the scriptures of His Sovereignty, the election of the faithful, their own total depravity etc., of which doctrines were true enough and important enough in their place, but their exhibition at such a time was not the best means of drawing his children into close communion with their beneficent Father in Heaven on a Thanksgiving day. The little ones slept. Those who were old enough not to fidget or gape, were thinking, we fear, of something else, and even Martha, with all her conscientiousness, could not prevent her thoughts from reverting to the probable condition of her dinner, and we are very certain that Aaron's mind was more upon the wolf-hunt of the night before. But all things have an end, so did Thomas Welles's exposition of the doctrines of religion as a theme of Thanksgiving.

We pass over the dinner as a simple one of that period. Sundown had arrived, and, after taking care of their stock, the boys were looking around for wolf-tracks in the snow.

Martha had finished her work, and, in her neat Sunday attire, was sitting at the west window, looking earnestly towards the top of the hill for the passage of anyone down the road.

At the period of which we are writing, a violent controversy had arisen in Connecticut respecting the singing of sacred music. The very few old tunes, that had been handed down by tradition and sung by ear, as the psalm or hymn was read off to the congregation by the good Deacon, did not satisfy a new generation, whose fastidious ear required something newer and better. A tremendous innovation burst upon the churches in the introduction of the mode of singing by note and in the use of new tunes contained in printed books. The congregation generally procured books and learnt the new fangled system of singing much to the indignation and grief of the older class, who resisted the innovation with all their power. The good Deacon felt that his privilege of lining the psalm was over. Others feared the introduction of tunes which had been desecrated by secular use. Many felt towards the few old tunes as if they had a spiritual authority and a divine origin equal to that of the Bible. There was much excitement all over the Colony and much ill feeling in the churches. Glastenbury early gave in her adhesion to the new music, and the change so pleased the congregation that the young people of both sexes were encouraged to attend schools for musical instruction under the new system.

Martha Welles was a beautiful singer, though not in the bravura style of the Italian imitators in the churches of modern times. Her voice was full and clear but never prominent. It was like the low tinklings of silver bells as it warbled and trilled forth some new melody. Such voices always sing to the heart rather than to the ears.

It need then hardly be said that she was now waiting for James Hinsdale to escort her to the singing school, which was over the hill about two miles nearer the river, at the place of junction of those roads where the primitive region meets the secondary, and where many of the wealthy farmers lived.

She had not to look long, for James was soon seen coming down the hill on his horse with the pilion behind him on which she had so often sat. His face was eager and animated, and, as he rode up to the house, she could not but admire his stalwart frame, and the ease with which he sat in his saddle. She was soon ready, and mounted behind him on the pilion from the high horse-block which stood in front of every house, ascended by steps for the accommodation of the women.

Let me assure you, reader, that this pilion-riding, primitive as it may appear, was no unpleasant affair. The lady placed her little arm around the gentleman's waist, and steadied herself by him. In case of danger or rapid motion, the little arm would cling the closer, and the whole body crowd near enough to be protected. Oh! pilion-riding was a pleasant institution! — there was such an idea of protection on the one hand and support on the other — such an acknowledgment of man's physical superiority and such a delight in trusting to it, that no modern mode of travelling can equal it!

Our ancestors went to meeting in that way. The farmer and his wife behind him on one of the old team horses, and the older brother and the sister on the other. While the little boys and girls trudged on afoot, with their Sunday shoes in their hand, to put on when they came in sight of the meeting-house. The right arm of the old dame steadied her as she rode by her grasp on her husband's coat, while the left held a bunch of dill or fennel to keep her awake in meeting. The small Bible and hymn book were in her husband's capacious pockets or in her own. The slow progress of the tired farm horses that had been laboring all the week prevented any disarrangement of the folds of the chintz or the silk dress kept only for the Sabbath's uses. As they jogged along, the old man would shake his head at the frolicsome children by the side of the road, who stopped to chase the goslings into the pond, or pick the berries or young winter greens as they passed — the kindest of the boys handing up to the elder sister, who so often took care of him, a large bunch of that spicy vegetable for her to chew in the singer's seat. This was the primitive style. We are richer and more refined now; are we any happier?

As soon as an elevation in the road left James Hinsdale leisure for conversation beyond the mere ordinary remarks that had been made, he commenced a cheerful and almost triumphant tone, which sadly belied the real fear that was gnawing at his heart:

"Well, dear Martha, I hope you will be ready by the time the new year comes in, to allow me to call you mine. My new house is all prepared and the new fashioned loom placed in the weaving room, so situated that while I am at work, I can look in on your cheerful kitchen, and see you busy there. The farm, too, is in first rate order, and I am strong" — he stretched himself up in his stirrups as if conscious of his personal strength, and struck the horse slightly with the little willow twig he carried in his hand — "I can earn enough in both employments to amply support us and whatever God may send us. Moses too has promised, and so has Uncle Sim, to come and help me on the farm when weaving business presses. So, dear Martha, you have only to say the word. I shall go to Hartford to buy all the store things I need."

He could not see Martha's face or he would have perceived the struggle on her countenance that was going on in her bosom. The tear started into her eye and slowly stole down her cheek as she replied with a sigh:

"Indeed dear James, you must not urge me. My duty is elsewhere, and God knows how difficult it is to say what I have said, that I cannot leave my home and the care of my father and the little ones there. My mother as you well know, is feeble. Her weakness had increased with her last three children, and each year she grows less able to bear the weight of the cares of her large family. Grandmother's bodily strength has all gone. She cannot work, although she can take mother's place in the moral training of the children. Somebody must do the work of such a family. Is it not my duty as the eldest? Say, dear James, is it right and proper for me to leave my father's family now? When Prudence is older, or Mother recovers her health, the case will be different. Much as I wish to be the mistress of your new house, and labor for your happiness in one room, while you are laboring for my support in another, I cannot feel that it is my duty to leave my father's house at present."

James spoke rather angrily: "Does your father think it right to keep you as a slave forever?"

"Do not speak in that tone, dear James. It is my own estimate of my own duty that governs me. Who shall labor in the house for that dear father who has labored so hard for me — or for that sick mother to whom I owe all that I know which is worth knowing — or for those brothers who are ever ready to assist me — or for those little children who look up to me to do for them what a mother can do? No, no, James, my duty is at home."

"Martha, Martha, you do not love me or you would not so decide."

"James, you know I love you. I have said that to you which I can never say to another man. You have had the first kiss from my lips which man ever took — no one else will ever have the like. It is sad to see you feel so, and to hear you say so to one who loves you as I do" — and she pressed closer to him as she spoke, and the arm which encircled his waist trembled as it grasped him tighter — "I could sacrifice life to you but not duty. I beg of you not to pain me by any such wrong thoughts."

"Well, Martha," said James, in a cold, hard tone, "there is a world of adventure before me in these unsettled times, in which I can forget your decision."

Martha made no reply, but the tears silently rolled over her cheeks as she rode on in the darkness and amid the silence of her companion.

The singing school was little enjoyed by either. The new Solfawing taught them by their master could not interest them, and they blundered at the questions he put to them, and added but little to the music of the choir as the notes and intervals were sung and repeated. Near the close of the evening, the master gave out a new tune to be learnt, of a simple plaintive minor air, to the words,

'How vain are all things here below;
How false, and yet how fair'
Each pleasure hath its poison too!
And every sweet, a snare!

To show them the character of the melody, he sang it over himself in a low tone, and the air and the words went directly to Martha's heart. All through the night and the next day, did that simple melody find its echo in her bosom and seemed to be sung by angel voices in her ear. She sang it at her domestic work in the morning. It mingled with the hum at her spinning wheel. She could hear it repeated in the sigh of the November wind through the leafless trees. It was chanted to her in the distant murmur of the swollen brook, and her own voice echoed it as she dipped her pail in the stream. She felt that, hereafter, all nature would sing it to her, until the winds moaned it over her grave. But she never swerved from the regular line of her duty: and so it went on from day to day and week to week through the long winter. James called no more, and Martha felt that his love was dying away. No one seemed to see the sacrifice she was making but Moses, and he redoubled his kindness and his attentions. He rode with her to singing school, where James came no longer, and to meeting, and was all that an affectionate brother could be, but with no allusion to the cause of her depression.

"Grandmother," says Grace, one night, when preparing for bed, "why don't we see now, as we did once, the little holes in Martha's cheeks? They looked so cunning when she smiled that I always wanted to kiss them. She was always good natured when I saw them, and I often thought when I was littler than I am now, as little as 'Duthe, that they were the prints of the angels' fingers that kissed her when she was asleep, for never being cross. Why don't we see them now?"

Chapter X

During the month of December there came on one of those long, terrific snow-storms which occasionally visit New England and last, with all their changes of wind, for three days. The day had been bright and pleasant, and the male inmates of our farm by Roaring Brook had been employed in cutting wood in the forest and sledding it home for the family supply. As the afternoon advanced, the sky began to be overcast and the sun to wade through a mass of vapor. A large circle or halo in the leaden sky soon surrounded that luminary, and, as night approached, two mock suns, one on each side of the true sun, were marked distinctly in the sleety vapor, each with its own small halo. The children gazed at the phenomenon with wonder not unmixed with fear. Even Aaron asked whether it indicated war, and Grace enquired whether they were young suns just hatched out, and whether they would shine in the night time. The father answered Aaron abruptly by saying that all such appearances indicated a violent storm, while the grandmother endeavored to explain to Grace the philosophical cause of the appearance but we fear with little success.

In the evening, the wind began to blow from the North East and the snow to fall; and, in the morning, it was evident that a violent snow storm had commenced. Thanks to his rigid supervision and forethought, Thomas Welles was prepared for the storm, and ready to assist his neighbors. His stock was all housed, but had to be driven to the Brook in the forenoon for water — a job in which the boys delighted. Their spirits seemed to rise with the storm, and, though the day was intensely cold and the snow blinding, they were active in their own duties, and were soon prepared to see that some of their poor neighbors were properly cared for. So violent was the wind and so heavy the fall of snow that the air was full and there was no view even as far as the Brook.

The storm lasted two days from the North East. Towards evening of the second day, the wind lulled, and, in the night changed to the North West, from which point it blew violently all the next day and changed the direction and situation of all the huge snow banks which the storm had formed.

On the evening of the second day, as all the family after supper were gathered around the huge kitchen fire, the men rather sleepy from their violent exertions during the day, Grace, who was warming her feet preparatory to going to bed, burst out with "Grandmother, does God send the snow?"

"Certainly, Grace, God sends every thing."

"But what does God send the snow for? It is cold and makes Aaron and Moses work hard, and covers up Mr. Smith's sheep, and blows into Mr. Saunders barn and kills his little calf. The snow does not do any body any good, what does God send it for? Does God love to make us unhappy? I could n't go out doors today, and could n't go to school, and it seemed as if I should freeze."

"Such kind of evils are sent into the world as punishment for sin, dear Grace. Had there been no sin, there would have been no snow, and no freezing cold, but it would have been always spring."

"Oh how delightful! Sin, sin," said she, after a pause. "Adam made us all sin, father says — how naughty Adam was."

The father aroused himself at this allusion to one of his favorite doctrines: "Yes, Grace," said he, "Adam sinned, and we are all totally depraved through his sin. I am glad to see you remember your religious instructions so well."

Grace took no notice of the commendation for something else seemed working in her mind.

"Father, how came Adam to sin? Why did n't God make him stop, and then the world would n't have been so wicked and so unhappy? Could n't God have done it?"

"God is all powerful and could do anything, my child."

"Why did n't he then?"

Welles paused for a while. At first, he was about to answer in Paul's words, "but who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?" but he remembered the peculiar character of Grace's enquiring mind and replied:

"God surely could have hindered Adam from sinning, but he permitted or allowed it for wise purposes connected with the exhibition of his glory in the salvation of man."

"Permitted — allowed —" said Grace to herself, as if pondering on the meaning of the terms, for that was her habit when she heard a word she did not quite understand; "but why did God permit it? Is God wicked?"

"God allowed sin to enter the world that he might show forth his glory in his indignation against it and his mercy in pardoning it."

Grace appeared unsatisfied with this answer. She did not understand its purport at all, and she felt herself yet unanswered. Most children would have dismissed it from their minds under the feeling, "I shall know what it means when I am older." But Grace was differently constituted and remained pondering the whole subject, and, as the wind whistled without, wondered whether God was good.

Prayers were attended, in which Thomas Welles took occasion to go over the grounds of the introduction of sin into the world as the means of the greater glory to God.

The children were then sent to bed; Martha also retired, and the wife, yet feeble from her confinement, went into the East room with her infant, leaving Welles alone with his mother. That excellent woman never interfered in the religious teaching of the father, or ever opposed them when the children were present, though from her superior education she had advantages over him. She now mildly said:

"Thomas, does not your theory make God the author of sin?"

"Is it not the teaching of our church and of the Bible, that God, though all powerful to prevent it, permitted sin to enter the world as the best means for the exhibition of his own glory? I make God the author of sin no farther than this. But what is your opinion?"

"I have an objection to that doctrine, even if the church does teach it. It makes God willing to introduce misery into the world, because it will redound eventually to his glory. Does it not impeach his benevolence? Does it not present him in a selfish light to children?"

"How do you account for it, then?"

"I suppose that the Deity had no other choice than to govern man as a mere machine or as a free agent. If he chose the former alternative, man would never be a moral being or capable of appreciating the moral excellencies of Jehovah. If he took the latter, he must, of necessity, when he made him a free agent, give him the power of choice between sin and holiness. If man chooses sin it is under that voluntary freedom which he possesses as an independent though created being. Man could not be free without this power. The choice is a voluntary one, and he is therefore punishable for it, and benevolence as well as the glory of God is manifested in the plan of salvation."

"Well, mother," said Welles, rising and taking his candle to go into the East room, "if my doctrine attacks the benevolence of God, yours seems equally to attack his power."

Before retiring, the grandmother, as was her custom, opened the door of the little West bed room, where the children slept, to see that they were both quiet, when she found Grace wide awake and her pillow wet with tears.

"Grandmother," said Grace, "God is not wicked, is he?"

"No, my dear child. It is God that gives you this warm bed, while the wind is howling over the hills. It is from his goodness that you have all that you want."

"I know it, grandmother, and I have been thinking how naughty I have been to him to feel that he could be wicked. But Grandmother, why does he make it snow?"

"There are many things, Grace, about his arrangement of the seasons, and his government by general laws, that you cannot yet understand. As the world now moves, if there were no winter, there could be no summer. Besides, God sends snow to rouse us up to industry. Are not Moses and Aaron in better health, to-night, for ranging about in the snow-storm and breasting its fury, than they would have been if they had been shut up?

"How bright they looked as they came in, and how sound they will sleep to-night. They went to help their neighbors and enjoyed the luxury of doing good. God sends many evils upon us to teach us how to help each other, and our own hearts are thus made better, and we are more like Christ who 'went about doing good.' The snow too is needed to cover up the grain and the roots of the grass from the cold. These deep banks will lie late in the spring upon your violet bed and will protect the tender plants from the cold air, all winter. But the great object of all these occurrences which seem to produce misery is to show us that our happiness is not on this earth. We would become too much attached to this world if we had no trials or misfortunes and would forget the heaven where Christ dwells, where there is no cold or snow, no tears or death. God is good even in those dealings with us which we call evil."

The child's eyes sparkled as her grandmother proceeded. She forgot her theological difficulties as she contemplated that aspect of the Character of God, and laid her head upon the pillow with a renewed love to her Heavenly Father.

The day after the storm was one of business and labor with the men, and Grace fully realized how much a snow storm increased the mutual good will of the community. There were paths to be dug, and Moses and Aaron were up at the first light, to finish all their own before breakfast, so that, as soon as the stock was taken care of, they could go and dig out the paths for Widow Wright whose small house lay at the bottom of the hill and was almost covered with the snow. They made her a path to the Brook so that she could go for water, and they bedded and watered and then milked her single cow, and cleared a path for her to her wood pile. As soon as this duty was over, the teams were taken out, and, in connection with the whole neighborhood, the roads were opened in all directions.

The day was a busy and a happy one, and at night Grace thought that God was good in sending snow, if it thus banded together in friendship a whole neighborhood and taught them this mutual dependence.

"Benevolence — the love of doing good," said her grandmother, "is God's great characters, and whatever tends to increase this quality in man is acceptable to God."

Chapter XI

The early colonists of Connecticut were in the enjoyment of a happier condition than ordinarily falls to the lot of pioneers in a new country. This was particularly true of Hartford and its neighboring towns. The soil of the Connecticut River valley was rich and easily cultivated. The freshets of the rivers had made many meadows without any forest growth on them, and there were many cleared intervals which the Indians had burnt over for their own cultivation and convenience. This remark, though it would not apply to the valley of the Roaring Brook was true of the western slope of the Eastbury hills.

The Hartford colonists were free, likewise, from the hostile incursions of the Indians. The most powerful tribes were at a distance from them, and their villages were never burnt, as was the case higher up the river. There was some individual suffering of course. Many privations had to be endured and many hardships encountered by the early settlers. But their crops were abundant; their cattle met with good pasturage, and they were never threatened with famine as some of the other colonists were. Their government too was the freest then known in the world. Except in the two years of Sir Edmund Andros's rule, there never was a time when the freemen of Connecticut did not elect their own rulers, whether executive, judicial or legislative. There never was a time when they were not governed by laws of their own formation. No foreign authority was ever extended over them. The Kings of Great Britain seemed to forget their existence, and they presented the anomalous appearance of a colony, perfectly free and really independent, while nominally subject to the mother country. The king was looked up to, not as a sovereign but as a protector, and many of the leading politicians went so far as to assert that they owed no allegiance to him, but what was voluntary on their part. They received no favors from his bounty. They repaid him with no taxes or excises. They assisted him in his American wars, more for their own protection than for his benefit, and they sent their troops under their own commanders. Their Governors were citizens of the colony of their own choosing not men sent from England by the sovereign there, and the authority which these Governors exercised was precisely the same with that now exercised. Indeed, the Revolution made not the least change in the internal polity of Connecticut, and the Colony became the independent State without the slightest alteration in her form of government. The Federal authority protected her then, as the King had done before.

One of the greatest causes of the peace, quietness and independence of the Connecticut colony was, that they were not subject to any Proprietary government at any period. This was a source of much trouble to many of the colonies and a drawback to their prosperity. It was otherwise in Connecticut. The inhabitants alone were owners of the soil, with no rents to pay to English proprietors, and no laws to receive from any Board of Control. Hence, the whole history of our beloved state is that of a Republic from its earliest days. But we have digressed too much. We are not writing a history of Connecticut.

The settlers of Hartford County were never much troubled by wild beasts. In Hartford itself, there never was any uneasiness on that topic. In the locality which our tale commemorates, a few bears had been seen, and an occasional panther prowled through the forests. There were no high mountains near enough to shelter these animals, and they were easily hunted down and destroyed. Some wolves remained which were often troublesome in their attacks on the sheep and other animals of the farm.

The wolf which had been followed over the neighboring hills on the night when he feasted on poor Clover, had made incursions to almost every farm house and had levied contributions for his living upon the whole settlement. The great snow storm, memorable even in that snowy region, had rather checked his depredations, so that, when he recommenced his ravages, it was with a ravenous appetite. His plunderings called out the indignation of the young men, and an engagement was made to follow his tracks and put an end to him at the next incursion he should make. Uncle Sim Hale agreed to join the boys, and James Hinsdale cast the whole of his energetic and impulsive spirit into the enterprise.

An opportunity was soon afforded. A sheep was found, one morning, in the Roaring Brook valley, mangled and nearly consumed, and the tracks through the snow were fresh and easily followed.

The company was soon collected and the pursuit led them far to the North East in the mountainous region, near what are now the Balton quarries. Over this ledge the wolf had climbed, and his tracks suddenly ceased in a deep ravine beyond. The dogs were at fault and the men scattered to find the track.

"The critter," said Uncle Sim Hale, "has got a den som'er on the side of that 'ar ledge. Boys, some of you go below and look up, while Jim Hinsdale and I foller the brow of the hill and look down."

A shout from below soon apprised the hunters that the enemy had been seen. He had disappeared behind some huge rocks covered with snow. The den in which he lay was merely a projection of one of the slaty ledges about ten feet from the ground from under which he had pawed away the snow sufficiently to give him a dry place to lie down in and sleep. The snow and some scattered rocks covered the entrance, and thus secured him from a bullet below, where the dogs were barking in vain.

Uncle Hale went round to a path down the ledge and joined the hunters below, but he could find no chance of putting a bullet in the enemy. Several shots were fired at the entrance to frighten him out, but he was too cunning to be aroused from his lair.

James Hinsdale was so far above the ledge that he could not see the entrance or the position of the rocks, and was continually shouting, with much impatience, for a description of the locality. He could not make them hear him, or understand their shouts in reply — all that he could perceive was the direction in which they fired and to which they pointed.

"Well," said he, impatiently, "if they won't tell me where he is, I can find out myself."

Examining the priming and flint of his gun, he strapped it to his back by the belt that held his hunting knife, shot bag and powder horn, and commenced descending the cliff immediately above where he supposed the wolf lay. In vain Uncle Hale called out to him to stay his hasty and perilous descent and beckoned him to go round; in vain were the shouts and gesticulations of the whole party.

The height of the cliff was some eighty feet and the projecting shelf under which the animal lay was some ten feet above the level of the valley and though its top presented a firm foothold, the slope was too steep to allow its easy ascent from beneath.

"Hold on Jim," shouted Hale. "The snow is crusted and slippery and if your foot fails, you 'll be among us in a jiffy, with either broken legs or neck, or else pretty considerably smashed. 'T is fool-hardy to venture!"

Jim could not understand the words, but the very gestures and anxieties of his companions urged him on to dare something which they considered dangerous, and Uncle Hale's protestations, the substance of which only reached him, produced just the contrary effect intended. The feeling was, "I 'll do something that Uncle Sim will call difficult and dangerous."

Grasping the roots of a shrub which hung over the ledge, he let himself down carefully until his feet touched a slight projection of the rock clear of snow. He then turned partly round with his face away from the cliff, still grasping the roots with one hand. The place where he stood had a width of only the length of his foot; of course, if he stooped he would lose his balance. His eyes scanned the neighboring parts of the ledge with care. The snow was covering most of its projections. The rock — a micaceous slate, famous since for its uses — was in strata making an angle with the surface, and, as it happened, the upper broken edges of the angle projected here on the edge of the ledge. He perceived that the platform on which he stood widened some feet farther on sufficiently to allow free motion, but was still narrower between his present position and the one he had selected.

With no hesitation — for the whole operation occupied much less time than we have taken in its relation — he proceeded to crawl on the face of the cliff on a projection not more than four inches wide in some places. We call it crawling — for it could hardly be anything else — for his face was close to the perpendicular cliff and his hands were grasping the naked projections above him as he shoved his feet along on the narrow shelf.

Those below were held in breathless suspense. Where they stood, they could not see even the ledge on which his feet rested, though they saw his aim, and it seemed to them that at every side way movement he made in shoving one foot on the snowy margin, and then dragging the other after it, that he would fall backward and be dashed to pieces on the debris of the mountain around them. Their shouting ceased and each eye was anxiously fixed.

But James Hinsdale knew what he was about. He had no fear in his composition — not enough even for ballast. He never relinquished his grasp with one hand until he had a firm hold with the other. But the task of holding on was a difficult one. The snow made the slate slippery, and often, if his fingers had not possessed the gripe of a vice, he would have been lost.

He reached the wide ledge, however, where he could turn, and, without waiting to rest or take breath, let himself down into the limbs of a gnarled birch tree that was growing upon the face of the rock. The descent was now easy until he reached the ledge immediately above the wolf's den. He heard the animal growl, and, in his eagerness to descend that cliff, he slipped and slid down to the very entrance of the cave. The wolf, seeing him slide, sprang out and seized him by the shoulder as soon as he touched the ground. Happily it was the left shoulder, but the animal's tusks went deep into the flesh, and the blood began to discolor the snow. James was paralyzed at first — the suddenness of the slide and the shock of the attack bore him down on his back against one of the rocks that concealed the mouth of the cave, and it was a second or so before he rallied his thoughts. The pain of the arm aroused him and he reached for his knife, but the animal lay on that and he could not grasp it. He seized the wolf by the throat with his right hand and endeavored to choke her as she lay upon him. With the immense strength he possessed, he straightened himself upon his feet, still holding the wolf by the throat and feeling for his knife with his left hand, he plunged it into the wolf's side. But his left hand was almost powerless and he gave his fierce enemy but a slight wound.

This motion of his brought the combat within sight of those below. Some sprang and endeavored in vain to ascend the slippery cliff. Now was the time for Uncle Hale's coolness in moments of danger to show itself. He brought his rifle to his eye as quick as thought. He waited an instant until the struggle brought the animal's head out of the line of young Hinsdale's body, and then fired. The ball came crashing thro' the back part of the wolf's skull. Hinsdale even felt the air of the bullet as it passed so near him. The grasp of his enemy relaxed; he tore him off from his shoulder and threw the body over the face of the cliff and was in an instant sliding after it into the midst of his companions. The wound was bound up at once and the party returned to the settlement, carrying their foe in triumph.

"Jim Hinsdale," said Uncle Hale, as they passed alone over the Eastbury hill, "you've been a plaguey rash boy today. True grit never runs risks. The den of that varmin wasn't more 'n ten feet higher 'n our heads and we were cutting poles to make a ladder to get up there. What on 'arth led you to fly in the face of your Creator so riskily. You mought as well tried to have crawled down the cla'-boards of Eastbury meetin'-hus. Though I must say, Jim, you wormed your way down them rocks like an old hunter. 'T was pesky risky however. Remember, boy, that God give us life for other uses than to run such chances for a mere wolf. Your keen eyes and strong limbs were given to you to use for the good of the world. You are a brave lad, Jimmy, but an all-fired rash one."

The old man shook his head as he spoke, but there was a gleam of exaltation under his grey eye-brow that belied his words, and in his secret heart he loved Jim Hinsdale the better for his very rashness.

"But Uncle Sim, wasn't you afraid when you shot at the wolf that you would hit me?"

The old man stopped his long strides in the snow path and brought his rifle down hard on the crust. His eyes flashed and his cheek and brow colored, and his lips closed firmly.

"Jim Hinsdale, I've knowed you from childhood, and I never knowed you say a saucy thing to me afore. When was I ever deceived in my aim? When was I ever scary about hitting anything else but what I shot at? I was as sure of hitting that critter's head, as I should be of hittin' that old chestnut yonder. I am not so old yet that my eye fails as my finger trembles on the trigger, or my hand shakes as I hold the rifle. Ther's enough left of the old man yet to kill a wolf even if he was only two inches from your head."

It was in vain that James protested that he had no intention of offending and was certainly rejoiced at the result, but nothing that he could say could mollify the old hunter, and the rest of the tramp over the Eastbury hills was passed in silence.

The story which Moses and Aaron told when they reached home caused the blanching of Martha's cheek and the tear to start in her eyes, and she slept not until thanksgivings were uttered to God for the safe return of her lover from such danger.

There were no tears however on Grace's pillow, that night. "Grandmother," said she, starting up with a flushed face and sparkling eye, as her grandmother came in, "may I not be glad because the naughty wolf is dead that ate poor Clover? Is it wicked to say so, grandmother?"

Chapter XII

The winter slowly passed away. The snowbanks gradually yielded to the power of the sun and each day found them diminished. The March mornings are delightful after such a winter. The cold of the night has frozen the snow banks, so that children and often even men can pass over them as if they were rocks. The morning sun is bright and scatters legions of diamonds on the hard snow as the child runs over its surface. The rough reign of winter is over and the promise of spring is near. Oh, these mornings, how delightful, how invigorating they are!

Not so the evenings. The snow is then soft, the air chilly from the melting of the day, and the invigoration of the frosty but bright morning has departed.

"Boys," said Thomas Welles, after the recurrence of a few of these beautiful mornings, "it is fine sap-weather now. This freezing nights and thawing in the day time must make the sap run famously. Get out the sap troughs from the shed and load them on the small sled. Martha will wash them out before we start. I'll take the large gimblet in my pocket, and Aaron do you run down to the large bunch of elder near the Brook and pick out enough of the straight stocks to make our taps out while Moses is hitching the oxen on to the sled. We'll go over to the South East hill. The maples there are on the southern slope and will be the first to feel the sun. When we get to sugaring off, Grace, Martha may lead you and Jeduthun over. It will not be a long walk."

Modern improvements have, of course, been introduced into sugar-making, by which greater attention is paid to neatness in the collection of the sap, and to expedition in the manufacture of the sugar. But these were primitive times. The wooden trough rinsed in the running brook and the hollow tap of elder were the collectors and recipients of the sap, and a potash kettle answered for the boiling. By these materials sufficient sugar was made to answer the wants of the family.

It was an hilarious time for the young people. The boys worked faithfully, but they had many a frolic with the young girls who invaded their premises for a taste of the sap, and they themselves often joined in the walk to the neighboring maple orchards to watch the progress of others.

On the morning of the stated day, Martha sat out after breakfast with her little brother and sister, leaving Prudence at home with the baby. The walk in the bright morning along the hard snowbanks by the side of the fences was exhilarating, and Martha felt the influence of the spring sun and the bracing air, and was more cheerful than she had been for months. The path she had taken was along the edge of a bare hill which gave her an extended prospect over the valley of the Roaring Brook, and she soon perceived a young man hurrying over the fields towards her. Her heart told her who it was, even before it seemed possible that she could have distinguished the figure. There is an instinct about such things where love is genuine that can hardly be accounted for on ordinary principles.

Martha walked slowly with the children until Hinsdale overtook her. He appeared somewhat embarrassed as he joined her, as if he was forcing his mind up to a certain pitch of resolution, and was fearing her presence would weaken his determination. He had started to meet her, as he saw her walking toward the sugar-orchard, with considerable elevation of spirit. He had even muttered, as he leaped over the fences above the hard snow banks, in order to reach her soon, that no woman even such as she was, should enthrall him any longer.

"No," said he, snapping his fingers, "her power is over. I have but to tell her so. Henceforward a life of roving adventure or of military exploits for me."

But as he moved on and saw her beyond him, he felt the resolution like Bob Acres' courage, oozing out of the ends of his fingers. His indignation melted and his irritation evaporated. When he saw her standing with that patient meekness of aspect and that quiet calmness of look, which the consciousness of duty performed had stamped upon her countenance and her whole demeanor, his love burst forth afresh, and all the planned speeches he had been conning in his mind were put to flight. Hence his uncertainty.

She addressed him first and bade him good morning with one of those lovely smiles that called out all her charms. She was never called beautiful only when she smiled, and then the exceeding loveliness of her classical mouth, the bewitching hue of her blue eyes and the fascinating influence of her dimples were all manifested in their power. It was like a gleam of sunlight over a sober landscape of rocks, waters and woods.

We pass over the common remarks by which all such embarrassing conversations are preceded. It was difficult for Hinsdale to find an opportunity to express what was dwelling on his mind, when she observed:

"We have seen little of you lately, James! Why is it so?" and she looked up anxiously into his troubled face.

"It has depended on yourself, dear Martha. It is in your power to enable me to see you all the while, as you well know."

A deeper shade of sadness passed over Martha's face, as she said: "I have told you my reasons already, James. You well know they are those of duty. Why are you not willing to be patient and wait until the ordering of Providence renders what you desire proper. A few years will not be a long time."

She looked down as she spoke and her hand trembled as she held little Jeduthun on the snow.

James appeared irritated: "It is the same old story, Martha — that of duty. If you loved me as you once said you did, the dictates of duty would not interfere with your wish to make me happy. I cannot wait years for that happiness. I want it now."

"I will not reproach you, James, for saying that I do not love you. I have said all that a modest maiden should say on that subject. God knows that I love you only too well," and the tears started to her eyes, "but God would never bless a love that was built on a sacrifice of duty, or bless a union formed on a neglect of what I owe the little ones which Providence has given me to guide. I cannot say this as I want to say it to you, James, for I am an ignorant, country-bred girl, and cannot express what I feel. You have only to wait a little and I promise you I will be yours."

"Wait, I cannot wait. I will not wait. You are only trifling with me. You are a cold hearted, fickle girl. Once for all, Martha Welles, will you marry me before April closes? Speak definitely: yes or no. I want no reasons or excuses. Give me a direct answer."

Martha turned as pale as the snow around her. "Do not be rash, dear James, and form such hasty resolutions. Do hear my reasons and look at my real situation. Oh God, help me to convince him of my duty!"

"I have heard reasons about duty long enough and wish only to hear a definite answer to my question, Will you marry me before May comes in?"

Martha was silent. The struggle between love and duty was almost too much for her frame. Her own deep-seated, long-felt love was on his side; her inclinations were treacherous defenders of the citadel of her heart. The contest was terrible and her frame shook under it. She pressed both her hands on her breast to repel the rising faintness that was creeping over her, and in so doing took the hand away which Jeduthun held.

"Sister Martha," said the child, looking her up in the face, "have I been a naughty boy? Won't you lead me yet over the snow banks? Mayn't I take hold of your frock, if I can't of your hand?" and the little one clung to her skirts.

"No, Jeduthun," she said, turning to the child, "I will not desert you. James Hinsdale, you have your answer. My duty is here."

"Very well," said he, "Martha Welles. We part then here forever. I go to war and adventure, in other lands if necessary, to drive the image of such a fickle girl as you from my heart. An active life and an honorable name must compensate me for your love, or an unknown grave in some distant battlefield be all that is left to me. Farewell." He sprang over the neighboring fence and was soon lost to her sight.

Martha sat down upon a stump that projected above the snow, and covered her face with her hands. Her sight grew dizzy and everything seemed turning black around her. "This will not do," she said, "I must not faint. O God, help me!"

The children looked on in astonishment and grief. Little Jeduthun began to whimper, while Grace stepped close to her sister and whispered, "Isn't Jim Hinsdale a naughty boy, sister Martha, to scold you so and make you cry? I mean to hate him, I do."

The voices of the children recalled her to herself, and she smiled upon them with a sickly smile, but rose and went on with them. "Ah," thought she, "little ones, you never will know what you have cost me!"

She checked herself, and would not even express in words, even in her own mind, the wrongful thought. It was turned into a mental prayer for the support of heaven.

The children were gratified by their visit to the sugar orchard and drank the sap, and tasted the hot molasses, and wandered around from one trough to another, under the huge maples, till the sun warned them to return, which they did by the snow path the team had made, the banks being now too soft.

Martha said nothing to her friend upon her return, but it would have been impossible for her to have related a single particular respecting the maple orchard. Her mind had been elsewhere.

Chapter XIII

The principally settled part of Eastbury then lay on the south slope of the mountain that forms the watershed of the Connecticut. Some of the farms were on the west side of the hill where the sandstone formation commences; the others were on the south slope or in the valleys of the brooks that ran from the series of granite hills, that bounded the basin of the Connecticut. To accommodate all, the meeting-house and the school house were placed between the principal settlements on the first bend of the road or rather of the mountains to the East. The school house was over a mile from Roaring Brook and the dwelling of Thomas Welles.

Late in the month of May when the leaves were fluttering their soft, early green in the balmy southern breeze, and the songs of the birds were filling the woods with their choral harmony, little Grace had permission to take Jeduthun to school with strict injunctions to see that he behaved well.

Their mother was sitting at the West door when they went out, nursing her baby, now large enough to be a plaything for Grace. Martha was in the kitchen, busy at her cheese-making, and could hardly find time to bid the little ones good morning and tell them to be good children, as they started in the bright morning for school. Their father, with Moses and Aaron could be seen planting on the South East hill, while the long string of cows were engaged in cropping the dewy grass among the alders near the brook.

"Grandmother, grandmother," said Grace, "Mother says I may take 'Duth to school to-day, and he says he will tell the school-marm that he knows big A and round O and crooked S, and I hope he will learn some more letters to-day; and Prudy is to take the dinner basket, and I am to lead little 'Duth," and she kissed him as she spoke and rearranged his little hat and apron for the twentieth time.

"I do wish Aaron went to school in the summer as he did in the winter, and then he would take care of us."

"Just as if I was n't old enough to take care of you as well as Aaron," said Prudence.

"God bless you," said the grandmother, "and make you good children. We must all help each other in our turns in this world. Aaron led you to school and now you lead Jeduthun."

"And 'Duth will lead little Sister. How pretty it is to help each other."

"Kiss me, dear Grace," said the mother before you go, "and don't walk too fast for your little brother. Prudence, take good care of them, and see that each has a proper part of the dinner and that they have fresh water at noon. Good bye," and the mother followed them with her eyes, as they passed over the little eminence to the West of the house. She sighed heavily as they left her sight, and then again sighed at her own weakness. A silent prayer ascended for them and then for her own feeble strength which returned so slowly. The grandmother observed the sigh and the look upward. She understood both.

"Your children and your health, my dear daughter, are in God's hands. He will manage both better than you fear. Do not be discouraged at the slowness with which you gain strength. It will come on in its season, by God's blessing, under this delightful weather."

"I am sinful to murmur, I know, dear mother, but, I feel sad as I see this group of immortals around me with so little power on my part to educate them for God and future usefulness. I know that you assist me all you can, and Martha slaves herself for them; but oh that I was as strong as once to work for them, and struggle with them, and pray that they might be a Christian family brought up in the fear of God. But, dear mother, it was not that alone which caused me to sigh. As the children's forms were lost over the brow of the hill, there came a sudden presentiment over me that I had looked the last upon them — that I should never see them again. It is my weak state of nerves I know, and I must strive against it, but it weighs my spirits down most sadly."

"They are in God's hands, my dear. Leave them there submissively," said the grandmother, with even more than her usual solemnity. "But it is strange that the same impression floated over my mind as Grace bade me good bye, that that voice was never more to reach my ear. Such warnings are sent for some useful purpose — at present undoubtedly, to lead us to trust the more implicitly in all God's dealings with us."

The forenoon was a solemn one in Thomas Welles's house. Martha was too much engrossed with the memory of James's desertion to sing at her work, as was her wont, and the silent prayer of her mother and grandmother ascended continually to heaven.

We shall not undertake to describe all the actions of the children at school — how very precise and demure Prudence sat up on her bench — or how tired the little ones were in sitting on the rough plank seats with no backs. Prudence was horribly shocked, several times, at Grace's yawning and sitting so crooked on her seat that her knees were seen. She would persist too in taking off her shoes, stockings she had none. Prudence was horrified, likewise, at the impropriety of little Jeduthun's falling asleep and rolling off the bench several times, and at his exclaiming aloud, "Grace, see that squirrel!" as one appeared on the chestnut tree opposite the open window. Poor little things! It was hard work to sit hours in such a pleasant day, with the sun just shining through the thick trees in the forest near them, and the birds singing merrily, and the squirrels hopping about from tree to tree in their sight!

But this was one of the foundations of the love of order, of self-denial, of self-sacrifice, and obedience to the constituted forms of law on which our ancestors built up the training of their children.

The school madam was a kind woman and understood children better than Prudence and only smiled at these departures from propriety.

At noon, the children ate their dinners by the side of a spring on the edge of the forest, on some granite boulders with moss. It was a beautiful place. The old oaks stretched their limbs and waved their thousand leaves between them and the sun, while to the West it was cleared for some miles, and the air came up the mountain to breathe upon their hot brows. The road in front of them was on the side hill, and the opened meadow on the other side enabled Grace to look far over the low-land forests, sleeping lazily in the noon sun, with hardly a breath to ruffle their tops. She took her little sun bonnet off and bathed her hot head in the cooling stream, and then gently washed her little brother, and fixed a pillow for him on a projecting root of the old oak and watched him as he slept, overpowered by the heat and confinement of the day.

Prudence had left them, and had gone with Joel Strong in quest of honeysuckle apples in the wood, and Grace felt a motherly responsibility in the care of quiet little Jeduthun. She ate her share of the dinner, reserving one large apple, the last of the winter's stock, for her brother's share, when he should awake. As she sat thus, brushing the flies from his face, or gazing down on the bright leaves of the valley forest, wondering whether Eden, of which her grandmother had told her, could have been more beautiful "in the cool of the day," than the bright green forest below rejoicing in its young foliage, David Hubbard, whom she always felt to be the Serpent of her Eden, came by, and rudely demanded the apple which lay on her dinner basket.

Grace firmly refused it — her blue eyes sparkling with spirit as she threw back her golden curls in the contemptuous toss of her little head, and answered no.

"Why, what a selfish critter you are" said David, "to want such a big apple all to yourself."

"It is n't for myself, I'll let you know Dave Hubbard. It's for little 'Duthe when he wakes up. 'Duthe does n't come to school often and I promised him the apple if he would n't cry, and he did n't, and I'm not a-going to let you have it, Dave Hubbard."

"Oh, selfish! selfish! stingy, and you are hateful for saying so. Go away from us!"

"I'll have the apple at any rate," said Dave, making a dive for it, and kicking Jeduthun, as he sprang, so as to awaken him.

Grace screamed, and at that instant a noble looking boy sprang over the rocks and rescued Grace and her apple from the young filibuster's hands and drove him off.

"I'm not selfish," sobbed Grace, "I prayed this morning that God would give Dave Hubbard a better heart, so as not to torment me."

"Don't cry, Gracy," said Jeduthun, "I shall be a bigger boy soon, and will lick Dave Hubbard, when he plagues you."

"I wish Aaron had come with us to take care of us. He stays with us but Prudy always goes away to walk with Joel Strong. She calls him her lover," and the smile chased away the tears on Grace's cheek, like the sunshine and the clouds on the forest landscape beneath her.

The ordeal of the afternoon in school was safely passed through with by the children. At the close of the labors of the day, the older ones chose sides to spell. Jack Strong was one of the leaders, who astonished the whole by the selection of Prudence Welles as his first choice, who was not considered as a good speller. Prudy blushed and simpered as she took her seat on the high side-table next him, but she evidently thought "such medicine was not bad to take."

When school was dismissed, Grace with her matronly airs, had fixed on Jeduthun's hat, and, holding the empty dinner basket in one hand, and her little brother in the other, stood on the side of the road in the shadow of the large chestnut, waiting for her sister.

As Prudence came up to them, she called out: "Gracy, you and Duth can go home alone well enough. You know every step of the road and can't miss it. It is pleasant and cool and there is no need of my being tied to you."

Grace looked frightened and said, "Where are you going, Prudy?"

"Oh never mind — Joel says he can show me a nice place where I can find wintergreen berries, and I am going with him."

"But you will be lost."

"Pshaw, you silly child! The path across the woods and over the hill is perfectly plain and is as near as the road."

"Oh Prudy, don't go. I am afraid."

"Afraid of what, you foolish girl?"

"Afraid of Dave Hubbard. He will set the geese on me."

"How silly you are, Grace! Just as if the geese could hurt you!"

"What do they siss so for, if they can't hurt? Oh, don't leave us, Prudy!"

But Prudy was deaf to all entreaties, and turned off into the forest and began to climb the hill with Joel. Grace and her brother stood and watched them until out of sight, and then turned to what seemed to them a long journey on the side of the dusty road.

'Duth was frightened and began to sob, when Grace, who had been weeping silently dried her tears and wiping her face with her handkerchief, said:

"Don't cry, little brother. You know Grandmother says that God sees us and will take care of us, at all times. We read in the school today, that God takes care of the sparrows, and the school-marm said that sparrows were chipping-birds. God is good, is n't he, to take care of the chipping-birds? See, Duthy, there's a chipping-bird hopping before us along the road, so that God is here. Don't cry."

They ascended a little eminence beyond which the substantial farm house of Mr. Hubbard stood, with Grace's objects of fear feeding on the grass before the door. The mischievous little David stood on the wood pile in front of the house, and called to Grace in an insulting tone.

"I'll pay you now for your stinginess this noon. I'll set every goose on you, you mean, stingy girl. They'll siss at you well."

So saying, he began to drive the flock towards the children, and the geese, disturbed in their feeding ground, flopped their wings, and screamed, and stretched out their long necks, and hissed. Grace and Jeduthun both ran back down the hill to the school-house, crying as they went. Grace had lost all her courage, notwithstanding her chipping-bird theory, and cried out:

"Prudy, Prudy! oh, I wish Aaron was here to take care of us."

The frightened children sought the forest path by which Prudence and her beau had climbed the hill, and commenced its arduous ascent, while David Hubbard stood in the road, rejoicing in the success of the little petty revenge he had taken.

Chapter XIV

"The children are late in coming from school to-day," said Martha, as she placed their little bowls on the table for their bread and milk, and arranged the cold meat and bread and mugs of cider and beer for the older ones. "There's father and Moses coming over the South East hill from work, and Aaron is collecting the cows by the brook for milking. What can have made the children so late?"

"I hope," said their mother, "that little Jeduthun has not been made sick by the heat and the length of the way and detained them. Ah, there comes Prudence on the forest path over the mountain. What could have induced her to take the children over that rough road?"

"Mother, the children are not with her. That is Joel Strong that she is talking with by the bars of the wood lot."

Prudence came home rather slowly, looking as she went along at the house, to ascertain who was watching her.

Martha went to the front door:

"Where's the children, Prudence?"

"Have n't they come home?" said Prudence, turning red, "I sent them home by the road, two hours ago."

The mother and grandmother were at the door before Prudence could reach the house.

"Why did you not come with them?"

"Why," said Prudence blushing and almost whimpering, "I wanted to come across the hill. Joel Strong," she continued, for she was too frightened to invent a lie, "wanted me to go for some wintergreen berries and so I sent Gracy and 'Duth by the road."

"Prudence," said her mother, severely, "go into my bed room and sit down there till your father returns."

"Oh mother, don't tell him. The children will be here soon. They have only played on the road, and they will come before father does."

"Prudence, you have failed in your duty. Say not a word, but do as I direct. Martha, run to the brow of the hill and call Aaron at once."

Aaron joined in the general anxiety, and without waiting for his supper, started for the school house. The sun was near setting and he hurried lest the night should prevent his search. Enquiries of the neighbors on the road threw no light upon the subject. He met Zebedee Ichabod in the road, a lad of nearly his own age — the same one who had protected Grace at noon — and from him obtained the first information from anyone that had seen the children. He said that he saw them come up the hill towards Mr. Hubbard's house, and then run back, while David was shouting after them. When he came up, David had gone into the house and Zebedee saw nothing of the children as he passed the school house, going home. Zebedee at once volunteered to accompany Aaron in his search.

They stopped at Mr. Hubbard's and called for David in the presence of his father. Mr. Hubbard was a severe man, and soon elicited the truth from his son, when Zebedee put him on the right track by relating the adventure of the apple at noon.

All the information that David could give, who was now thoroughly frightened, was that he saw them run into the forest path by the school house, and commence climbing the hill.

Master David went supperless to bed that night, with his back aching worse than he ever had it before, and he mentally promised himself he would never set the geese on the children again.

The lads ascended the hill and struggled on through the difficulties of the forest path, while the evening shades were gathering round them. They made the woods echo with the shout of "Grace," "Grace," but no voice answered. There were no signs of them on the top of the hill where some little foot paths branched off, and none as they descended on the Roaring Brook side.

As they reached the forest bars, Welles himself and Moses met them and heard their report.

There was no supper eaten that night in Thomas Welles's house. The table was set aside untouched, and the cows missed their nightly milking until deep darkness had settled over the hills and forests. Lanterns were brought out and Moses and his father took the mountain road back, but diverged on the top of the hill, shouting as they went; while Aaron went down the Brook to Hale's for his advice and assistance. But Uncle Sim declared it was too late to follow a trail or to discover the children.

"By this time," said he, "they'll have cried themselves asleep, and won't hear us holler. Go round, Aaron, to all the neighbors below and rouse them up to jine in a long search, to-morrow. I'll go up towards the Meetin' Hus and call at every house. Let 'em be ready to start, bright and 'arly, to-morrer."

A "lost child" is always a call that stirs up the feelings and exertions of the first settlers in a wild country. What is one neighbor's misfortune may be each one's in turn, and all are at once roused up to join in the search. Welles and Moses returned soon after Aaron and learned from him the readiness which the whole settlement felt to join in the hunt the next morning.

Thomas Welles's prayer, that night before his family retired to their beds was of a different character from that of his usual form. The heart not the head was concerned in it. He forgot his doctrinal expositions and the usual assertion of his cherished creed, in the deep wants that now burst from his very soul in his intercourse with his Maker. But it was not the prayer of resignation, so much as that of earnest supplication. The event was too recent and too uncertain in its results to have produced resignation. The doubt created agitation and broke up the solid ice which the frosts of a mere doctrinal religion had congealed over his heart. It needed some higher power to cause the waters of deep affection to God to well up from beneath. The event of the evening had taught him dependence upon God, but had not yet produced resignation to the Divine Will.

Similar effects were produced in the other members of the family. The deep gloom of Martha's heart received another shade. It was the first sorrow of the lads, but their elastic spirits looked out for the morrow when the fairy blessing of the house should be restored to them. The mother sank under the blow and seemed lost in the abyss of despair. Even grandmother Welles felt her confidence in the dealings of Providence shaken, and was more earnest in her private supplications on that topic than on the loss of the children.

What the punishment of Prudence was for her negligence, we shall not say. It was a severe age in education, and Thomas Welles was a severe man in his religion and habits. Whatever the punishment was, we trust that it taught her a lesson in all after life never to neglect duty for pleasure or to seek to gratify her own selfish views, or to depend upon her own obstinate opinions.

The earliest dawn saw the men of the settlement on the meeting house green armed and prepared for the expedition. There was no work done in Eastbury that day. By common consent, the arrangements for the search were submitted to the old hunter Hale, who directed a cordon of men to be stretched across the hill from its West base on the road to Roaring Brook. They were to march northward, each within hearing of the voice of his next neighbor, and each cautioned to observe narrowly any unusual indication of the passage of any one. Many were supplied with horns to blow in case of any discovery and all carried some food with them.

As the men were hurrying off to their several stations to commence their search and were obliged to wait the signals of their neighbors, James Hinsdale came up with his rifle and joined old Hale. This excitement was just in coincidence with his habits. As danger or reality approached he always grew cooler and calmer, and with his fearlessness was a valuable auxiliary.

"My range," said Hale, "is from the school house, up, and then along the edge of the hill. The pups are with me and will foller 'till I send 'em for'ard. Come on Jim, I hear the signal from the old toot horn 'way to the East."

The hill path from the school house was soon climbed, and the two men set their faces northward, knowing that the mountain path over to Roaring Brook had been well explored the night before.

"Who is that lad," said James, "who leaps those rocks so readily on the edge of the hill below?"

"That is a first-rate lad," said Hale, "and comes from a good English stock. He'll chalk his mark high up on the world yet, or I'll lose my say. His daddy came from the old country, where he was a Howard, or a Devereux, or a Stewart, or some of them big names. He flung off his country's religion and became an Independent. To get out of the grasp of your old Popish namesake, he made a v'y'ge here and settled among us. As 'the glory of his house had departed,' as the good book talks, he took the names of Ichabod (the glory has departed) and called himself Habakkuk Ichabod. One names 's as good as another, so here he lived and died. His son bore the same name. This lad is called Zebedee and is a good boy. But we must n't chatter here like them blue jays."

They advanced some ways through the thick forest in silence, the dogs following them lazily.

"What is your opinion about the children?" said James.

"Oh 'tis a common loss in new countries. They've strayed up the mountain, and we shall find 'em soon, kinder wondering along, and pickin' wintergreen berries. There's no danger from the pesky wolves at this season."

"I was at Hartford, yesterday," said James, "to try to find some expedition going on some where, in which I could engage and forget that capricious girl."

"You must n't call Thomas Welles's Patty, capricious. She has more judgment and prudence and sane thought than most of wimmen folks. But did you learn any thing?"

"The Eastern colonies are all engaged in their endeavors to put down the Indians who have been incited by that rascally French Jesuit, Father Rawle, way up in the Norridgewolk county. I came back to talk with you about it."

"I've hearn of that pesky scamp, and if I was a young man, would not hesitate a moment to have a shot at him."

"By the way," said James, interrupting, "it is strange I never thought of it before! The Hartford people were talkin' about several Indians having been seen this side of the River, returning, it was thought, from a visit to some of the scattered Pequots on the sea-coast."

"Injuns!" exclaimed Hale, stopping and looking alarmed, "I had n't thought of them animals. God help the poor children! That idea changes the whole sarch."

He brought his rifle around and examined the priming.

"Here Bell and Brindle; come pups; hie out; look sharp for them Injuns!"

The dogs began at once to beat the bushes while the two men hurried on through the tangled thicket. After progressing some distance, James called to his companion: "Uncle Sim: look there!"

About half way up a steep ledge to the East of them hung on a straggling bush the little dinner basket which Grace had so carefully carried. Hale called in the dogs.

"Let's now find the trail, before the dogs shall have trampled it out. That's their basket."

They both eagerly scrambled up the cliff. The basket was empty and hung bottom upwards.

"That was flung off the cliff," said Uncle Hale. "They must have passed along the top."

It was but a moment before the two men and the dogs had ascended it.

"Come back, Brindle. Let me go afore, Jim, and sarch for the trail. Look a here, they broke the little twigs as they passed along. 'T was last night too, for the spider's web has been thrown over the bush, this morning, and is sparklin' in the dew."

They went a little farther and found the traces of the passage of some one down a slope to the East into a little solitary ravine shaded by large trees where a spring was bubbling forth.

"They were running here," said Hale. At this moment, the dogs stopped at a little distance to the right and set up a long dismal howl.

"What is it? pups, what is it," said Hale, as he hurried to them. "Injun foot tracks, as I live, going towards the spring, and many on 'em too, and they act careless of how much trail they leave. They had n't seen the children then."

The dogs now followed the track readily to the spring, when Hinsdale exclaimed pointing to a dense thicket, "Uncle Sim: Look there!"

There lay little Jeduthun, his apron and coat bathed in blood, the mark of the tomahawk across his face, and the scalp torn from his head. They pulled his body from the thicket and gazed at it in a stupor of mingled feelings.

Hale stood for a moment. His brow grew dark as night, and the fierceness of youthful vigor fixed his aged eye as he exclaimed: "May God do so to me and more also, if this deed is not avenged! Jim Hinsdale, never ask for Patty Welles's hand until this murder is expiated. You won't want now no other 'citement as you call it."

James replied not. There was an exalting fire in his eye, as if he had now found the way to Martha's heart.

Hale then sprang up on the highest rock and made the woods echo with the tones of the horn he carried. He heard them repeated in all directions, and the searchers all hurried to the spot, radiant with hope. As one after another came in they stood in terrible silence around the little corpse. No word was spoken. The finger directed to the scalpless head told the whole tale. Welles and his sons were among the last that arrived, as they had been searching on the side nearest the Brook. An occasional blowing of the horn directed them to the spot. Their looks were eager and anxious as they came up the ravine, and the crowd parted in silence to admit them to the body.

The boys cast themselves on the ground by the side of their murdered brother and lamented their loss in loud cries. The father approached. He turned pale and staggered as he saw the corpse, but immediately recovered and stooped down to wipe off the blood from the brow. His lip quivered and his eyesight grew dim with tears, but the stern Puritan overcame the father. His neighbors were all around him, and he restrained every external indication of feeling.

As he stooped, Deacon Strickland placed his hand affectionately on his shoulders and said in a low tone, but one of great feeling: "We will see to the corpse, brother Welles and bring it to your house properly taken care of. You and the boys had better return and prepare your family for the afflicting news. May God bless it to their spiritual benefit, and uphold sister Welles under the dispensation!

"But where's Grace?" said Welles, speaking in a husky tone.

Uncle Hale, who had hitherto stood silent behind the rest, stepped forward:

"Since we found the little boy, and while we were waiting for the sarchers to come up, Jim Hinsdale and I have examined the trail. There must have been some eight or ten of the p'sen scamps, and they must have loped on the North, and last night without camping here as pr'aps they meant to, at fust. They took off Grace with 'em as I s'pose, as there are no tracks of her round here. Zebedee Ichabod has gone on the trail with the pups, to see their general movements and direction. Jim Hinsdale has gone back to get what's right for a long tramp. He and I'll pursue the 'tarnal redskins. We did n't want anyone else, for we can track 'em better alone. My old dander is up, and I'm young agin and shall foller the bloody rascals to their death."

We pass over the sad return of Thomas Welles to his household and the grief of the whole family. Fully to realize the loss of a child and to know the vacant place it leaves requires the sad experience. There is but little true sympathy felt for the losses of others, until we ourselves have been sufferers. Then we learn to feel for our fellows.

The heart of Thomas Welles was an altered one after this. The event brought him nearer to God and showed him the difference between a religion of the heart and the head. There are many parents who have thus been chastised for straying from the true fold, and who have thus given "the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul."

There was a gloom thrown over the whole family which the bright sky of summer or the luxuriance of the growing crops or the balmy air that breathed down Roaring Brook could not dissipate. The aged grandmother seemed to wither under the stroke and daily to fade away in mind and in body. Martha preached hope to her of once more seeing Grace, for was not James Hinsdale, the sun of her existence, engaged in the pursuit and could *he* fail? The very long absence of the hunters was to her a source of encouragement, for it showed that James still loved her and was willing to devote his time to a pursuit connected with her happiness.

But the grandmother refused to cherish hope. "Grace may be restored," was her calm reply, "but I shall not live to see it."

The hunters returned when the next month was well nigh spent. They had followed the trail to the North East until they had entered Massachusetts, where they lost it. They then went to Boston and consulted with some public men, who were engaged in an effort to put down some North Eastern Indians who had leagued against the English under French influence. They had no doubt that the Norridgewolk Indians had been concerned in this inroad, for it seemed to be well understood that a party of these savages had crossed New Hampshire to the Connecticut River and had followed that stream down to the sea coast, to collect if possible the remains of the conquered tribes. The two men engaged to form a part of an expedition against these tribes, whenever necessary, and Hinsdale remained at the East, while Uncle Hale sought once more the valley of the Roaring Brook, with a discouraged heart.

Chapter XV

Our readers must now allow us to transport them to another Roaring Brook rushing into a large stream in the rough pine forests in Upper Maine. It is in the country of the Abenakis, and the brook finds its source in the snow-clad mountains of New Hampshire rising high in the Western Horizon, and rushes impetuously down the rough eminences and struggles laboriously through the tangled pine woods until it is lost in the large stream, which flows on majestically in a broad current swollen by the melting of the winter snows.

Dark are the gloomy woods which crowd to the very brink of the river that reflects their frowns in its mirror, and dark are the hemlocks that throng the banks and drink of the roaring rivulet that raves on the rock beneath them.

At the junction of the two streams, there was a partial clearing of the forest and an Indian village with its bark huts arose on the firm bank of the river, beyond its periodical inundations, and protected by its broad expanse in front.

Other lodges stood around on the edge of the forest and marked the limits of a wide circle of cleared ground. A few canoes were fastened along the bank of the river and in the mouth of the brook, and, at the time in which we call attention to the scene, a few savages were busy in unloading some fish from the boats, while the women were hoeing and weeding in the enclosed garden and cornfield, with their papooses hanging in slight cradles to the low boughs of the outer forest trees, lulled to sleep by the gentle wind, the low murmur of the summer insects, the thrilling melody of the pine tree tops as the breeze passed over them.

It is early in the month of May; the first spring wild flowers are just beginning to perfume the air. There are many signs of superior comfort about the village and little of the Indian squalor and poverty. The fish are taken on shore, and the net, evidently an European one, hung up to dry. The arms of the fishermen are French carbines or rifles, and the hoes and other agricultural implements are made of iron. Many a piece of gay French cloth is seen on the shoulders of the men, and many a bright ribbon on the tresses of the women.

Through the grove of trees that stretched across on the western and northern boundaries of the enclosure, a distant stockade of long pointed palings could be discovered, still farther to protect the encampment. The hand of some white man had evidently been busy in the construction of the huts, in the attempts at chimneys to them, and in the sailcloth that formed the lodges of the chiefs.

A distant bell tinkles — a bell in an Indian enclosure in this wilderness! Let us follow that group of men who are moving up that slightly rising ground. We have but to ascend, and a long, low stone building strikes our eyes, on the top of which is a small cupola containing the little bell we heard — the whole surmounted with a large white cross. Contiguous to it and communicating with it is a log hut large enough to be commodious and to contain several apartments.

Beyond, stretching towards the northern palisades, was a large garden well stocked with vegetables, medicinal herbs of all kinds, flowers, and some fruit. A hive or two of bees occupied one end, and a large fountain the other, consisting of a stone basin of respectable size, into which the water was falling from a rude aqueduct.

Let us go into the chapel, as the Indians are doing, for the vesper bell has ceased its sound. There are some rather rude pictures on the wall with no frames, and a small, exquisite painting of the Virgin Mary over the low, stone altar at the end of the building. A life-length portrait of the same worshipped object occupied the other end of the building with a large crucifix by its side.

A tall, thin white man stands on a platform, ready for the evening worship. He chants a hymn in the Indian tongue in which a band of choristers join, consisting of young savages. He prays first in the Latin, and then in the Abenaki language, repeats his devotions to the image of the virgin by bows and crossings, as do all his hearers; and then addresses them in their native language. He enquires about this day's success in fishing — gives many directions about the planting of the various seeds he had given them — asks personally about sick members of their families — reproves some of them for their excesses — and exhorts them all to sobriety and industry. He then gives them his blessing for the night, and thanks them for the fine salmon sent for his present military guest.

As the tribe retire, he beckons to him one of the leaders whom history mentions under the euphonious name of Bamazeen. "Warrior" said he, "what news from the land of the enemy?"

"Carabeset has been sent into the country of the heretics, to seek the alliances of the scattered tribes on the shore of the salt lake. His return will bring us intelligence."

" 'Tis well. My friend here informs me that our father of France will continue to send us what we need for war, although the hatchet of contention between him and perfidious Albion has been buried. Our Canada father has sent my friend to instruct you in the art of war. He made the attempt to-day, as I am told. Did he succeed?"

A gleam of unwonted sportiness glanced over the face of the savage as he civilly replied:

"The redmen have ways of their own to fight. Old warriors cannot be taught new modes."

The old man nodded, and beckoning to the military gentleman who had stood in one corner of the rude chapel during the religious services, they both passed into the log hut which was the residence of the missionary.

Sebastian Rasles (or Ralle, as the name is spelt by the early historians of the English colonies) had been for the whole of the present century earnest in his endeavors to Christianize and civilize the savages. In one of his pilgrimages among the Indians, he had seen the spot where he now resided and thought it admirably fitted for the purpose to which he had enthusiastically devoted his life. The forest with its game was in the rear; the river with its fish in its front. The confluence of the brook with the stream gave a dry site for his buildings and the huts of the tribe, while the rich alluvial bottom land already denuded of its timber, furnished him a spot to raise his own vegetables for his own simple table, and to teach the arts of agriculture to his followers.

He soon induced the tribe to settle around him, and a large and powerful Indian village thus grew up in the forest.

He was a singular man. His facility in the acquisition of the native languages gave him at once an influence over the tribes of the red men, who made him their organ of communication with the French government in Canada. This influence was strengthened by the mildness of his manners and the arts which he taught them. He introduced his own religion and easily induced the Indians to acquiesce in its forms and ritual. Their senses were enthralled by the various appeals to the eye and the ear which Roman Catholic missionaries know so well how to employ. He was a good painter himself and adorned his chapel with pictures of his own limning to influence their devotion.

He always made it a point, upon their first devotional offering at his chapel after their return from a successful expedition that their eyes should be gratified by some new picture of the saints or the Virgin and some new hymn of triumph sung by his youthful choir. Religion was therefore easily interwoven in the minds of these savages with their skill and success.

If they were defeated, the chapel was draped in mourning and the pictures turned with their faces to the wall, for while Father Sebastian was an enthusiast in religion, and for its success was willing to spend his life in the wilderness in their improvements, he was a Jesuit and acted upon the cardinal principles of that sect that the goodness of the end would justify the means employed to obtain it.

He never asked his converts how many scalps they had brought back. A glance of the eye on the row of returning warriors was sufficient. But these savages soon discovered that loud notes of triumph were sung when the scalps were many; and that they were louder still when the fair hair of the Saxon heretic was mingled with the long, straight locks of the Aborigines, and the new picture of the Virgin smiled even the more graciously.

He had a conscience, undoubtedly, but were not those English settlers the hereditary enemies of his country, and those Puritans the most implacable foes of his religion? Was it not strengthening the power of his nation to cut them off? Did not their heresy deserve extermination?

Though governed by religious motives to the very verge of enthusiasm equal to that of Elliott or Brainard, and feeling that the propagation of Christianity in the wilderness was the first great, paramount object of his existence, yet he was a Frenchman, taught to consider the glory of the Grand Monarch an object next to religious duty. As a Jesuit, political aggrandisement was mixed up with religious zeal in every instruction of his early training and was now a part of his very nature.

Besides, how could he repay the Governor of Canada for the muskets and ammunition, for the agricultural implements and mechanical assistances he received, better than by assisting his native country against their enemy in time of war, and by weakening that natural enemy all that laid in his power in time of peace? He looked to the future struggle for supremacy in the New World, which he foresaw must soon arise between two nations, and aimed, while he was making his converts good Catholics, to make them firm adherents to the French rule.

Father Rasles had no views of personal aggrandisement or selfish gratification. Few Jesuits have. They lose their individuality in their furtherance of the great schemes of their own order, and in their subserviency to Mother Church. The Christianizing and civilizing of his converts and the spread of the power of France occupied his mind to the exclusion of all personal cares. His habits were the most simple and ascetic. He ate no meat and drank no wine. His ordinary food was pounded samp mixed with water, the whole of which he prepared himself from digging the ground for the reception of the corn to the pounding of the ripened grain. He brought his own water from the fountain, and gathered and cut his own wood. He would never allow even the young savages to assist him in anything, lest an obligation thus incurred should weaken his influence over them. On a church feast day, while he encouraged those around him to eat and even showed them how to add zest to their cooked game, his own luxurious indulgence consisted only in a plate of boiled greens with vinegar. But he was never austere but to himself. He mingled in all the domestic arrangements of the natives, showed them how to add to their comforts, and labored for them and with them in the construction of their huts and in the preparation of their ground.

The savages looked up to him as a superior being. If they were in trouble, his advice was ready. He was their physician and nurse in sickness; supplied them with their simple remedies; held the crucifix to their eyes in the last moments of life; and buried them in the consecrated ground of his chapel with the most imposing religious ceremonies.

He was never angry — never unreasonable. He met their own wild gushes of ungovernable rage with perfect coolness and quietness; looked them in the eye as he would a maniac, with his large, clear, cold, gray orbs, crossing himself as he did it, or holding his crucifix which was suspended from his neck — his only armor — before their furious faces. They were settled in a moment. There was no reproach afterwards — no allusion to the sudden explosion — no humbling of the savage heart by the demand of penance.

He was never selfish nor grasping, showing to their savage minds that he sought not theirs but them. So upright was he in his own dealings with them, that they the more readily submitted to every decision he made in their disputes with each other.

Such was Father Sebastian Rasles, the Jesuit Missionary among the Abenaki Indians, who, for more than twenty years, had labored and prayed and suffered among these heathen to train them for heaven in the way he conceived to be right. Such is the man whose memory was cursed among the earlier settlers of Maine as the origin and cause of all the bloody reprisals which they suffered from their Indian enemies.

Chapter XVI

"You will have to content yourself, Captain Joubert, with the plain fare of a forest anchorite. It is not the season for game and this salmon is all that I have to offer you, with some boiled greens and pounded samp for bread. I have no wine to give you. I use none myself and do not encourage the bringing of any description of *eau de vie* into the village, from its disastrous effects upon my poor dependents. It is the only topic upon which I have any dispute with my savage friends. But I have at length convinced the oldest and wisest among them of its necessity and I strengthen this view of theirs by my own habits."

This was spoken by Father Rasles to his military companion, Captain Joubert whose elegant uniform was in strange contrast with the dark colored cloak of the worthy Jesuit.

Joubert looked a little dissatisfied. He missed his soup and his ragouts, and thought at least that a little wine might have graced the table, which without a covering held their simple meal.

"Well, I must make a virtue of necessity. A long journey through the forest has taught me what American forest fare is, and my military effort to teach your dear savages some real discipline have made me hungry enough not to be particular. But do you not eat anything yourself, Father Sebastian?"

"It is a fast day with me; and a simple draught of water must suffice."

"But do you not fear such numerous and absolute fasts will wear out your body?"

"My patroness, Our Lady of the Wilderness, will support me," meekly replied the Father, crossing himself, "or if she chooses otherwise, I am ready to wear out in my master's service, if, by so doing I can plant the true faith among these heathen in the wilderness, and by their aid circumscribe the extent and sway of heresy in this new world. I have two great objects before me in life which are not incompatible — the spread of the doctrines of the Cross and the support of the power of his Most Christian Majesty. The conversion of the Indians and the overthrow and destruction of the heretical English will accomplish these objects and they mutually support each other."

"You are spoken of in Quebec as having been an able auxiliary of the French arms, and it is by your influence over the savages that the Governor General expects to keep the perfidious enemy in check, now peace has been declared. It was for that purpose he sent me to your settlement, and especially to enquire whether the Abenakis will submit to the English now they are deprived of our open aid by the peace. Everything that can be done secretly in the way of supplies to you of arms and ammunition, will be done."

"So I understand and you can inform the Governor General that scouting parties have been sent by our chiefs through all parts of the neighboring regions even to the lower Connecticut, to ascertain what assistance they can receive from their savage brethren in case of their open resistance to the new claims these Puritan English are making to their lands. The result I know not as yet, but I can conjecture it, and I trust that His Excellency will not be backward in his immediate supplies. You spoke of an attempt to teach my red children the advantages of European discipline in arms. How was it? Bamazeen, in his dry way, spoke of it in a slightly contemptuous tone, as a failure."

A slight gleam of satire twinkled in the cold, gray eye of the Father at this question. Joubert slightly colored, but soon good naturedly replied:

"It was an entire failure. By the aid of a straight-backed Indian lad who officiated as interpreter I told them of the design of their Great Father on the Hills of Thunder, as they call our fortification at Quebec, that they should learn to charge in a battallion and fire regular volleys, and march and fight, shoulder to shoulder. The old chiefs smiled, but the young men seemed willing to try something new. I then arranged them as I wished — the men with the muskets forming a solid phalanx in the centre, and those armed with bows and arrows on the flanks, with a sufficient *corps de reserve* in its proper place. I got a kind of wooden drum, which some of their medicine men used, to strike a regular beat, and then directed them to march forward. This they did in pretty good order, but an old chief stated gravely to me by the interpreter, that such a march would leave too broad a trail. I replied proudly that true warriors only looked at what was before them, not at the tracks in the rear. When this was repeated to him, his only reply was 'Hugh!' I went on with the explanations of my manoeuvres. I told them of the manner of resisting an attack on either flank by an oblique movement. I explained to them by words how to repel an enemy in front by platoon firing as they advanced and by keeping a firm rank. Having finished my explanations, I told them I should now see how well they would apply them, and gave orders for the interpreter to announce that a body of the enemy was advancing through the forest, in front. What was my surprise to see every mother's son of them break up suddenly and run with a terrific scream, each to some tree in front, where they stood ready for their approaching enemy. I saw that it did no good to attempt teaching them anything, and laughing, gave it up."

"Each nation has its own mode of warfare as well as customs. I have never attempted to interfere with them and have therefore avoided any difficulty."

"But, Father Rasles, have you had no difficulty in dissuading them from scalping an enemy? That custom is very much talked against in Europe, and the encouragers of such barbaric customs frowned on at Court."

"I answer as I did before; each nation has its own customs, and if His Most Christian Majesty uses such instruments to increase or strengthen his territories in this wilderness, he must take them as they are. Notwithstanding this very courtly opinion, His Excellency, the Governor General has offered rewards for scalps, and I think pays rather higher for light-haired ones than for the straight Indian scalp-lock. It is a mode of warfare that strikes terror into the enemy. Besides, if such measures are not approved, why was Hertel Rouville sent here to make inroads into the English possessions?"

"I have heard of that terrible fellow. He was a man, I have understood, that was more bloody than these bloodthirsty savages."

"He did much execution among the heretical Puritans," was the rather sanctimonious reply.

"But he killed and scalped women and children who were non-combatant."

"Indians, and Hertell was one at heart, make no such distinctions. Young children are killed as snakes are, to prevent them from doing harm hereafter."

"It is infamous, barbarous, entirely contrary to the glory of the Great Monarch. Did you know Hertell?"

"I did."

"He has been here then?"

"Certainly," said Father Sebastian calmly, "Here was his place to rest his troops after a warfare in this part of New England. My warriors went with him, and Hertell came to me for absolution. The enemy was a nation of heretics and I readily granted it. I never counted his scalps nor marked the color of their hair, though I have seen among them the long tresses of females and the curls of children."

Joubert played with his sword knot for some time in moody silence. After a while, his eye cleared up and he said briskly:

"Well it is done and cannot be remedied now. Let us leave the subject. I shall talk about it to higher powers. In times of peace, do you never come in contact with these Anglo-Saxon? They seem to penetrate everywhere."

"Yes: their missionaries have been up in some of the Indian villages lower down the river, to convert them to their faith."

"With what success?"

"Their religion was too metaphysical and abstract to suit the Indian mind. They had no symbols — no external show to draw the attention of the rude. They taught civilization and religion pretty much as you did military tactics and with about the same success. Something external, calculated to strike the senses, is needed in the conversion of these heathen. Sensible of his failure, the Massachusetts missionary wished to show my children how vain were some of the doctrines and practises I inculcated. I would not permit it, but told him that my Christians believed but could not dispute. I pointed him to the civilizing effects of my teaching as the best argument in favor of its truth and efficacy. He said I taught damnable heresies and ought to be put down by the strong arm of the law. I told him that I thought the heresy was on his part, and that the antiquity of the true Church showed its superiority over such mushroom establishments."

"Human nature, I perceive, is pretty much the same whether it is Jesuit or Puritan. To extirpate error by force seems the acknowledged doctrine on all sides. I wish our religion had been one of peace and then it would have seemed more the offspring of the Deity than it now does to some of us French. However it is a good engine to keep the lower classes in subjection."

"Why should not error be weeded out of a community by force? Heresy begets for its believer eternal damnation." (Here Joubert shrugged his shoulders.) "Force is needed to prevent its deadly poison from spreading. The hot iron is used to cauterize the wound of the serpent. But if you believe in religion only as it is regarded by the scoffers at court, the argument is still the same. Force is needed to the nation's faith, lest, with their heresy they acquire those abominable doctrines of freedom and equality that these New England heretics profess."

"There spoke the true Jesuit," said Joubert with a sneer. "Come, come Father Rasles, confess that your religion is a mere matter of policy."

The white attenuated face of the Jesuit flushed as Joubert spoke. He swallowed some water, looked at the picture of the Virgin and crossed himself before he replied.

"Is it policy alone, do you think, that sends me to these wilds among this untutored race? — that places me in this gloomy pine forest away from the society of my equals? — that leads me to suffer, to wait, to endure, that I may finally present some of these pagan souls before the Virgin's throne in heaven as the children redeemed by my lifelong efforts? Policy? For whom is this policy attempted? I am happy when my feeble exertions coincide with the aggrandizement of the monarch of my native land, but what do I gain personally by such efforts? Is there honor or emolument in this wasted frame, or in these log huts, or this simple food? No, no, Captain Joubert, I have, I trust, higher and holier motives for the toil of my life, for the labor of every faculty, — the conversion of these heathen."

"The scalping knife is a strange instrument of conversion," said Joubert, piqued but not softened by this reply.

"We must make use of such instruments as circumstances place in our hands," said Father Sebastian, calmly. "I by no means approve of the scalping-knife, abstractly, but our Holy Father, the Pope, has allowed me the use of any means to accomplish my great object. The end will sanctify them."

"Let us change the topic," said Joubert. "His Excellency, the Governor General, wished me particularly to enquire what measures you desire to have taken. He appears to place unlimited confidence in your judgement, and, although peace now exists between us and the English, he is still anxious to check as far as possible the growth of the English colonies, especially in New England. The Indians can act by themselves without involving us."

"That point has been attended to. My children, the Abenakis, have determined to resist the encroachments which the English are making. The treaty of Utrecht in the surrender of Acadia made no mention of the lands on the Kennebec, and a deputation has already been sent to the English settlements, demanding that no farther advances shall be made on their territory."

"Will the demand be heeded?"

"Probably not — but it takes some time before the Boston authorities can assist their Kennebec brethren, and a blow can be speedily struck. The answer to the demand will be that their claim to the country was obtained from France in the Utrecht treaty. To this the Abenakis will demur and war must commence. Tell this to the Governor, and moreover tell him that we shall need arms and ammunition in this war, and that immediately. I shall send some warriors back with you to transport them hither. Vaudreuil may rest assured that the English power will be resisted, and the French authority preserved in this portion of the wilderness."

So saying, they both rose, and Joubert was conducted to his simple couch for the night, to be roused early in the morning and sent back to Quebec for the necessary means of attacking the English settlements.

Chapter XVII

Not long after Captain Joubert's visit to the Abenakis, the good Father was awakened early one morning from his sleep on the stone floor of his cell by the intelligence that Carabeset had returned from his tour down the Connecticut. He met the group of warriors in the chapel, and before he would hear a word of the result of their expedition, mass was celebrated, and Our Lady of the Wilderness, as the

Virgin Mary was here called, thanked for their prosperous return. These religious ceremonies were rendered the more effective to the late absent warriors by a new picture of the Virgin, and a new chant from the young Indian choir, and showed how minute was the knowledge of human nature which Father Rasles possessed, and of the skill he exhibited in mingling religious duties with the employments of the savages.

The result of the enterprise was then called for and Carabeset stated concisely that they had failed.

"The Red Men of the lower Connecticut have become the slaves of the Pale Faces," said Carabeset in his native tongue. "The hatchet of war has been buried too deep to be dug up by Red Men's hands. It has rusted where it lies. We found our brethren with the hoe in their hands instead of the spear. They were digging their fields like women, and bartering their baskets and their maple sugar with the white men for rum and tobacco. Can such men struggle for their release from bondage? Was it of any use to pour the hot words of a nation's wrongs into such ears? Let them put on the trailing garments of the squaws of the Pale Faces, and sit down to the distaff or the spinning wheel! We pity them not."

The orator folded his bear-skin cloak once more around him, that he had dropped from his shoulders when he addressed the Father.

"It is well," said Father Rasles. "We must depend then alone upon ourselves."

"We must," was the concise reply of Carabeset, echoed by the responsive "Hugh" of the whole assembly.

"Father Rawle," said Wissememet, "we have brought a prisoner with us"; and he led forward a little girl into the vacant space before the altar, whose naked feet and torn sun-bonnet and ragged habiliments showed the rough journey she had performed.

Father Rasles frowned slightly and without looking at the child enquired in a hasty tone:

"Where is she from?"

"From the Yenghees, low down the Great River. She was wandering in the forest with a little brother. The brother we took care should never have the power hereafter of crowding the Red Man from his hunting grounds. The sister we have brought to you as a little handmaiden for your service."

"I want no such hand-maids. I can perform my own services; least of all do I want one born and bred among heretics. You ought not to have brought her."

"Should we have sent her to accompany her brother?" said Carabeset, a stern, vindictive looking savage. "It is not too late now."

"No, no, I did not say that—I do not advise that—" said Rasles, hurriedly — then, with more composure and dignity he added, "You know I never enquire whose the scalps are that adorn your scalp pole as you enter the village, or how or where you obtain them, and never desire to see prisoners, but I cannot advise or consent to death, after the battle is over. Let there be no violence now."

"None is intended," said Wissememet. "We have brought the little Violet Eyed as a votive offering to Our Lady of the Wilderness. Under your guidance she can be rescued from heresy and devoted to the 'Holy Mary'. Have I not said right, brethren?"

Another responsive "hugh" was uttered by the whole assembly.

The Father's countenance cleared and a flush of religious fervor passed over his pallid face as he uttered, "I accept the gift."

He then lifted his large grey eyes to the picture of the Virgin, remained in silent prayer for a while, and then spoke audibly in Latin, "'Oh purissima' I devote her to thee!"

He then turned to the wondering Grace, and in French exclaimed, "Come to me, daughter!"

Grace started at the change of voice. She understood not the words, but the tone of affection is an instructive one and known and felt as an universal language. She drew her little sun-bonnet from her head with one hand, and threw back with the other the tangled masses of golden curls that covered her face and looked up to Father Rasles in wonder as to a superior being, so thrilling was that voice of kindness. The tears started into her eyes, the little lips swelled, and the chest heaved with emotion.

"Come to me, daughter," said he again, in English, for Father Sebastian had a perfect command of that language, likewise.

She cast herself at his feet in a paroxysm of tears and was soon sobbing herself to sleep on the old man's bosom.

Chapter XVIII

Months have rolled on. The Abenakis have made their demand for the restoration of their land, wrongfully included in the session of Acadia or Nova Scotia and have been refused. The loud talk of war and reprisals — such sad reprisals as savages make — began to be heard in the village on the Kennebec. Military stores of arms and ammunition had been received from Quebec, and a communication with them from Vaudreuil marking out a line of conduct that should arouse the Indian tribes to war, and yet prevent the agency of the French Governor of Canada from being perceived. Father Sebastian was prudent and advised the most secret management.

In the meanwhile, our little friend Grace had become partially reconciled to her position, won by the kindness of her new protector.

The laugh had returned to her sunny face and the light to her lovely blue eyes. Her golden curls waved in the Northern wind as she joined in the sports of the young Indians, under the tall pine trees that enclosed the encampment.

She was a universal favorite. She amused the young papooses, suspended from the low limbs of the trees, while their mothers were employed in the rude cultivation of the soil. She was always ready to guide the tottling children to the nearest place of frolic or to the whortleberry bushes on the neighboring hill. The sunny benevolence that formed the instinctive basis of her natural character was never more fully called out into action and never more strikingly received its reward. The rude, savage warriors were softened by the bright beauty of the Violet Eye, as they named her. Her utter fearlessness interested them. She never imagined that they could or would injure, and her sportive character pleased their wild ideas. She could not of course at first converse with them, and therefore never learnt from them the catastrophe of her brother Jeduthun or their original feelings towards her. Her very confidence in them made her safe while among them, so that she became a universal favorite.

It is not to be wondered at that Father Rasles became strangely attached to the child. The vows of his order had excluded all family love and domestic attachments from his heart. The heathen, to whom he had devoted his energies, were not, as individuals, of a character to create affection. He had grown ascetic, stern, and cold among them. To lead them to the cross and to heaven — to build up a church in the wilderness — to civilize and soften their rugged natures — had filled his whole heart or rather, he would have said, his whole will, for he vainly supposed the heart was dead within him, and that it was not possible for it to throb with an individual attachment. He looked upon all earthly affections as beneath him — as belonging to an inferior race above whom he walked and talked and acted, though among them. So long had this callousness of heart existed, that he had forgotten all ties of worldly relationship, or looked upon them as the mere playthings of a child's existence.

But the scene was now changed. The rock had been struck by Nature's rod, as powerful as that of Moses, and the waters gushed out in streams. The old man had now an individual object of attachment — a tie that bound him to humanity. The yearnings of his heart over this stray lamb that had entered his fold might seem extravagant, did we not know that the same character which led him to sacrifice his time and intellect and life in the cause of the heathen showed that there were powerful germs of human affections buried in his heart. The fountain was there. The stream now burst forth.

He could speak English with facility but he taught his little pupil

French and Indian words for the common things around them, and the Latin of his prayers and religious formal duties; so that Grace's common language was a perfect polyglot of the four tongues.

He soon found that the child had a taste for drawing, and he most assiduously cultivated it, being by no means a mean proficient in both this art and that of painting. The Madonna and the child were the first rude efforts of Grace's sketches, while the old man patiently stood over her, showed her where a false mark had been made, or a false touch added, and guided her into a love for the execution of the beautiful.

Grace's character seemed to expand under the new and peculiar circumstances in which she was placed, with wonderful rapidity. The instructions of her father on religious observances and doctrines of Martha on common duties, and of her grandmother upon moral proprieties and the effect of little things in the formation of character, were now all brought back by memory and applied by her quick mind to her present situation, sometimes usefully, sometimes without aim. Even the precise or prudish rules of female conduct, which had been the substance of many a scolding from Prudence now rose up to guide her. She chose to go to bed in her own little closet alone, and insisted upon always dressing before Father Rasles came into her room to call her to matins. She had an instinctive dread of thunder, and at night she was aroused by its violence; but she preferred to remain shaking with terror on her own couch to going into the Father's room in her nightdress. She remembered how Prudence had scolded her for running into the West room in that dress, when James Hinsdale was with Martha. Her grandmother thought that Prudence was prudish at the time but the effect on Grace's mind was a useful one. She was taught by it that girls must not only be pure, but seem so.

Father Sebastian could not understand this feeling. He never had mingled with women. He knew nothing of them but from the coarse, savage life of the squaws of his cherished tribe. The recollection even of his mother was a faint one, almost obliterated by the cloister principle of his life. He could not understand the risings of instinctive female delicacy in Grace's mind. But he submitted to it, and respected it as something he could not fathom, for he was too fond of the child to dispute with her on things which he regarded as mere trifles. The very coldness of character which had carried Father Rasles through the trials of his savage life without a knowledge that he had been tried, had prevented him not only from acquiring a coarse character, but even coarse habits. He was a superior being to the Indians, and, to retain the prestige of that superiority, he perceived that he must never sink himself by the least use of their coarseness. The savages felt this refinement, and, while it acted reflectively upon them, it increased their respect for him. The advantages of that refinement were now experienced by our little friend in the new relation in which she was placed.

The only subject of absolute disagreement between the old man and his young pupil was on the topic of religion. To save the soul of this beloved child from the eternal punishment due to heretics was the sincere desire of the worthy Father. The means that he employed showed his Jesuitical education. He took it for granted that he was, of course, right, and that his forms were right, and were essential to salvation. He admitted of no dispute upon the subject. Compliance with those forms was rigidly exacted, but with no violence and no quarrel. They were gradually but surely substituted for all the little religious forms of Grace's experience.

For example: Grace had been in the Indian village a few days, and had become familiarized to Father Sebastian by his uniform kindness and deep fatherly attachment, when in her confiding artless way, "Father Rasles," says she, "why do you not hear me say, 'Our Father' as Grandmother used to do, before I went to bed?"

"That I am willing to do," and he began teaching her the Latin form. Grace did not rebel, but with much curiosity inquired, "why she must say it in Latin?"

"Because that was the language spoken in the Roman Empire at the time of our Saviour's mission on earth. It is the language used all over the world, by all those that address God in the true Church."

Grace looked up silently, but was listening. Some of the ideas in Father Rasles's reasoning, she did not quite comprehend, and it was well she did not the expression, "the Church!"

"You would like, would you not," continued Father Rasles, "to unite with all good children in saying the prayer alike? It will be pleasant for you to reflect that you use the same words the saints in heaven once used, and that are now employed by the saints on earth."

Grace assented cheerfully; the idea of such an association was pleasant.

"But father and grandmother and Martha do not use the Latin."

"It is because they are—" heretics, Father Sebastian was going on to say, but he checked himself. "It is because they are ignorant, having no one to teach them the Latin."

Little Grace showed out one of the principles of human nature in rejoicing that she should thus know more than even her grandmother, and commenced learning the prayer with much zeal. Father Rasles taught her the meaning of each word as she committed it to memory, so that in a few days she could repeat the whole prayer. The Jesuit had accomplished two objects by this proceeding, Grace had advanced one step into the formal services of the Roman Church, and he had thus obtained a control unknown to her, over the time which had been always associated in the child's mind with religious instruction. He thus became her spiritual guide without her being conscious of it.

A Latin prayer to the Virgin Mary was the next effort. Father Sebastian waited for some time before taking this step. He had waited for the genuine effects of kindness upon the mind of an ingenuous child, like Grace Welles. She was peculiarly susceptible to kindness and love, and was prepared, from the affection that was gradually dawning in her heart for the old man, to receive his doctrines without hesitation.

But he found the child's mind a curious one. The knowledge of scriptural doctrine which had been the topic of her father's instructions, and the devotion due to God to be exhibited practically which had been the theme of her grandmother's teachings, were now part and parcel of Grace's mind, woven into the very tissue of her mental being. The conditions of the colony and the character of the period were such that she had been taught little else than the scriptures. There were no books in those days beyond the Bible, and that was universally read both at school and at home. Hence, young as she was, Grace's good memory supplied her often with ready texts of scripture to answer the sophistries of the Jesuit.

Grace had no wish to leave anything unless she understood it, and Father Sebastian had no desire she should. He explained in English the meaning of the Latin words, but here he encountered a difficulty at the very outset.

"Who is the Virgin Mary?" was the question, "and why should I pray to her? Grandmother never prayed to her."

"Did n't your grandmother pray to Christ?"

"Yes."

"But Mary was Christ's mother. If any of your neighbors wished to obtain anything of your father, would not they obtain it the more readily by first asking your grandmother to assist them by her influence ?"

The child was silent for a while — "But father says that Christ is God and that only God is to be worshipped."

"But Mary is the mother of Christ and according to your father's idea, the mother of God."

Grace was puzzled. Such relationship in heaven she could not comprehend. The distinction between Christ the son of Mary and Christ as the same with the Father, was beyond her depth. Father Rasles saw her difficulty.

"Perhaps your father did not mean the same as God but equal to God in power and glory — as a son, when grown up, may be considered equal to his father. Christ, my dear child, has a double nature. From Mary he derived his human nature through which he suffered and died, and from God his Father a Divine nature by which he lives and reigns. His death saves us from Hell. As it is in his human capacity that he dies, is it wrong to request his mother, to whom he owes that human capacity, to pray for us? But I see that you are yet puzzled. All that this prayer requests is, 'Ora pro nobis' — 'pray for us' — can it be wrong to ask the Mother of Christ to pray for us?"

Grace was silent and learnt the prayer.

When she had perfectly committed it and remembered all its meanings Father Rasles, at her hour of devotion, took her into the chapel, and said it was proper to repeat the prayer to the Virgin herself, and bade her kneel before his most striking picture while she uttered it.

But here Grace rebelled. The instructions of her father now produced their fruit.

"That is n't the Virgin Mary. That is only a picture. It will be bowing down to idols and images. My father has often talked to us about the Papists worshipping pictures. Are you one of the Papists?"

She appeared much alarmed and began to shed tears.

A slight flush passed over Father Sebastian's pale face, but the Jesuit conquered the man, and his countenance resumed its wonted pallor. He waited until Grace was partially recovered from her excitement.

"You were wishing, yesterday, my dear child, when you were engaged in sketching the head of this Our Lady of the Wilderness, that you could sketch your mother's or your sister's head. Supposing their pictured faces were hanging before you, and you had received a letter from them, would you not be happier in reading that letter while gazing at their images?"

But Father Sebastian had now gone too far. He had touched a chord in the music of her soul that vibrated sad memories. The child cast herself on the floor in a paroxysm of tears.

"Oh mother! Oh sister Martha! Shall I never see you again? I have no mother and no sisters, and no grandmother in these dark pine woods among the hateful Redmen!"

It required the whole effort of Father Rasles's sympathy to hush the child to sleep and forgetfulness.

Chapter XIX

The next morning was bright and beautiful and Grace's golden curls were early seen, glancing in the sunlight over the flowers of her little garden. Father Rasles was careful not to allude to the sorrow of the evening previous, or to speak of the worship of the image of the Virgin for some days.

The worthy Father was exceedingly careful never to allude to religious controversies except in the evening hour devoted to religious duties, strengthening, by the most affectionate attention, during the day, the influence which he had acquired over the child's mind. The day's duties when Father Sebastian could oversee them were devoted to drawing and coloring or the acquisition of the French language or occasionally of short Latin sentences. The Abenaki tongue she constantly acquired some knowledge of by her intercourse with the Indian families and children which was of daily occurrence.

One thing showed Father Rasles's attention to her wants. He had early sent for a suitable supply of necessary night and day garments for such a child from Quebec, stating in a letter to the lady of the Governor General, the use to which he wished to apply them. They arrived safely, accompanied by a letter from Madame Vaudreuil to the little captive, whose lovely face had been transmitted to her, by the skill of the Father. It was an additional motive to acquire the French tongue to be able to read and understand this kind epistle. A second supply of these garments arrived the very day after the occurrences of the last chapter, and tended wonderfully to soothe her feelings and wean her mind from its old memories.

But Father Rasles felt that the evenings were his own, and he never relaxed his peculiar religious teachings, however wearied he might feel by the efforts of the day in the objects of his Mission.

On one of the Saints' days, Father Sebastian turned Grace's thoughts from the worship of the Virgin to the invocation of that particular saint.

"But Father Rawle," she said, "do you worship the Saint?"

"By no means: worship is confined to God."

"But you pray to him."

"Prayer is not worship. It is simply asking a favor."

"Why do you ask the Saint and not God?"

"Christ may be influenced by the requests in heaven, of those who were his friends on earth. You ask your grandmother to pray for you. Would her prayers in heaven be any less efficacious than when uttered on earth?"

"But does the Saint hear?"

"We may hope he will, as we speak to him on the night consecrated to him."

"But if anybody else should speak to St. John tonight, in any other town, could he hear them?"

"God hears prayers sent to him from all parts of the earth."

We trust that the worthy Father's intellect was not so warped by the dogmas of his Church that he could not himself perceive his miserable sophistry which gave the saints the omniscience of the Deity.

"Besides, does n't my little Grace often speak to her distant friends, through the teachings of her fancy, as if they were present and listening to her? She does this to keep up a knowledge of their love to her in her heart. I heard her say, today, over the flowers she had gathered in the forest, 'Oh, sister Martha, I wish you could see these beauties!' A prayer to Saint John may have the same use. It may teach us to remember the beautiful perfections of his own character, and the love he bears to every member of the Holy Catholic Church."

The messenger who had brought the new clothes to Grace, had brought dispatches to Father Rasles to be very wary in his management of the savages in their intercourse with the English; to urge them on secretly to resist the continued encroachments on their lands, but to keep the agency of France in the matter entirely behind the curtain. Arms would be sent, was the promise, but the conditions of peace and the present situation of the mother country forbade any supplies of men, or the doing of any thing on the part of the Governor General at Quebec that would excite suspicion.

Upon the receipt of this news, a council of the Indian Chiefs was called with much ceremony in the little chapel.

Father Rasles appeared in his most imposing sacerdotal costume and performed high mass, preparatory to the deliberations with all the pomp and ceremony within the reach of his small means. This was his invariable custom. It connected the rites of their new religion, in the minds of the superstitious chiefs, with their military expeditions.

Father Rasles took no active part in their deliberations — never speaking unless appealed to — thus leading the chiefs to feel their independence and to be satisfied that he was not endeavoring to obtain any political supremacy over them. Yet it was a fact, that his cunning and cautious advice given when appealed to, usually governed the council.

After the religious ceremonies were through and the chant of the young choir had died on the ear, the Chiefs, according to custom sat for awhile in silence, smoking thoughtfully. At length Bamazeen arose. He was the leader in every warlike adventure, and the usual advocate of extreme measures. But he was a man of few words, and but little addicted to fanciful illustrations.

"Warriors," said he, "the Yenghees of the Sea Coast claim the land of the Abenakis. They say that in the treaties of peace over the Great Waters, it was given them by our great Father of France. They have seized our hunting ground on the Penobscot and have called it their own. Shall we leave them to its possession?"

He sat down, while a murmur ran through the assembled braves like the "No" of modern mass meetings. Carabeset arose.

"Does our Father of the Lady of the Wilderness," said he turning to Rasles, "know that the mighty Sachem of the French has agreed to such a lying treaty?"

"The Grand Monarch," said Father Sebastian, speaking in Indian, "has done no such thing. He and his neighbors of England have buried the hatchet. He has given up the land which the French call Acadia far off from here, but has not attempted to surrender the possession of the Abenakis for they are independent of him. He has done nothing that will prevent the Abenakis from driving the hated Yenghees from their lands. He cannot send men to help, for he has smoked the calumet of peace, but he has sent rifles and powder as presents to his brave friends, the Abenakis."

So saying, he opened a closet near him and pointed to the French presents which the last messenger had brought, which had been hitherto studiously kept concealed. Another emphatic "hugh" arose from the listening chiefs, and many an eye sparkled as it glanced upon the carbines piled up in the closet.

Carabeset had remained standing during this exhibition as if still "claiming the floor" as Congressmen would say. He waited patiently until every murmur of admiration had died away, when he again commenced his harangue in a low and serious tone:

"The Yenghees have encroached on our territories, the Sachem of the Yenghees says they are his own, and gives them away to whom he pleases. Yes, Abenakis, the hunting grounds over which your fathers chased the deer — the broad streams where they paddled their canoes and snared their fish — the meadow lands, where they cultivated the corn, even the very mountains where their children gathered the blue berries — are all claimed as his own by a King, who never saw this land, who never roved through these forests, or sailed on these broad rivers. What right has he to them? He has not even the claim of a conqueror. Have we not arms in our hands and sinews to wield them? Conquerors of whom?" he exclaimed, raising his voice, "Conquerors of the Abenakis? Do we wear his chains? Has he danced around the burning piles of our warriors? Has he nailed up our scalps to the door of his wigwam? Have our squaws gone in a lengthened train to his huts to acknowledge his power? Are the Abenakis conquered?"

Another deep murmur, like the undertone of the rolling sea, rocked the whole assembly.

"If we remain at home like women and children, we shall be conquered. We have but to wait and the Sachem of the Yenghees will call this stream and this forest and these tents his own, and send his encroaching nation to seize them. Shall we wait for them here, or drive them at once from the huts they have erected on the Penobscot?

Brethren! Our fathers always struck the first blow themselves. We have not degenerated. Brethren! I have said."

"Our brother speaks right," said Bamazeen, "let us act."

So saying, he strode to the closet and brought the carbines in his arms into the circle. They were soon distributed to the oldest braves, who gave up their former pieces to the young men, and, as each held his weapon in his hand, decided upon an immediate fray.

Rasles never interfered. He sat quietly waiting for the savage decision to be made.

"Whatever you do," he said to one of the chiefs who demanded his opinion, "should be done quickly. It is noon now. Make your meal rapidly, and meet me here in the chapel for a blessing on your expedition."

Rasles had so far changed the customs of the Indians as to substitute a solemn celebration of High Mass whenever a military expedition was commenced, instead of the usual excitement of the War Dance. His own moderation and Jesuitical cunning had already had its influence on their character. There was no excitement now at the commencement of their expeditions but the fervor of religious zeal.

The chapel services were soon commenced. Father Sebastian made them as solemn and as deliberate as possible. This solemn deliberation was in accordance with the Indian character, who, though prompt in action, was slow in preparation. A picture of Our Lady of the Wilderness, brought out only on extraordinary occasions, was produced. The young Indian choir sang a Latin invocation to Heaven for victory, first used by the sweet Psalmist of Israel, when his own troops went out to fight Jehovah's enemies. Little Grace, dressed in pure white, strewed flowers through the aisle where the Red Men passed to make their last vows to the Virgin, wondering much at the stern, savage awe that pervaded the features of the men, little realizing that the ceremony was to prepare them for an invasion of her own nation.

The ceremony over, the warriors stripped themselves of their feathers and ornaments, leaving their heads naked, with nothing but the long scalp lock to adorn them. Their rapid passage through the forest and the rough night-work of their expedition precluded all finery. Their leggins were stoutly fastened on — the blanket was left at home. The carbine was carried in the hand, and the belt around the body held nothing but the pouch for balls, the powder horn, the sharp knife betraying by its polish its French origin and a little scrip containing a small allowance of pounded, parched corn.

None but those who carried carbines were allowed to engage in this secret expedition, but each warrior had his bow and arrows at his back to use where silence was needed. The young boys rowed them in silence over the Kennebec and returned with the canoes.

As soon as all had crossed, an experienced guide who knew the forest started due east and the rest followed in file, each treading in the same steps, while a large footed savage closed the rear, and stepped so as to leave but one track.

The sun was far down the sky when the march commenced. Silently they moved on, and unhesitatingly. The guide knew every rod of the forest and remembered every straggling rock or fallen tree or firm place among the bogs that could direct his way. The night, a clear and bright one, came upon them while they were threading the mazes of the forest.

Chapter XX

As the shades of evening thickened around him, the leader of the Abenakis quickened his stride as if to reach a certain point before the day light left him.

He rose a slight eminence where the pines of the low grounds had given place to heavy oaks and ancient chestnuts and then turned his steps to a low collection of rocks on the eastern slope of the hill.

"Hugh," said he, as he stooped to drink of a clear fountain that bubbled out among the rocks. "This water will lead us to the Penobscot. We need no stars nor sun now."

Henceforth their course was on the banks of this little brook; whether it expanded in swamps, or bubbled on through alder thickets, or cast itself over rocky ledges, or slumbered in rich meadows, they followed on. Its tinklings were their guide and ordinarily their step was in its waters. It expanded its banks — grew a rivulet and then a wide stream. Suddenly, a deep, large river was seen before them, mirroring on its glassy surface the countless stars that gazed into it from heaven.

The guide stopped and stretching out his arm towards the silent stream, said in his guttural tones:

"Penobscot."

The Indians all collected around him, and as the last one of the file came in, he pointed over the neighboring hill.

The gesture was understood and each crept up the hill in a noiseless step, seeking some shelter as they reached the top.

Beneath them lay a village of the white settlers, all on one street with their barns in the rear; all facing the river, with their boats and canoes tied to the bank that gently sloped down from the houses to the water. A stockade made of long posts and stakes driven into the soil was their protection, and within it had they collected at night fall their flocks and cattle. They trusted, alas! too much to their stockade, and still more to the late peace with France and as they supposed, with all the Indian tribes.

It had been a day of hard work with these unfortunate settlers, and all were steeped in the deep sleep which fatigue produces. Even the trusty dogs were quiet under the same stilling influences.

Noiselessly, the band of marauders approached the stockade. So still was their step on the dewy grass, that even the cricket did not cease its chirp. So stealthily they crept from tree to tree along the margin of the river, that even if a wakeful dog had heard the sound he would have supposed it to have been the passage of some benighted squirrel.

The stockade ran into the bed of the river to the edge of the shallow water, and then followed it down the whole front of the village, leaving only one small entrance for their own boats.

The savages saw the character of the place and the nature of the defences at a glance. Without a word, Bamazeen gave his gun and trappings to his neighbor, stripped himself of all but his leggins, retaining his knife in his belt and silently allowed himself to float down the current, barely keeping his head above water and making no splash or disturbance as he swam down to the opening of the little path and thus gained the interior of the stockade.

Cautiously, he crept along the edge of the meadow and cornland of the enclosure, keeping the dogs to windward lest their acute smell should detect him as he moved. He was soon at the gate of the stockade where the cattle were admitted as the night grew near. He whistled one note of the whippoorwill as he crawled to the padlocked gate, which was responded to by a chirrup such as a ground squirrel uses in a wakeful night. Nothing could be seen from the exterior bushes, but he knew by that sound that many a savage eye was watching his movements in readiness to enter.

Bamazeen carefully lifted himself in the line of the gate-post that no shadow across the bars might be seen from the houses, and felt for the fastening. It was a low gate, with picketing at the top so high that none could climb it. The fastening was a padlock. Thanks to Father Rasles's instructions, he knew its mechanism. He wasted no time in an attempt to force it, but feeling along the chain, he found a link that was not entirely closed. To force the handle of his knife in it and pry it open so as to separate from the next, was the work of but a moment to his strong fingers.

The gate was then cautiously pushed open, wide enough to admit a man, and the savages, one by one, crawled through each laying his whole length on the ground, until every one had gained the enclosure. With the same caution they separated, each choosing a barn for his snake-like attack.

Suddenly, the haystacks and barns were simultaneously in a blaze, and the affrighted inmates of the houses were awakened from their fated sleep, by the terrific war-whoop of the Indians beneath their very eaves.

It was in vain to hurry on clothing and seize the trusty rifle. A brand from the burning barns had been cast upon every roof, or affixed to every door, and the terrified owners only rushed from their houses to meet death from the wily foe.

Not a soul escaped. Many of the women and children were smothered in the burning cottages, and the husband and the father fell dead on his own threshold without even the small consolation of fighting for the lives of those dearer to him than his own. Not a soul escaped.

A messenger from down the river, who arrived in a boat the next morning gazed at nothing but charred ruins tottering over smoking cellars, with the scalpless bodies of the dead lying in ghastliness near their burning homes. The destruction had been complete. The labors and efforts of the colonists for two years had been ruthlessly destroyed in one night and the band of savages had returned to their own river, laden with scalps and with a few articles of spoil which they had snatched from the flames when day light advanced.

The messenger affrighted turned the prow of his boat down the river and soon spread the knowledge of this work of savage destruction among every settlement along the banks.

Upon the return of the Abenakis from their expedition, Father Sebastian asked no questions about the result — that was evident from the looks of the warriors. He took no notice of the scalps they brought with them, for, he argued in his own conscience, if war was ever proper it certainly was against the natural enemies of his country and his religion.

The mode of carrying on war, each nation managed for itself. He certainly would not justify his children of the Abenakis in bringing home prisoners for the torture. Indeed, he had rescued several from them in the twenty-five years of his residence with them, and had sent them into interminable captivity at Quebec. But after their enemies were dead, he saw no great harm in carrying off their hair as a trophy. It was an Indian custom. Hence, he never made enquiries about it.

He had however induced the savages upon their return from a warlike expedition to attend High Mass, where a kind of Te Deum was sung by his choir, that often partook more of the war-whoop in its execution than would have been deemed pleasant to accomplished musicians, in consequence of the energy with which the young singers uttered their notes in view of the success of their tribe.

As soon however as the worthy Father ascertained that the returning warriors were near, he hurried Grace off to the forest on some errand, and High Mass was said, and the ceremonies of congratulation were over, and the scalps suspended among other trophies in each man's hut, before she returned. He could hardly say to himself why he did this, but he evidently felt unwilling to meet all the questions that Grace might ask respecting the long tresses and the flaxen curls that she might see hanging from the scalp-poles of the chiefs.

Nature and civilization and humanity will conquer sometimes, even when a quarter of a century has been spent among savages. Perhaps the affection of the curly-headed Violet Eye, that clung to him as a protector and a friend, sent a twinge to his conscience, as he saw on those scalp-poles locks as golden in their hue as hers.

Chapter XXI

The news of the destruction of the Penobscot village in a time of peace produced a prodigious excitement in all New England and especially in Massachusetts. It was universally attributed among the Puritans to Father Rasles and considered a part of his Jesuitical policy to extend the French Empire in North America, and, at the same time, to destroy those whom he considered as heretics. Nothing else was heard of than the complete annihilation of the Abenakis, and the breaking up of the Papistical establishment on the banks of the Kennebec.

To seize Father Rasles was the first object, for thus was it hoped to break up the connection between the Indians and Canada and to cut off their supplies. But such arrangements as Massachusetts made were proceeded in but slowly, as the scene of action was so remote from Boston, and it was not until winter that a party under Lieutenant Westbrook was prepared to ascend the Kennebec and seize the Jesuit's person.

The intelligence which Father Rasles received by every scout he sent into the English possessions convinced him that the colonists were determined to take the matter of reprisals into their own hands. At first, complaints had been sent to the British Government, but as no proofs could be produced that the irruption of the Indians and the destruction of the settlements on the Penobscot were instigated by the Canadian Government, the authorities of the mother country refused to interfere and left the colonists to seek their safety by their own efforts. This they were at length determined to do.

The authorities at Boston were fully convinced that the Jesuit was the instigator of all the hostilities they were experiencing and resolved therefore to seize upon him as a man dangerous to their peace.

The onslaught on the Penobscot settlement had been followed by other inroads, though comparatively of a more trifling character, and the spies of Father Rasles reported that such a spirit was raised among the English inhabitants of New England as alarmed him.

In vain he sent messengers to Quebec for assistance of men as well as arms. The Governor General could not be brought to take such open steps of hostility in a time of profound peace. He wrote to the Father, urging him to forsake his Mission and leave the Abenakis to their fate, offering him shelter for the present and employment for the future among the French Missionaries at the West.

But no inducement could be offered that would persuade Father Sebastian to desert his post. If his time had come, he was ready to meet it. He would die as he had lived, a faithful Missionary to the Indians of the Kennebec. He would never show to his children of the Abenakis that the religion he had taught them would not support its votaries in the time of trial and in the hour of death.

"No," said he, in his reply to the solicitations of his Quebec friends, "I will not desert my flock. The connection between us is that of life. Where they are driven, there must I follow them. Where they lay their bones, there must mine repose. My time, I know, has come. I feel it in the vague alarms that fill my spirits without reason and without cause. I feel it in the anxious looks which my children cast upon me, as every report reaches us from the English country. Our Father in Heaven often gives his children full premonitions of the close of their pilgrimage here — not always by sensations or feelings that can be described in language, but in the weakening of the will, the clouding of the judgment, the apprehension of some unknown evil that rises like a thin mist over the clear, blue sky of the soul and obscures its light. The sun, as it rises, looks sorrowfully on my matin adorations, and illuminates but sadly my vesper orisons. The winds howl 'death' to me in the tempests that sweep in rage over the Kennebec. The gale as it breathes through the pine tops, sighs out 'death' in a mournful cadence. The forest looks darker than wont as I gaze upon its thick hemlocks. The fog is gloomier than once, as it presses on the bosom of the stream. But I do not shrink or falter. My duty is plain. If Our Lady of the Wilderness calls me, I am prepared to go. But my children! my children! What will become of them? Will their religion be respected by these heretical Puritans? Will it not be blotted out with the nation, and chapel and worshippers be alike extinguished?"

Father Rasles now felt that a plan which he had long conceived for Grace must be immediately carried into operation. He had hoped that he should be spared long enough to enable Grace to reach the proper age for her admission into a convent. On this topic he had written much to Madame Vaudreuil, who had promised that his wishes should be attended to in this particular, but urged him to send the child at once to Quebec.

To this the worthy Father had demurred. His own affections were so entwined around the child, that he could not and would not spare her as long as he lived.

Now, measures were necessary, at once, to prepare the child for her future espousals to Christ, and the management of this subject so engaged his attention as in a manner to draw off his mind from the gloomy anticipation that brooded over it.

In reading some French book of devotion to Grace, where Convent privileges were spoken of, he took occasion to paint to her imagination, in those glowing terms he knew so well how to employ, the quietness, the purity, the devotion, the sinlessness of a Convent life. There was no care to disturb — no sin to molest — no temptation to encounter. There, the young mind could be kept pure from the contaminations of the world — could be preserved unruffled from its anxieties and perplexities.

Grace listened with wrapt attention. The garden, shut out from the rest of the world, with its fruits and flowers — the crowd of congenial spirits always surrounding her — the regular routine of religious duties — all enraptured her. Never to mingle with the world only as a messenger of healing and comfort, was a beautiful conception. To go out on an errand of mercy to the sick and suffering, and then to return to the friends of her cloister and to her flowers and her fountains — how delightful! What a contrast to the gloomy pine woods and dark savage faces of her present life, or to the dim remembrance of Dave Hubbard and his geese in her former life, which now seemed a dream.

"Does God demand this, Father Rasles?"

"Certainly, my child. It is a state the most pleasant to the Deity and to the Virgin. To be the chaste bride of Christ is the most blissful condition to which a young girl can attain. Should you not like it?"

The child expressed her assent, and the Father commenced now, at once and seriously, the arrangements, even there in the wilderness. He sent for a dispensation for her to take the vows of the Novitiate at the Missionary Station, for he wished to make it an imposing ceremony for the benefit of the savages. The proper dress and veil were soon prepared, and Grace was allowed to look at them before the ceremony could take place though absolutely forbidden to try them on, until, her vows having been taken, they became her own.

While waiting for the dispensation to arrive, the early education of the child led her still to feel some doubts.

"Dear Father Rasles," she said, one evening at her devotional hour, "will Christ be really my husband?"

"He will be the husband of your soul. You will love him entirely and he will love you."

"Are all the good Nuns his wives?"

"Yes, in the spiritual sense."

"When he was on earth, did he marry any nuns then? I don't remember that I ever used to read about them, and you know you have n't sent to Quebec for a Bible for me as I wished and as you partly promised."

"You cannot read Latin well enough yet to give you a Bible," said Father Rasles, unwilling to enter into the controversy with her that he knew must take place if he forbade her to read that book.

"But, Father Rasles, did Christ marry any nuns on earth?"

"No, my dear; the Church had not then founded nunneries so that good women could retire from the world. Christ's first disciples were poor and could not erect the edifices and make the arrangements and furnish means for the support of the monks and the nuns. They had not even churches and chapels in which to meet. They worshipped in caves or on the sea shore or in the upper rooms of obscure houses."

Grace reflected for a long while, "Still," said she, "it seems strange that the Bible says nothing about nuns or Christ's marrying them!"

Rasles made no reply, but as he was wont to do, turned her thoughts to some other topic.

During the autumn months, the Abenakis remained around their settlement, expecting an attack from their English foes. But few of the warriors were allowed to leave the encampment at a time, upon hunting expeditions, or for any marauding purposes. Their corn was picked and shelled most expeditiously and then buried in the forest secretly. The dried venison for winter was prepared and then concealed. Their ammunition was husbanded, and their hunting performed with the bow.

Grace asked no questions, for she knew not the danger. She busied herself as usual among the huts in little attentions to the young children, but often wondered at the bustle of the village, and the anxiety manifested on Father Rasles' countenance.

The autumn passed over with no attack. The council in Boston moved slow, and the towns in Rhode Island, Connecticut and the Deerfield district objected to sending troops to that distance. Negotiations were endeavored to be entered into with one of the braves of the Abenakis, who had been captured on a hunting expedition, to surrender Father Rasles as the instigator of all the existing hostilities. This proposition failed, but it occupied time.

Then efforts were made for the recovery of the captured braves by way of ransom, which was offered and paid, but did not release the prisoners. In these negotiations some part of the winter passed away, and the Abenakis and even Father Rasles himself had given up all ideas of attack and grew careless in their preparations for defence, though they did not recall the young scouts that were placed as sentinels along the river and in the defiles of the forest.

So secure did Father Sebastian feel that when the midwinter arrived he sent off the usual detachment with sleds to Quebec for the winter's supplies of ammunition, clothing, etc. A large body went, mostly of the younger members of the tribe, leaving only a few of the chiefs in the village.

Chapter XXII

One morning, after the departure of the detachments sent to Quebec intelligence was received from a lad who came in from his post as a scout that a large moose was entangled in a frozen morass, a few miles up the river, that he had broken through the ice and could not extricate himself. The whole remaining body of men were aroused at this report and rushed up to the spot, with their guns and bows.

Father Rasles was apprehensive at what might possibly be the result of the absence of the men, and felt exceedingly uneasy. His presentiment proved true, for they had not more than reached the morass mentioned by the lad, when another sentinel rushed into the encampment with the intelligence that a body of English troops was coming up the river on the ice, and would soon attack the village.

The aged, the women and children were scattered at once and sought the defiles and the dark hemlock glens of the pine forest, and Father Rasles, seizing Grace in his arms, hurried with them. At their urgent request, for they well knew for whom Westbrooke and the English were in search, he went deeper into the recesses of the forest than they did, and concealed himself in a distant cavern far up the brook, on the broken ice of which his steps could not be traced.

When Westbrooke entered the village he found it deserted, where he expected to have met with a very warm resistance. He was surprised at this fact, and fearing some ambushment, he hurried through the huts belonging to the Jesuit, as rapidly as he could, seizing upon such articles as he found that might throw light on Rasles's connection with the French or with the Indian depredations, and destroying the pictures and images of the chapel.

His troops were about setting fire to the chapel and the huts, but he would not allow them time for it, as, from the entire absence of the men and the desertion of the encampment, he was apprehensive of an attack in the dense smoke, or of the formation of an ambushment below. Besides, his orders had been to seize Rasles and his papers if possible, without much contest with the savages. He hurried his men back to the smooth ice, and marched warily down the river, regretting, when he found himself out of danger, that he had not destroyed the village, now that he had been enabled to reach it.

He carried off with him the papers of Father Rasles, which he transferred to the authorities at Boston. They consisted of various letters from the Governor General at Quebec, which abundantly showed to the Colonial Magistrates of Massachusetts that Rasles had been supported and encouraged by the French Government in Canada in all his intrigues among the Indian tribes, and that they had even urged him to cut off the English settlers by predatory incursions.

The future supremacy of the French in America was hoped for by these officials. It would be attempted, they said, in the next war that should break out between the nations.

In the meantime, Father Rasles was directed to keep the Indians in readiness for any outbreak, and to harass the common foe as far as he could. The interests of his religion were often appealed to, and the *éclat* mentioned that would spring to himself from the reputation of being the Apostle to the American Indians.

What the Father's replies had been, did not appear. But it was evident that he had disclaimed all ambitious personal motives, and had said something about his willingness to spend his life in the service of the Cross among these benighted heathen, for one letter from a high Church Dignitary at Quebec gently reproved him for his enthusiasm, and bade him remember that the cause of the Church was as much advanced by the extirpation of heretics as by the conversion of savages and that both could be readily carried on together.

This correspondence was at once published to put all the northern colonies on their guard against the encroachment of the French, and to rouse the Puritanic feeling against the progress of Jesuitism.

Among these papers thus ruthlessly abstracted was a vocabulary of the words of the Abenakis language, showing much depth of philological research, and an effort to acquire and describe the elementary rules of the dialect. That paper is still in existence.

Great was the grief of Father Sebastian upon his return from his hiding place, to see the devastations of the enemy, and to realize that the mental labor of years had thus been ruthlessly swept from his grasp. He cared little for the loss of the correspondence, for that would only confirm the Yankee authorities in that which they had strongly conjectured before. He cared less for the destruction of his chapel ornaments, for his own industrious and indefatigable labor could restore them.

But the loss of his darling vocabulary that had been the work of a life time, and which he intended as his legacy to the Apostle of the Indians that might succeed him — that was a loss indeed. He was growing old, advancing very near to the verge of the allotted period of human life. His labors and deprivations — his watchings and fastings — had been too much for his frame, and he daily felt his strength waning and his perseverance wavering.

To collect these philological treasures had been the darling task of his intellect. He felt he had other and higher duties and he never swerved from their constant performance. He could not reproach himself for any neglect of these. But when duty and labor were performed, there came this amusement — to collect the various words of the Abenakis, by questions of the oldest members of the tribe — to arrange and classify them, to affix the French meaning distinctly to them. The time flew by him on swallows' pinions, noiseless and rapid, when he was thus employed.

But, now, all the results of this labor had been snatched from him, and he felt ready to exclaim, in the words of Micah, "Ye have taken away my Gods, and what have I left?"

He now felt that his attachment to that pursuit had been idolatrous, and he lamented before the shrine of Our Lady of the Wilderness his past delinquencies. Deep was the sorrow, and severe the voluntarily imposed penance and fast, until his spirit bowed in submission, and the sad quietness of resignation returned as an inmate to his heart.

The real tendency of Sebastian Rasles's mind was to literary and philological pursuits. A state of conventional leisure to have followed these fascinating occupations was what his inner soul and spirit would have relished. Education had reared him a Jesuit; enthusiasm had made him an Apostle; circumstances and a love of country had formed a political intriguer; and duty had impelled him to seek the civilization of his savage friends. But inclination and taste and the bent of a literary disposition had drawn him to his philological researches into the various New England languages.

That hope for future fame had been blotted out of the old man's mind by, as he supposed, the absolute destruction of his works, and, with this hope expired the zeal, the enthusiasm, the energy, the perseverance of Sebastian Rasles. He never was himself again. His courage, hitherto indomitable, was gone. The future seemed as dark as the grave before him. He lost all hope of the supremacy of the French authority — the continuance of his beloved tribe — the success in the wilds of Maine of his revered faith. Death alone remained to close the gloomy night of despair that shut down upon his soul.

The return of the warriors of his tribe from their various expeditions only added to his despondency. The most discordant councils existed. Treachery was openly alluded to by some. That the camp of the Abenakis should be entered in broad day light, and there be not a solitary fighting man to protect it from plunder, could result, said some, from nothing but treachery.

Mutual distrust grew up, although treachery could not be proved, and when the Quebec party returned, the dissensions were increased.

The French had not been as bountiful as usual in their gifts to their red allies, owing probably to some complaints made by the English Government.

Rasles himself received letters from his personal friends, exhorting him once more to repair to Quebec and leave his converts to their fate. He was getting old, his friends said, and needed rest and safety.

"No," said Rasles, "God has entrusted to me this flock, and I shall follow their fortunes."

Grace, upon her return from the forest wandered in silence around her plundered home, but, seeing the indignation of the savages and the grief of her protector, was silent. The only remark she made was when the sorrowful Priest gave her his blessing at night.

"Oh, Father Rasles, only think, the naughty English soldiers have carried off my old sun-bonnet that I used to wear a great while ago!"

Chapter XXIII

It is high time we returned to our friends at Roaring Brook. We have deserted them too long.

Months and years have passed over them. The sweet smelling white clover had grown up and bloomed in yearly succession on little Jeduthun's grave, in the quiet nook of the grave yard where he rested. The infant that was in the arms of her mother at the opening of this tale had grown up to take his place in his parents' hearts.

Thomas Welles had altered little. A few more streaks of silver were seen among the black hair that was smoothed over his forehead, and a sober, sad expression, at the loss of his two children, governed his features. No one had actually given up Grace as lost. Hope still represented her as suffering an Indian captivity, not uncommon then. Floating reports of a flaxen haired fairy in the Indian wigwams high up the Kennebec had been received at Boston and repeated at Hartford and served to keep up the warmth of hope in the heart. Grace was not mourned as Jeduthun was.

During these years, Grandmother Welles had laid her head down on the pillow of the grave. The lamp of her life was extinguished at once with no warning to her friends. She was sitting as usual one evening by the kitchen fire, speaking words of holy comfort to Martha, when she complained of sudden sickness of the stomach. She arose to walk across the room and fell in a fit on the floor, from which she never recovered nor gave the least intimation of any consciousness of things without, until she ceased to breathe.

There was solemnity at her death — there was grief in Thomas Welles's house — but there was no unholy repining. She was a "shock of corn fully ripe," gathered of God. Her life had been one of usefulness; of devotion to the religious welfare of her son's family; of a consistent and constant reliance on the merits of Christ. Why should not the tears of grief be dried up, when gazing at the bright example of her Christian experience and the brighter track of glory before her?

This was the feeling of her son in his family exercises in the night of her funeral and the whole aim of his prayer appeared to be that he and his family might be prepared to follow her.

Upon Martha's expressing a wish that her grandmother could have died of some disorder in which her mind could have been clear, so that she might have expressed her own faith in Christ and exhorted all her friends, her father replied:

"I feel differently, Martha. I do not know that I would have a circumstance altered. Her death-bed faith would not have been stronger or more expressive than that of her life — her death-bed instructions more useful than those that have fallen from her lips every day and every hour. We think too much of death-bed scenes. The life — the life — is rather to be looked at. Mother's character — the confidence we may feel of her acceptance with God — are to be estimated by life-long experience, not her death-bed remarks. The mind at death may be clouded — those clouds have not rested on the Christian character of the life-time. If the sun goes down in clouds it cannot abstract in the least from the effects which that sun's rays have produced on the welfare of the world during the hours of its shining. No, Martha, it is the life that we must look at in our estimate of Christian duty and its rewards, and not the death."

The loss of the two children and especially that of Grace had been keenly felt by old Mrs. Welles. She had tried to reconcile her mind to this sad and strange dispensation, but the conquest of resignation over the natural feelings of the heart had weakened her body in the conflict.

Grace had entwined herself closely around her grandmother's heart. She possessed that enquiring, investigating, docile mind that is so fascinating to old persons. It was so beautiful to follow a moral thought through her pure mind, and perceive the process by which it fixed itself as a principle there, that it constituted one of her grandmother's most interesting employments to watch the workings of her intellect and heart. Where seed springs up so soon, it is delightful to sow it. The violent absorption of this favorite employment was a blow from which the aged grandmother never recovered.

Let us not forget our simple, humble, uncomplaining friend, Martha Welles. She was appearing older. The rose had left her cheek; its dimples were never seen. Her eye was dim and her step heavy. But faith in God and love to man were still active in her heart — more active from the very freezing up of her external enjoyments.

James Hinsdale had never visited her or seen her, except in the exciting scenes of Grace's abduction. She had heard of him. He had been roaming around in search of adventure; had joined in some of the Massachusetts expeditions against the Indians, but never had stayed away long from Eastbury. He would return often to his farm — see that it was well taken care of — visit old Uncle Hale to hear from him the news from Martha, and especially whether other young men sought her love since he had deserted her, and would then be off again upon his restless, uneasy expeditions. To pursue another woman he had not desire. Impetuous and self willed as he was no other image than that of Martha Welles could fill his heart.

His friends lamented much the infatuation under which he labored, and blamed Martha some for the decision which had confirmed in Hinsdale's mind the love of roving. But the judicious approved of that decision and felt that Martha's prudence had been properly exercised in shunning a connection with a young man of such impulses.

None of them knew the sacrifice which Martha had made, and that the sense of duty to her father's family alone had originated her determination. But for this cause, prudent as she was considered, she would have willingly followed James Hinsdale through the world, wherever he roved, satisfied if she was only near him.

Had Hinsdale but looked at the altered situation of Thomas Welles's family, he would have seen that Martha had no longer the excuse of duty to them in the same strength as before, to hinder her from following the dictates of her affections. The family was no further increased. Her mother grew stronger. Prudence had become a large and strong lass. The grandmother and the two little children required no more care or labor and the youngest was a quiet child, solitary and rather solemn in her habits.

Every time that Martha heard of James's visit to Eastbury, her heart fluttered at the possibility of his claiming her once more. But he came not near her, and for all the years that we have forsaken Roaring Brook, she had not seen him. It was this uncertainty that had thinned Martha's once plump cheek and starved its roses, and closed the sweet fount of its smiling dimples, and was gradually sapping the foundation of her strong constitution.

Chapter XXIV

Early in the spring after the expedition of Westbrooke to the Abenakis village, James Hinsdale was seen riding in great haste down the road from Hartford towards his native place. Only a few weeks before he had gathered all the money he could raise, and had bidden his friends a long farewell, perhaps, he said, a last one. He was going to Boston; if there was anything planned for the attack of the Indians, he should join the expedition; if not, he should embark for some of the Southern colonies. He could breathe no longer the same air with one whom he still loved, but who had so foolishly cast him off.

Every one who saw him riding so furiously by, were astonished to see him once more, but he could stop for no questions and hurried on until he reached old Uncle Hale's house, where alighting, he took a package from his saddle bags and demanded to see Uncle Sim. The old man was sent for from his home lot where he was mending fence, much surprised at the eagerness which his young friend manifested.

"Look here," said James, "look here! Uncle Sim. Do you remember this?" and he unrolled from its envelopes a young child's sun bonnet, old and faded and torn. "Do you remember this?"

"Great God! Thy ways are wonderful," said Uncle Hale. "Where did you pick up that old bonnet? It's Tommy Welles's little gal's. I know it for all it's so wilted and tattered. I know'd it as soon as I seed it. 'T was made from an old chintz of Madam Welles's 'arly days, and Patty and Prude and little Grace wore it, one arter another. Say, Jim Hinsdale, where did you find it?"

"I did not find it. It was given me in Boston. I knew it as soon as I saw it. Well do I remember Martha's dimples under it, when she went to school. Lieutenant Westbrooke brought it from up the Kennebec in the Abenaki village of Father Rawle. They invaded the Norridgewock settlement, last winter, but the inhabitants had fled. They plundered the old Jesuit's hut and chapel, and brought off many of his papers. In the same closet where the old man kept his letters, there was hanging up this bonnet, evidently, he said, belonging to some little girl of the New England settlers. He had heard me enquiring about a lost child and brought it for me. I recognized it in an instant. There were other indications he said, of a little girl's presence in the old Papist Priest's hut. Uncle Sim, Grace Welles is alive and in the Abenaki country and may God do so to me and more also if I do not join the next expedition sent by Massachusetts against that nest of robbers. Sure Martha will not again say no to me, if I bring back Grace to her home."

"Jim Hinsdale," said the old man, striking him on the shoulder with his hand, "you go not alone on this hunt. I'm with you, if it leads to the darned old Scarlet Harlot's Hum itself, sitting on seven hills, as the good book tells us, as if one were n't enough for her cussed old hinder end. But you'll carry that bunnet to neighbor Welles's won't you?"

"Certainly, Uncle Sim, but you must go with me. I cannot meet Martha alone."

"Wall, Jim Hinsdale, for a man that I've seed choke a wolf, and for one who has fit the Injuns, you are the most scary person I ever kno'd, if you can't brave such a whey-faced gal as Patty Welles has got to be!" Hinsdale colored but did not reply. "Shame to you, Jim! You a man, and afraid of a linsey-woolsey petticoat! Put out your hoss in my hum pasture," said Uncle Sim, "he'll get a little nibble of the 'arly grass, and come in, and eat a bit of pork. The sun has reached that old pine's rotten top and it's noon. I shan't go over to neighbor Welles's until arter dinner."

We cannot say that James Hinsdale did much justice to this dinner — impulse and sentiment and hope are apt to take away the appetite of the young. Not so with the old, Uncle Sim Hale swallowed his pork with as much energy as ever, notwithstanding the exciting scene he expected to witness.

When they entered Thomas Welles's house, they found the family just risen from dinner. Prudence was washing the dishes, while Martha had stepped up to the spinning wheel to have it in readiness for her daily labor. She saw James as he entered, and turned to the wool she was preparing on the spindle, to hide her emotions.

"Neighbor Welles," said Uncle Hale, "Jimmy Hinsdale has bin down to Boston, where he saw some of the sogers that had been up the Kennebec, and plundered the nest of that pesky old Jesuit, Father Rawle. Among other truck and trumpery they fetched away" — he turned pale as he approached the point — "Bless your heart, neighbor, I can't make a long sarmon or preachment, no how. Here! Do you know this old dud?" and he thrust little Grace's sun-bonnet into his hand.

"Merciful Providence!" exclaimed the father. "It is our little Grace's. See, mother! see, Martha! you know it! Where is the child? Is she living? Is she well?"

"The soldiers did not see her," James Hinsdale answered, cautiously, "but they saw about the Jesuit's hut, that the owner of this bonnet was there."

"When was this?"

"Last winter. The men found the village deserted, for all had fled. They brought away all they thought of value in Rawles hut, and as Westbrooke had heard me talk of Grace's capture, he seized upon this with the hope that it might have been hers."

"My God, I thank thee!" said Welles, closing his eyes, "I may yet again see her before I die."

"Build no hopes on that, dear husband," said Grace's mother. "She is too far off to be ever restored, I fear. We must think of ransom."

"Talk not of ransom," burst out the spirited young man, "she shall be rescued from captivity as sure as the blood remains in my veins, and my limbs hold their strength. I go, at once, to join the new expedition fitting out in Massachusetts, to destroy this Indian hornet's nest, with its Papist protector. I shall return with her, or leave my bones on the Kennebec."

As he uttered this, he turned for the first time and looked Martha full in the face.

She had stood, breathless, amid this conversation, holding on by the spinning wheel, with a face as white as the dead. She did not quail under the gaze of her lover, but looked in his eyes with that love which never dies. As he ceased, she walked up to him, and placing both her hands in his, said, "God bless you, James Hinsdale, and give you success."

No other word was spoken between the lovers; no other was needed to reunite their hearts.

Chapter XXV

The two adventurers started with their packs and their good rifles for a tramp through the forest to Boston. They might have gone by water, but they dreaded the loss of time and the tediousness of such a passage to hunters.

They found the expedition all ready to start against the Abenakis under the command of Captain Harman, and joined them at once. A tedious and cramped passage in some coast schooner brought them to the mouth of the Kennebec, where boats were in readiness to carry them up the river. These they left under a guard of forty men, and proceeded very cautiously through the forest to the encampment of the Abenakis.

They had men experienced in all the wiles of savage warfare to command them, and sufferers from the late excursions of the Norridgewocks, as the English termed the tribe, to animate the troops by the recitals of the wrongs.

From all these, our two Eastbury friends kept themselves rather aloof. They had their own wrongs to impel them to action, and needed not any additional tale of suffering.

"No," said Uncle Hale, "the sight of little Jeduthun a-wallering in his blood is enough for me, without hearing their melancholy stories."

James appeared to have changed his character. He was grave and taciturn, looking forward to the successful termination of this adventure as the end of the impulsive part of his life. Hereafter he was to settle down, a quiet tiller of the soil, as his fathers had been before him. Not that he fainted at the deprivation of a life of adventure, or shrank from its dangers. But he felt that he must now guard his life as something cherished by another, as necessary to another's happiness. A change had come over the whole spirit of his existence, wrought by the consciousness of being loved. He was no longer the rash adventurer, but the cool, calm man, ready to act, but to act with deliberation with reference to some object before him. Such are the results of the consciousness of being beloved.

When the invading force advanced near the encampment, they captured a woman in the forest, who gave them the information they desired respecting the situation of their foes. Their band was then divided into two parts one to make the attack in front, and the other sent round beyond the cornfields in the rear to intercept the retreat of the savages and prevent their escape as in the winter's campaign.

The assault was successful. The Indians were completely surprised and shot as they left their huts, or driven to the river in their attempts at escaping. The chiefs, Bamazeen, Carabeset, and Wissememet were the first to fall in front of the encampment with hardly a shot fired in return.

"Where's Rawle? Where's the cursed Jesuit? Where's the cause of all our losses?" was the cry of the Kennebec and Penobscot settlers that had joined the expedition. "Kill him, wherever you can find him!"

Father Sebastian, at the commencement of the attack, was unsuspiciously engaged in his chapel with little Grace at his feet, in painting some new representations of the Virgin and the Saints to ornament his little temple and replace what the English soldiers had destroyed in the winter.

At the first noise of the tumult, he rushed to the door, and the character of the scene, with all its fearful consequences, burst at once upon his mind.

"Jesu Maria, receive my spirit," he exclaimed, "the end of my pilgrimage has come."

But even in this moment of extreme peril, he could not forget his beloved Grace.

"Grace, my child, hide yourself in the chapel. The English soldiers are upon us. They will not injure you."

Springing out, he saw his people falling under the unerring aim of the Yankees, as they rushed from their huts and crossed the area in front of the chapel, to seek the shelter of the woods.

"Who calls Rawle?" said he in a loud voice in English. "Here I am. Oh spare these my children in the Lord!"

These were his last words. A score of bullets penetrated his body and he fell without a groan.

Grace had followed him close, notwithstanding his order to her, and had clung to his long, black robe as her only protection in this world.

When the exasperated soldiers came up to finish with the butts of their muskets the work which they had commenced they found Grace stretched on the old man's breast covered with his streaming blood and wild with excitement.

"Hold back your brutal hand," said Uncle Hale, pushing a settler one side who had elevated the breech of his rifle to strike Rasles on the head, "would you abuse a dead man, you 'tarnal critter? He's gone to his account and God will judge him aright."

The little girl raised her head, bathed in her protector's blood and gazed around wildly at the well known English tones and words.

"Grace, Grace Welles," shouted the old hunter, "don't you know me? Don't you know old Uncle Sim Hale, who has trotted you so often on his knee, while you played with his grey hairs?"

The memory of the past began to dawn, though in clouds, over Grace's soul. The floating, misty ideas of infancy that had been in her recollection but as the shadows of dreams, began to assume form and a shape in her mind.

She answered in English: "Oh, Uncle Sim, have you come to take me home? I have had a long dream. Have you found Jeduthun?"

The old man took hold of her arm gently, and endeavored to move her from the body.

"No, no," she said, in the mixed jargon of French, English, and Indian, she ordinarily used. "I won't leave dear Father Rasles. He is all bloody. The naughty English soldiers have shot him. Let me stay with him!" and she stooped and kissed his pale cheek.

Some gentle force was needed to separate her from the corpse, and this Uncle Hale had to do alone, for the other soldiers had hurried on to complete the carnage and burn the huts. He washed Grace in the fountain from Father Sebastian's blood, and was holding her in his arms when the soldiers came out of the chapel with the large gilded crucifix in their hands, and broke it on the stones without.

Grace exclaimed wildly, "Stop, stop, you wicked men, you are breaking the cross on which our Saviour died!"

It was perhaps well for her that the infuriated soldiers did not understand her polyglot speech or she might have shared the fate of the crucifix.

Uncle Hale saw the necessity of carrying her away from the sight of the plundered and burning chapel — her home for so long a period — and walked down the slope towards the bank of the river.

"Where's Jim Hinsdale, I wonder," said he muttering out loud. "Hallo Cap'en Harman. I've found Welles's little gal that I tell'd you about but I can't find Hinsdale."

"He lies the other side of the brook yonder, under the trees. He was wounded by a ball on our first onslaught on the huts. He'll need you."

"Jim Hinsdale wounded! He will need me sure—ly," and the old man hastened, still carrying the child and his rifle.

Captain Harman rather blamed his men for shooting Rasles. He wished to take him to Boston as a prisoner, and he hardly considered him as a combatant.

"But he is dead," said he, "and will trouble New England no more. Let us give him a decent burial, my men."

A grave was soon dug near the fountain which the old man had brought from its forest spring, and his remains were deposited within it to await the resurrection day.

Thus perished Sebastian Rasles, the last of the American Jesuits — a body of men that made great sacrifices and endured mighty sufferings that they might introduce what they thought to be the truth among the savage tribes. The only traces of their labors are now found in some of the uncouth names of places in the country, corrupted from the French appellations which they bestowed upon them barbarized in the spelling, and meaningless as they now stand.

Thus perished Sebastian Rasles whom his friends have canonized as a saint and a martyr and his foes have cursed as an enemy to humanity and Christianity. He was too much of a Frenchman not to endeavor to put down English rule in this country, and too much of a Jesuit not to feel as the whole age then felt, that it was right to extirpate error by force. His faults were those of his nation, his age, and his education. His virtues were his own. They were those of the man, and not the Frenchman or the Jesuit.

Chapter XXVI

Uncle Hale found Jim Hinsdale, lying at length under a tree, the surgeon of the expedition binding up a wound that had shattered his ankle. He looked up eagerly as Grace was brought to him.

"You have found her then, thank God! But how wild and altered she looks. Do you know me, Grace?"

The child still clung to Uncle Hale's neck in fear of the "naughty English soldiers" but her old associations and memories began to return.

"It is some one I knew, long, long ago, by Roaring Brook, when I had a grandmother, and a mother and a Martha."

The old recollections rushed too strongly on her, and she burst into tears and sobbed on Uncle Hale's shoulder.

The old hunter was kind, but he had never handled children much, and held Grace as if he was afraid he should drop and break her. He was an old bachelor and shrank always from handling babies. He first began to hush or "shu" her as he called it, and wondered in his own mind whether he could recollect the whole of "hush-a-bye, baby" to repeat upon the occasion, but his memory failed him.

"You must n't cry, little gal, we are all friends. I must set you down upon your legs, for here's Jim Hinsdale wounded, and I must look to him."

"The leg must be taken off," said the surgeon, "the bone is so badly shattered. But it can't be done here. He must be carried to the boats and possibly it may do to wait until we reach the mouth of the river."

The sufferer was then carefully taken up and placed on a board torn from one of the burning huts, and being wrapt in blankets, carried to the boats below.

Grace followed, wondering. She was silent. The memory of Roaring Brook and the home had faded from her mind, through the grief that had entered it at leaving her forest residence which had sheltered her for so long a period. She had nothing with her but the dress she wore. All her little treasures — her pictures that she had painted herself — her forest wealth — her Indian ornaments — her beads — her crucifix — her gala dress brought from Quebec for high religious occasions were all consumed in the indiscriminate destruction of the Jesuit's hut and chapel by the fire of the assailants.

At first, the soldiers and camp followers could not understand the mingled dialects of her speech, but she soon recovered her English as she heard it spoken and lost her timidity in talking with Uncle Hale about her friends and home.

During the sail down the Kennebec, she was very attentive to Hinsdale and soothed his pain as far as lay in her childish powers.

At the mouth of the river the operation was performed that made James Hinsdale a cripple for life. His leg was cut off a little above the ankle, and he himself comfortably placed in the cabin of a fast sailing schooner that started at once for Boston, laden with the Massachusetts quota of the expedition. The motion of the vessel caused James to suffer much, and when he reached Boston, fever had arisen. He could be carried no farther, but was placed in good quarters in that town, and taken care of at the public expense as a wounded soldier.

Uncle Hale and his charge were a long while reaching home. He procured a horse and with Grace on a small pillion behind him, and his rifle strapped to his back, he started to go over the rude new roads between Boston and Hartford or through the unsettled wilderness.

Even with this little girl to take care of, Uncle Sim could not give up his hunter's habits while travelling. He bivouacked at night, though in early September, instead of seeking the few, scattered settlements on the way. Grace's comforts were closely attended to, however — a bed of boughs was collected and the soldier's blanket spread over it for her accommodation, and he even went so far as to hunt out and cut down the bushes of the sweet fern and the spice tree, to mix in with the branches of her bed and make it fragrant.

Her long stay in the woods had rendered this life not as irksome or unpleasant as it might have been supposed, and she relished the food which the old hunter prepared for her as being that to which she had been long accustomed.

She was rather taciturn on the route, though sometimes her mind would burst out with some reminiscences of Roaring Brook and her early life, and at others, went in a perfect tempest of indignation at the "naughty English soldiers" for murdering her good Father Rasles. On such occasions, it required the good sense of the old man to refrain from answering her sharply. But he did refrain.

"She'll forgit it soon, or outgrow the feeling for that pesky Jesuit. I sartenly shan't tell her that one of the bullets that went through his brain clean slick was from my gun."

They journeyed on thus until one day, early in the morning they came to a morass or a pond on the top of a hill. Here Hale allowed their horse to crop the wild grass on the borders of the pond, while he prepared a breakfast from a squirrel that he had killed and now roasted by the side of a large rock.

"This must be the place," he muttered himself, "this sartinly must be the head of the east branch of old Roaring Brook. We ain't more'n three miles from hum, and the little gal must have su'thing to eat to give her strength for all the 'citement she'll go through."

He said nothing to her, but after the meal, carefully washed her face in the cool stream and arranged her hair. He then placed her on the horse and leading the animal, forced a passage for her through the bushes down the steep hill, where another small brook joined the stream.

"I know this spot," he muttered, "Jim Hinsdale and I killed an old buck here where these streams jine. He fit like a good fellow. By keeping along to the left of the brook, I shall reach the little road through the woods, and cross the stream agin."

His knowledge did not deceive him. A mile and a half brought him to the brook again, where a rustic bridge crossed it, and the path led up the side of a high hill which he followed.

As he passed along this path, with the brook on his left, now swelled by several branches, he often looked into Grace's countenance to see if any signs of recognition could be traced, but he saw none. It was all alike to her — the same succession of forest and rock and water by which Uncle Hale had guided her all the long journey.

Soon an enclosure broke upon them to the left. The broad brook was flowing through a smooth meadow on which an elderly man and two young men were raking up the rowen or second crop of grass. A farm house stood on the slope of the hill and the hens and turkeys were scattered around it. A young woman in a short gown and petticoat was spreading linen on the ground to whiten and a pale looking woman holding a little child in her hand stood at the north back door, watching the young woman work.

A road seemingly well travelled ran in front of the house, while beyond it could be seen the farmer's large barns and stacks of hay, the evidences of his thrift. The brook flowed sparkling along beyond them, winding around through the uneven valley, with cows, horses and sheep grazing upon its ripples.

Uncle Hale had stopped the horse he was leading, but said not a word. The little girl gazed long upon it. That the memory of the past was creeping over her, Uncle Hale saw by her turning pale. She burst into tears:

"It is, it is my home. There's Roaring Brook and father and Moses and Aaron working in the home meadows, and Martha on the edge of the orchard, and mother looking out of the kitchen door with little Jeduthun in her hand.

"Oh hurry, Uncle Sim, hurry, and let me kiss them all."

The old hunter was no less pale with excitement than she was. He placed his hand to his mouth and gave an Indian whoop which startled them all from their labor.

"There's Uncle Sim," said Moses, "and a little girl on horseback. Oh, Father, it is Grace!"

The rakes were dropped where they were used. The linen lay in wet piles on the grass. All hurried to the street road to which Uncle Hale was now urging the horse — all but the mother — she sat breathless on the bench by the door unable to move.

"My God, I thank thee," said Welles, "that I shall see my daughter before I die."

Chapter XXVII

There was much rejoicing and many tears in Thomas Welles's household that day, over the returned one. Many questions were asked and answered.

Grace was the most grieved that her infant playmate was sleeping quietly in the lone grave yard. The girl that now tottered by the side of her mother could never compensate for that early loss.

"But where's James Hinsdale?" was the next inquiry.

Martha's heart had made it long before, but she would not interrupt the present joy by her own wishes.

"Jim Hinsdale," said Uncle Sim, looking at Martha, "lies flat on his back in Boston town. He was shot in the leg, and it was took off. He'll be brought round by water as soon as he can be moved. Don't faint, Patty. He's doing well, but must stump round on one foot the rest of his life."

Martha forced down the rising tendency to faint and recovered at once. In a few seconds, an animated change came over her countenance; her eyes sparkled and her cheek flushed under the excitement.

"Father," said she, "I must go to James and take care of him. You have sanctioned my union with him, whenever he should overcome his love of roaming — that has been pretty effectually destroyed, as you must perceive. I am not needed now at home as I was years ago. Prudence has grown larger, and stronger and heartier than I ever was. I must go now and devote myself to James Hinsdale; for better or worse I am his, and must attend him. Do not say me nay, father."

"The gal is right as the good book, neighbor Welles. Jim needs her 'tendance. She can make him a stiddy man agin. You'll have to tell her go."

"But you would not certainly, sister Martha," exclaimed Prudence, "go and wait upon a sick man in his chamber! How improper!"

"I shall do nothing, Prudence," said Martha with dignity, "unbecoming a modest damsel. James and I have long been promised to each other and therefore are married in the sight of Heaven. I propose now to be married in the sight of man. I shall not wait upon him in his sick chamber until the minister and the law have made us one, and then no one can gainsay an affectionate wife in taking care of her husband. I am too old and too simple to trifle on this subject, or to act coquettish. I shall go in all confidence to join myself to him, 'till death part us."

"But you would not go alone," still urged Prudy.

"Prudy, you are a 'tarnal fool," growled out Uncle Sim. "There are men folks enough to go with her through the wilderness. If no one else will I'll do it. Patty shall not be balked in such a plan, as long as I've a flint left."

"I did not expect to go alone," modestly replied Martha; "Moses will go with me, if father will but consent."

Thomas Welles had preserved his face unmoved as he turned his eyes from one speaker to the other during this conversation. No one could read his opinion from his countenance. He now interfered.

"Your father is the proper guide for a maiden on such an errand. I will go with you. The wish and the design are holy and I shall not oppose them. You will have your trials both in Boston and through life at home but such trials will only purify the gold within you. We will take horse on Monday morning next, sooner than that I cannot make arrangements to commence the journey — neither can you be ready, my daughter before that period. Let that matter be considered settled. It is now time to welcome our wanderer home."

The next Monday, after breakfast, saw Martha and her father on their long journey — a journey which then took more days than it now does hours. They had separate horses and were each supplied with many articles of food for the way. Martha's scanty wardrobe was in the saddle-bags beneath her, and they thus plodded on the highway from Eastbury to Hartford, and thence in the usual road that had been partially cut through the forest to the settlement at Worcester. They found places of rest and hospitality on the road and reached Boston Neck on the fifth day.

The directions of Uncle Sim had been so explicit, that, having found one of the clergymen of the town, they were soon in James Hinsdale's presence.

His delight must be imagined. A new light was streaming through his sick room — a new courage inspired his heart to throw off the influence of pain and disease, and a new life of love and joy opened to his view.

By early November, he was able to be moved on board a sloop bound for Hartford where he arrived safely, after a long voyage.

On the morning of Thanksgiving day, around their own kitchen fire, Martha placed in the hands of her husband a new family Bible, on the pages of which that are employed as a family record their marriage was written, and asked him to commence the regular morning duties of the head of the family and of a sober member of a religious community.

Here let us leave them. We commenced their simple history on the eve of a Thanksgiving feast — another anniversary of the return of the same day is not an inappropriate stopping place in that history.

We may say that Martha on the whole had a happy life. It had its crosses and trials and vexations, as all loves have but she had faith, patience and courage to meet them. As duty had been with her a guiding star on the voyage of life, so it continued until the end.

She had the principal oversight and management of the outdoor work on her large farm, though much of it she "rented out" on shares, according to the Yankee custom until she had sons of her own old enough to perform its labor.

Her husband's lameness confined him to his loom, and the energy of his disposition soon gave him a skill and an industry that produced results of themselves sufficient for the entire support of his family.

Of the other characters of my tale but little is to be said. Prudence married Joel Strong, when she had reached the precise age she had marked for herself as the proper one for such an event. Such connections commencing from early school attachments are never uncommon in all the country towns of New England. She was the mother of a race of hardy men that even now till the soil of the Connecticut valley.

Grace grew up a tall and elegant woman. Father Rasles's instructions had given her a taste for knowledge which she had ample opportunities afterward to gratify. A study of Latin and of French succeeded to the gibberish of her childish conversation and she became an adept in both. She married, rather late in life, Zebedee Ichabod, whose name has been mentioned in these pages. She would have preferred to have had him assume his original name, but he refused. Her sons became eminent in literature, the latter part of the century. We have many records of the genius of Bartholomew Ichabod, both in poetry and prose, among the remains of the past.

Of the male descendants of Thomas Welles we might speak in terms of commendation, but we refrain, lest it should seem a fullsome adulation of the living.

Finished Aug. 30, 1854.

FINIS

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